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December 14, 1935

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Collier's

THE NATIO WEEKLY

Splitting Florida

By Walter Davenport

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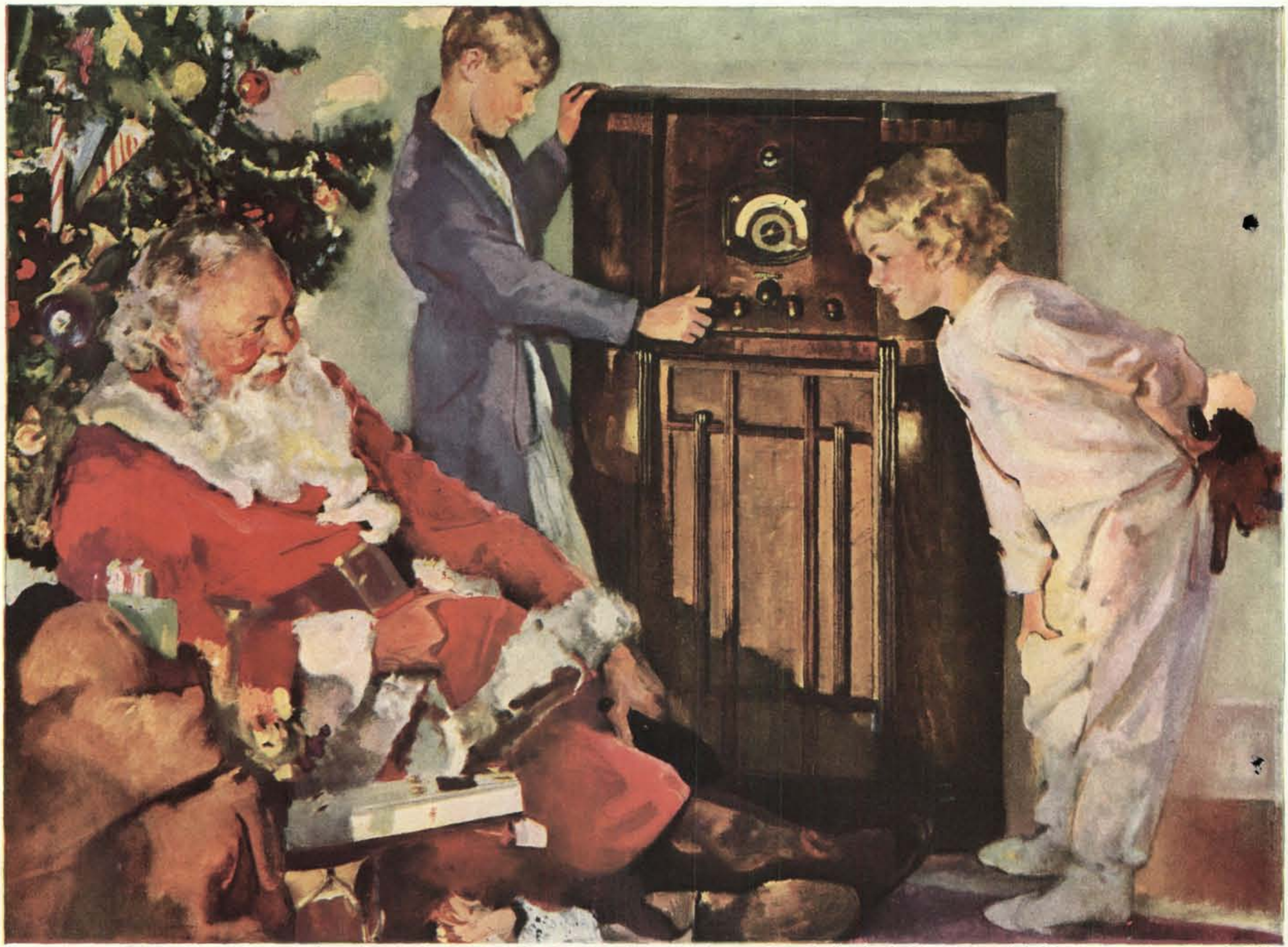
ec. 14, 1935



Console Model C11-1—An 11-tube "Magic Brain" radio with new "Magic Eye", 3 bands. New "Selector" dial. Exquisite cabinet. Price $150.00

The Gift that keeps on Giving

From Christmas on enjoy the "Magic Brain" and the new "Magic Eye"

THE "MAGIC EYE"

...brings you perfect tuning

The "Magic Eye", an electronic "beam" ... tells when you are precisely in tune. No more blurred reception or "off-center" tone. Turn the set on, a colored shadow appears on the "Magic Eye". Dial, and it gets larger or smaller as if focusing on an object. When the station is tuned in for its most perfect reception, the shadow is smaller. You have tuned in with your eyes ... more sharply than any human ear could.

Bring your family the pleasure of a magnificent 1936 RCA Victor radio...featuring new tone, finer performance and silent, simpler tuning.

ANOTHER RCA VICTOR FIRST!

CHRISTMAS magic! Keep it in your home. Not for just the holiday season. But for years to come! Surprise your family with a "Magic Brain" radio for 1936—and RCA's latest scientific accomplishment — the "Magic Eye"!

The "Magic Brain" has been improved! You'll revel in programs from Rome, Berlin or gay Paris. You join police in tracking down crime. Streak through the night with the air-mail. Eavesdrop on the busy amateurs. Or enjoy domestic programs. And realistic "Studio Tone" seems to place you right in the broadcast station! That's because the "Brain" *concentrates* on the program! And, protecting this clarity is the "armoured watchman" tube, which reduces interference amazingly!

Thrills, too, come with the "Magic Eye". It brings *silent,* micro-matic, easy tuning. With it you *see* signals—depending on your eyes instead of your ears! Many other features. RCA Metal Tubes—the industry's biggest advance. *More* tubes. New dials. Striking beauty in modern cabinets! Visit your nearest RCA Victor dealer! RCA Mfg. Co., Inc., Camden, N. J. A subsidiary of the Radio Corp. of America. Prices $19.95 to $600, including battery sets for the farm.

(Left)—Console Model C8-15 — 8-tube "Magic Brain" radio. Price $100

(Center)—Table Model T6-1 with six RCA Metal Tubes. Price $49.95

(Right)—Console Model C7-6—7-tube Junior "Magic Brain" radio. Price $84.95

Prices f. o. b. Camden, N. J. subject to change without notice.

RCA VICTOR

The world's greatest artists are on Victor Records

•

Put new life in your present radio—install RCA Radio Tubes! You can now buy RCA Victor Radios on the C.I.T. Corp. Easy Payment Plan. Listen to the RCA Magic Key Program, every Sunday 2.00 to 3.00 p.m., E.S.T., on WJZ and associated NBC stations.

PROOF BY EVERYDAY PEOPLE HOW

LISTERINE FIGHTS COLDS and SORE THROAT

"Listerine nipped my cold in the bud"

"My husband and I were at the theatre and evidently got in a draft. My throat tightened up and I felt as if I were in for a severe cold. I gargled several times with Listerine before retiring, and in the morning the congestion was gone." Signed Mrs. R. B., Tuckahoe, N. Y.

"Son has fewer colds"

"My youngest son, age 6, has always until this winter, been subject to sore throat and head colds. Since using Listerine regularly before going to school or to bed, I am glad to say he has been free from these troubles ever since." Signed Mrs. C. E. J., Marion, Ind.

"No more colds now"

"I can't say too much in favor of Listerine. I use it daily as a mouth wash and nasal spray, and I have been free from colds since I began using it regularly." Signed E. K. H., Maynard, Mass.

All pictures posed by professional models.

"My throat was almost completely healed"

"One time I had a sore throat so badly that the soreness extended back to the roof of my mouth. I used Listerine 3 times as a gargle and my throat was almost completely healed." Signed Mrs. H. B. G., Pontiac, Mich.

FEWER COLDS FOR LISTERINE USERS, TESTS SHOW

Listerine's amazing results against the common cold, proved in 1931, 1932 and 1934

Are you subject to frequent colds, or troubled with sore throat? Try gargling with Listerine every morning and every night for a while. You may find, as scores of others have, that this delightful treatment is a wonderful aid in warding off these troubles.

People have been telling us that for years. Their experience is corroborated by careful tests made during the winters of 1931, 1932 and 1934. Conducted under medical supervision, these tests revealed this astonishing fact:

That those who used Listerine twice a day or oftener caught fewer colds than those who did not use it. Moreover, *when Listerine users did contract colds, they were milder and of shorter duration than those of non-users.*

The explanation of Listerine's success lies in the fact that when used as a gargle, it kills, on mouth and throat surfaces, millions of the germs associated with colds and ordinary sore throat.

Get in the habit of using undiluted Listerine regularly, morning and night. And at the first sign of a cold, increase the gargle to once every three hours.

Lambert Pharmacal Company, *St. Louis, Mo.*

10c

Try this new, finer
COUGH DROP
ends throat tickle
relieves irritation
checks coughs
LISTERINE
COUGH DROPS

Collier's
THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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Next Week

WHEN Tim Marston married Mary Bryan all New York turned out to attend. It was the most fashionable wedding of the season. As a measure of its popularity, among the ushers was Bill Cantavo, the immense and immensely beloved orchestra leader. The celebration was short-lived. Before the wedding reception was over the bride was being sought by the police for questioning in connection with murder.

"Callingham's Girl" is the last serial by Arthur Somers Roche. He was working on it at the time of his death. It is now completed, from his notes, by Mrs. Roche, a successful author in her own right.

SINCE the latter part of September Grantland Rice and the All America Advisory Board have been industriously attending football games, compiling card indexes and preparing to select from the thousands of great players of football's greatest season the top eleven. Next week the choice is made. Ladies and gentlemen, the All America!

HAVE you ever felt unbeatable, sure that everything you touched would win? That's how Jerry Carroll felt and he woke up five thousand dollars in debt. It was then that he met Alice Mandel and his dream came true. He couldn't lose. "Lucky Night," by Oliver Claxton, is their delightful love story.

THE oldest and most absolute of modern dictators is Kemal Ataturk, ruler of Turkey. He has forced his people to change their language, government and way of thought. He even made them throw away their fezzes. In "Turkish Delight" T. R. Ybarra presents him.

TED GRAYSON was the toast of Broadway, of the nation. Whenever he danced a million feet itched to imitate his steps. It was just one of Ted's crazy notions to walk into a dingy dancing school and ask for instruction. The girl who undertook to give him "Easy Lessons" was named Doris. Octavus Roy Cohen writes their story.

YOU would hardly picture a Pekingese as a "Friend of Man." Of woman, perhaps, but not of man. And yet John Ranklin would now be wending his way unwept to a drunkard's grave if it hadn't been for Tong. His philanthropy is recorded by Roland Pertwee.

ERNEST HAYCOX, Ray Millholland, George Creel, Helen Sprackling, Kyle Crichton, Freling Foster and others bring you an assortment of advance Christmas gifts. Come and get them.

This Week

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December 14, 1935

Cover by Howard Butler

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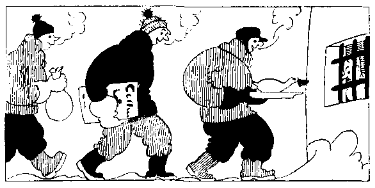
Any Week

WE HAD always an ambition to visit Medicine Hat. And now we've done it and somehow we're just a bit disappointed. Medicine Hat is in Alberta, Canada. We expect that the name caught us and we realize now that we expected something pretty memorable of a town with a gorgeous name like that. But Medicine Hat looks just like Moose Jaw or Saskatoon to us. We mentioned that to a gentleman at the station and he asked us where we had come from. When we told him he told us that Medicine Hat was pretty lucky to look as well as it did. "And," said he, "I'll bet New York couldn't satisfy me neither if I was to go there."



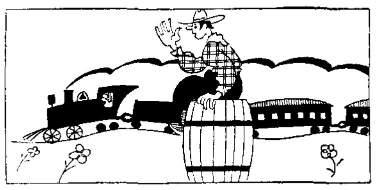
ALMOST every place we stopped on this latest ramble of ours produced a bit of excitement. When we arrived in Edmonton, Alberta, in a blizzard with the thermometer four below zero, we found the citizenry at blood heat over the case of Mr. Bill Brockett. Mr. Brockett, the energetic proprietor of a filling station, was in jail. In Edmonton it is illegal to sell gasoline to motorists after eight o'clock at night. The reason for that is that the city council had decided that filling-station people ought to have their evenings to themselves and that motorists are better off at home at night anyway. But a doctor called in an emergency needed gas and Mr. Brockett had sold him a tankful. And so Mr. Brockett was in jail and the town was carrying him its sympathy in the form of duck dinners, cigarettes and, perhaps the best of all, a few copies of Collier's.

THE unexpected leaps at you all over the tremendous North Alberta country. For example, we stopped at a farmhouse for a drink. The place was pretty forlorn and there were entirely too many evidences of grinding poverty. And yet the woman gladly gave us coffee and insisted on getting out two delicate porcelain cups—beautiful things which were clearly very dear to her. She was about sixty-five years old and frail. She had an air, too—an air that made us watch her with a puzzled admiration. But pretty soon we found out. As we left she asked us where we came from. "Have you been in France recently?" she asked. "I was just wondering what it looked like. I was born and raised in Nice. I came out here forty years ago. I've been here ever since."

THEY'RE a very generous and thoughtful people up in Western Canada, anyway. A lady named Koolneck gave us a pair of red mittens. We were sitting in an automobile at Athabaska, our hands dug deep in our overcoat pockets. Mrs. Koolneck looked us over and gave us the red mittens, saying they had belonged to her son. But, we objected, wouldn't her son need them? "Law, no," said Mrs. Koolneck. "He was killed at Ypres in 1917."

WE MET a chap named George Wett who has found a way to transport gold from the trackless Northwest. He said there was plenty of gold thereabout but that "there was something funny about it." Said he: "It's gold all right when it's at Haig Lake, but the minute you bring it below the pine and aspen ridges it isn't gold any more. But I've got a scheme to beat the jinx."

BUT as we've said, we'd have gone to Haig Lake with Mr. Wett even though the roads are so bad that, as a Mr. Middleton told us, "a car ain't got no more chance than a mosquito has to fly through a pan of corn meal mush." Mr. Middleton was admittedly hard up and told us he would sell anything he had for a dollar. Feeling that we should help Mr. Middleton out we gave him a dollar for a side of bacon which, when we got to Athabaska, we swapped for a fleece-lined leather helmet. It was pretty cold and our ears were bothering us.



BUT we had to keep moving west. And we're rather glad we did because, as we got into the Canadian Rockies, we saw Dumb Sam Knowles sitting on a nail keg in front of his cabin near Red Pass. Mr. Knowles was thumbing his nose at the train. But he does that to all trains and all motorcars. Mr. Knowles was born in that cabin. So was his father, and his grandfather built it when a young lad of twenty. We asked what Mr. Knowles did for a living and why he thumbed his nose at trains and motorcars. And we learned that Mr. Knowles does nothing for a living. Neither did his father. And neither did his grandfather. And they seemed always to get along somehow. But as for the nose-thumbing, nobody knew. But we suspect something.

A Declaration of Independence.

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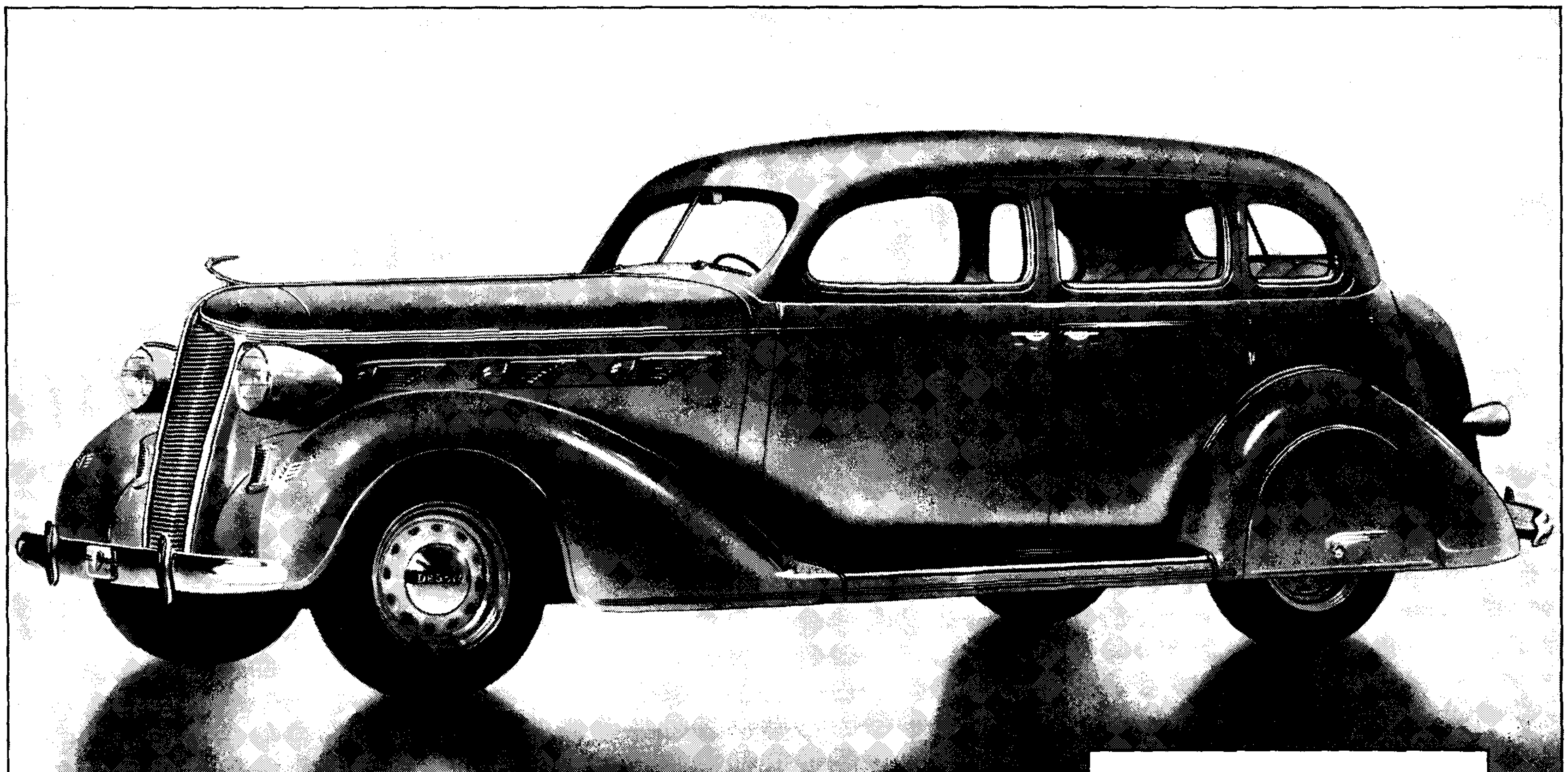
A Great Car—Dedicated to the New Era



Walter P. Chrysler releases a public statement

WALTER P. CHRYSLER INTRODUCES THE NEW LOWER-PRICED DE SOTO—AND TALKS FRANKLY ABOUT THE ECONOMIC SITUATION THAT MADE IT POSSIBLE

It's the Companion Car to the De Soto Airflow III

FOUR YEARS AGO . . . in the midst of the depression . . . we presented a new Plymouth. This car, we felt, was superior to competition, and in a friendly way we suggested to people that they "Look at All Three" low-priced cars before they made up their minds.

The tremendous success of Plymouth is now a matter of record.

Today—as recovery gains momentum—we have set for ourselves a similar task in a slightly higher price bracket.

The new De Soto we are introducing for 1936 will, I believe, be as sensational in its field as was the Plymouth in 1932.

As I see it, thousands of people today want a distinctive "style car" . . . *that sells for just a few dollars more than the very lowest-priced cars.*

We have gone to great lengths to give this new De Soto all the CUSTOM FEATURES you would expect to find in cars costing two or three thousand dollars.

In addition, we have incorporated our new Gas-Saver Transmission . . . an engineering feature that not only saves you money in gasoline and oil . . . but also gives an entirely new feel to the experience of motoring.

I have driven this new De Soto hundreds of miles and I have never seen a car in this price class that was so steady on the road, handled so easily, obeyed so quickly every whim of the driver.

We visualize a tremendous market for this new De Soto. In the sincerest way, I'd like to suggest that you look at all cars in De Soto's price field . . . and see if you don't agree that we have created a most outstanding car.

NEW 6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

Ask for the new Official Chrysler Motors Commercial Credit Company 6% Time Payment Plan. You can figure it out for yourself:

1 Start with your unpaid balance.
2 Then add insurance cost . . . at conference rates.
3 Then multiply by 6%—for a 12-month plan. One-half of one per cent per month for period more or less than 12 months.

In some states a small legal documentary fee is required.

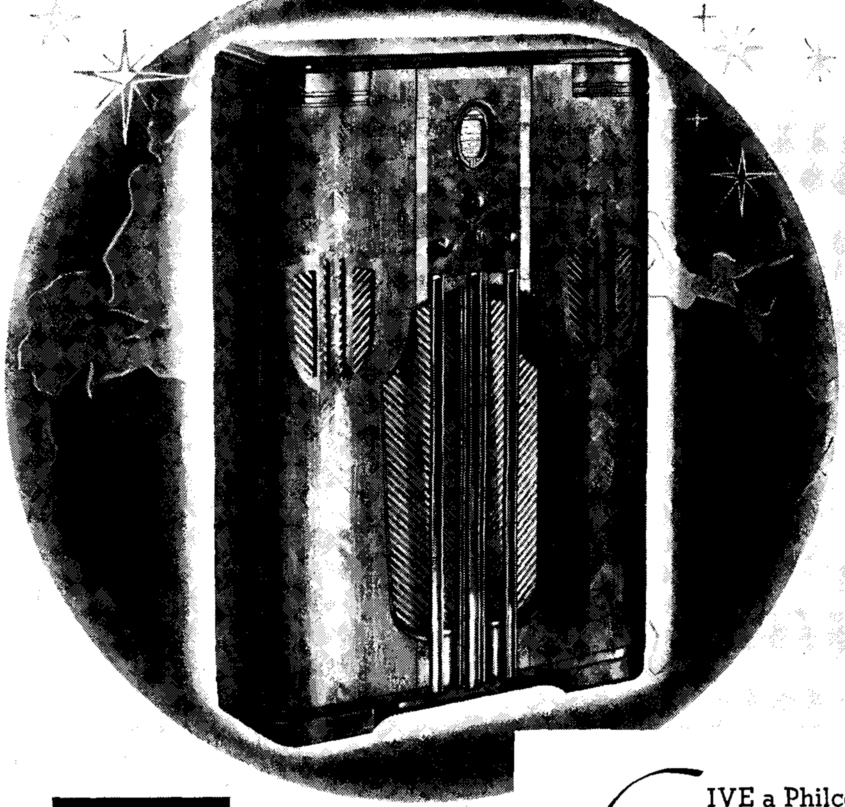
NO OTHER CHARGES.

1936 DE SOTO

DE LUXE MODELS AS LOW AS **$695** LIST AT FACTORY DETROIT SPECIAL EQUIPMENT EXTRA

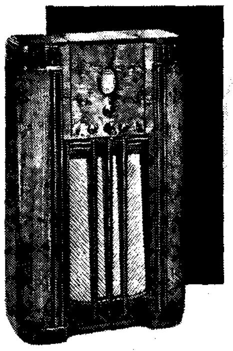
A PRODUCT OF THE CHRYSLER CORPORATION

Say "Merry Christmas" with a new Philco!



PHILCO 116X . . . $180

A true High-Fidelity instrument bringing you the overtones that identify and distinguish the many and varied musical instruments. Exclusive Acoustic Clarifiers prevent "boom". The famous Inclined Sounding Board projects every note up to your ear level. Five wave bands bring you every broadcast service in the air . . . Foreign, American, Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship, Amateur. The built-in Philco All-wave Noise-Reducing Aerial System automatically maintains maximum power on each wave band.



PHILCO 650X
$105

One of the most popular of the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board models. Covers standard American Broadcasts; Foreign and American Short-Wave Broadcasts; both Police Call Bands; Weather; Daytime Aircraft, Ship, Amateur.

PHILCO 630X
$80

Think of a Philco Inclined Sounding Board model at so low a price! Covers standard American Broadcasts; Foreign and American Short-Wave Broadcasts; both Police Call Bands; Daytime Aircraft, Ship, Amateur.

PHILCO RADIO-PHONOGRAPHS $100 to $355

A wide choice of Radio-Phonographs—all designed for both American and Foreign reception—including two models providing ear-level phonograph reproduction as well as radio reception through the famous Philco Inclined Sounding Board.

GIVE a Philco for Christmas . . . and you give all that the world offers in entertainment!

Your gift includes the great symphony concerts . . . thrilling dramas by famous playwrights . . . the even more gripping drama of the day's news . . . laughter provided by great comedians . . . dance music when you are in the mood . . . visits to strange, distant lands!

Not only at Christmas but *every day in the year* the whole rich treasure-house of broadcasting—from far and near—is at your command. Philco is the ideal Christmas gift . . . the gift of continuous entertainment!

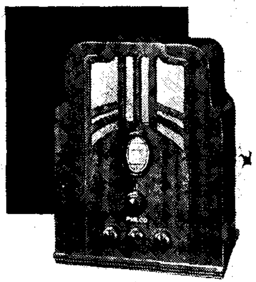
Philcos for American reception start at $20. Philcos that receive Foreign and American Broadcasts as low as $44.95. Your Philco dealer will gladly demonstrate any of the 43 models . . . and tell you about his easy payment plan. Look him up in your classified telephone directory.

Every American and Foreign Philco is complete with built-in All-wave Noise-Reducing Aerial System . . . which more than doubles the foreign stations you can get and enjoy.

PHILCO 610F
$54.95

A handsome Console for both American and Foreign reception. Covers standard American Broadcasts; Foreign and American Short-Wave Broadcasts; both Police Call Bands; Daytime Aircraft, Ship, Amateur.

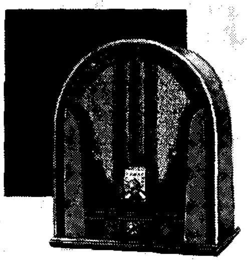
Other Philco American and Foreign Consoles (including battery and 32-volt models) up to $80.



PHILCO 610B
$44.95

The lowest priced Philco for American and Foreign reception. A Baby Grand that covers standard American Broadcasts; Foreign and American Short-Wave Broadcasts; both Police Call Bands; Daytime Aircraft, Ship, Amateur.

Other Baby Grands for American and Foreign reception (including battery, D.C. and 32-volt models) to $102.50.



PHILCO 84B
$20

A Philco Baby Grand that covers all standard American Broadcasts and many Police and Amateur Stations.

Other Philcos for American reception—Baby Grands up to $39.50, Compacts $25 to $35, Consoles $42.50 to $50.

The Christmas Gift Supreme!

PHILCO 680X . . . $255

The Super High-Fidelity Philco . . . with the widest tonal range and most faithful, life-like reproduction in all radio! Covers standard American Broadcasts . . . Foreign and American Short-Wave Broadcasts . . . Police, Weather, Aircraft, Ship and Amateur. Your Philco dealer will gladly furnish a special booklet describing this superb musical instrument.

PHILCO

A MUSICAL INSTRUMENT OF QUALITY

FORTY-THREE MODELS $20 to $600 Prices slightly higher Denver & West

PHILCO REPLACEMENT TUBES IMPROVE THE PERFORMANCE OF ANY RADIO . . . LISTEN TO BOAKE CARTER OVER KEY COLUMBIA STATIONS . . . PHILCO AUTO RADIOS $42.95 TO $75

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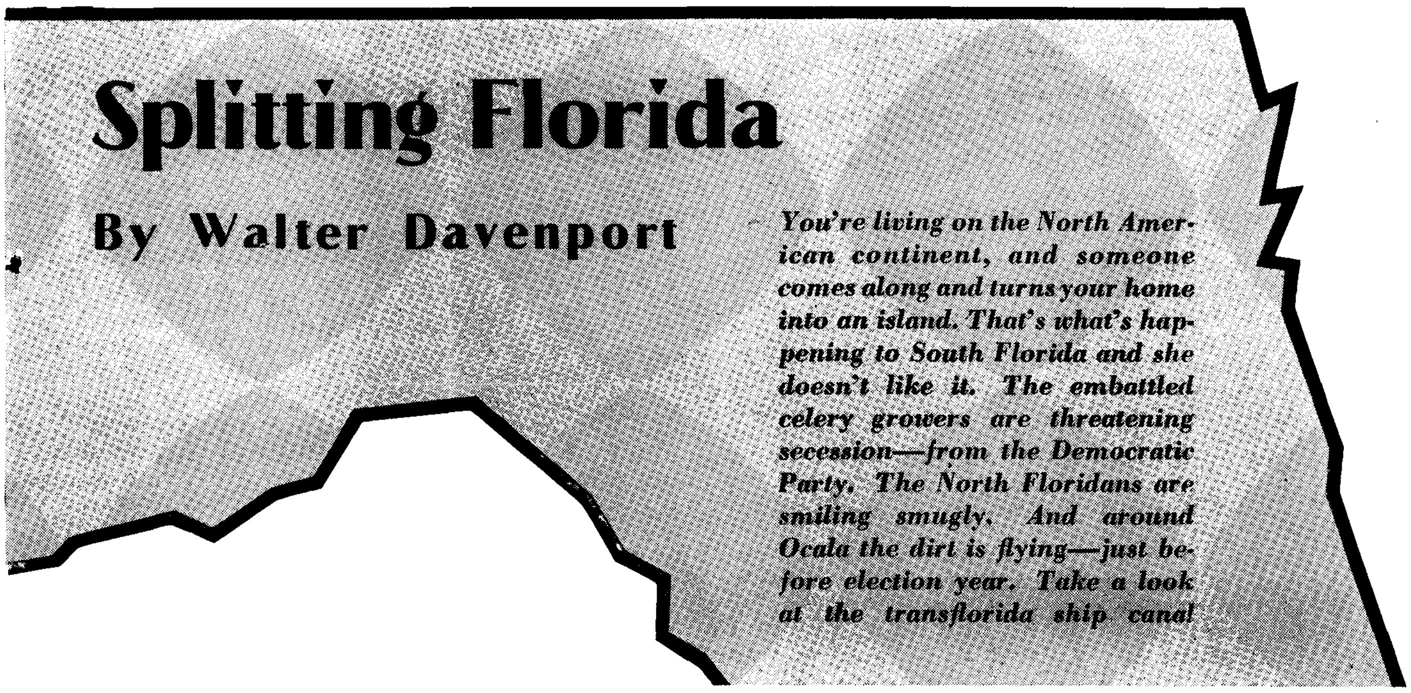


Splitting Florida

By Walter Davenport

You're living on the North American continent, and someone comes along and turns your home into an island. That's what's happening to South Florida and she doesn't like it. The embattled celery growers are threatening secession—from the Democratic Party. The North Floridans are smiling smugly. And around Ocala the dirt is flying—just before election year. Take a look at the transflorida ship canal

IF GENERAL ANDREW JACKSON had had his way there would be absolutely no excuse for what follows. At least half of Florida would have been an island long ago, as early perhaps as eighteen twenty something. And it is possible that Florida would be in no way different from what it is today, producing the same staggering crops of citrus fruit, horseshoe pitchers, Miss Americas, celery and real-estate booms. And making just as much fuss about hurricanes and the tourist industry.

Not that we're committing ourselves, mind you. We've just returned from Florida with several gaping wounds in our chest, inflicted by masses of citizens who poked fingers into our ribs by way of emphasizing the dreadful consequences of a transflorida canal. Also our ears are badly mangled as a result of the shouting they were subjected to—shouting by whole delegations of ladies and gentlemen who wanted us to understand that such a canal would mean an almost unmeasurable addition to our national wealth. Therefore we're pretty thoroughly subdued and propose to do no better than to set down what we've found out about the ocean-to-gulf waterway the government has started to build. And to give you some background we go back as far as the impetuous General Jackson, the first proponent of the project.

To take but trivial liberties with history, after General Jackson had caught up on the sleep he had lost in New Orleans in 1815, where he shredded the British General Pakenham to extra fine-cut, his infant government sent him to southern Georgia to do something about raids being made out of Florida by Seminole Indians and escaped Negro slaves. The fate of his opposition was, as usual, frightful. The few who escaped his black wrath fled back into Florida, then being scandalously mismanaged by Spain, and with a fine Jacksonian follow-through he chased them across the border to Pensacola and into the Gulf of Mexico. Being thoroughly warmed up by that time, he captured Pensacola, which was none of his business, and before his choler had subsided he had hanged two British subjects who, he was satisfied, had furnished the red and black raiders with arms.

A Prophecy in Fulfillment

A bit later President Monroe, having convinced England that, after all, a couple of dead Englishmen were scarcely worth going to war about and after Congress had made Spain happy by taking Florida off her hands (Spain trying all the while to let on that she wasn't glad to turn the Florida job over to us), Mr. Monroe reprimanded General Jackson by making him Florida's first territorial governor. General Jackson was no Anthony Eden at tactful address and his term as governor was more than merely tinged with a lack of success. But he was so busy advocating a ship canal from the Gulf of Mexico to the Atlantic Ocean that he predicted the day would come when Florida would be cut in twain by a transpeninsular waterway. That he was not successful in selling the idea was due to two convictions held by Congress. One was that the canal would cost more than it was worth and the second was that it would be a perilous national policy to make it any easier for Andrew Jackson to get within fighting distance of the French, Spanish and British in the Gulf of Mexico.

Nevertheless, after all these years, it is a possibility that his prophecy will be fulfilled. Florida is either going to have the canal or a capacious land-locked waterless ditch extending east and west

The first step in the building of the Florida ship canal. Construction of barracks and field camps for workers along the route from the neat and at present booming town of Ocala which will have cost us at least five million dollars and have provided the United States Army Engineers with a lot of fun and several thousands of our fellow citizens with wages and healthful exercise. This sounds complicated but we propose to clear it all up before we're through.

Even though Andrew Jackson had been less than a miracle as governor of Florida, he had made so much noise about a canal and made it sound so attractive that two years after he temporarily retired in a horrendous dudgeon to his home in Tennessee, in 1826 to be exact, President John Quincy Adams ordered a survey made. Mr. Adams was not a canal enthusiast but he saw an opportunity to steal a few peals of the General's thunder. The surveyors recommended that a canal be dug to connect the St. Johns, the Santa Fe and Suwannee rivers and Black Creek. But the conservatives, contending that the government was enlisting in a "reckless, scandalous and ultimately ruinous spending spree" and that what Florida needed was a dependable population, not a canal, managed to defeat the project. Subsequently, when the General became President, the agitation was revived. But what with the Bank of the United States, territorial expansion, driving the Indians west and other major time-devourers, the General was unable to give the matter his undivided attention. And again no canal.

Four times thereafter the government's engineers went to work with rod, transit, chain and multiplication tables, and recommended a transflorida canal. And each time it was rejected by Congress. The reasons make highly diverting reading, demonstrating among other things that there is absolutely nothing new today in national politics. But we had better come down to the moment at once and leave history to the leisure classes.

The Army Starts a New War

In 1927, the country being about to launch upon a period of bubble prosperity and nobody caring one way or another what happened as long as it happened big enough, the United States Army engineers began the ultimate surveys which have culminated in the ditch-digging that is now going on in Florida, raising that juicy state's blood pressure to noninsurable heights. The engineers left nothing to the imagination. Before they went home they had considered twenty-eight possible routes and surveyed nine. There was a route practically for everybody. But the one they liked best was one which would dredge the St. Johns River to Palatka and proceed up the Oklawaha River valley to a point about eight miles south of Ocala and overland to the Withlacoochee River near Dunnellon and follow that meandering stream to the Gulf of Mexico at Port Inglis. Perhaps you'd better get out your map. You'll see that thus the Atlantic Ocean and the Gulf would be connected by a loosely flung ribbon of water. And this, at long last, was the route accepted by Franklin D. Roosevelt.

What immediately ensued suggested election day in Hardin County, Kentucky. Florida didn't do quite as much shooting as that but it was much louder. From every inch of the peninsula hoarse cries of joy and rage arose. There was talk of throwing up trenches and barbed wire along the moss-draped and alligator-ridden St. Johns. The ancient idea of South Florida seceding from North Florida and forming a separate state got a thorough airing until it was pointed out that such a division wouldn't mend matters and that one Florida was enough for any country. Boycotts and street brawls were too common to notice and it was freely predicted that Florida was going to be shoveled out of the Democratic party and into the Republican in 1936. Which was low-grade nonsense, in line with most of the subsequent squabbling.

But the furor extended even to Washington, where those two friendly enemies, Mr. Harry L. Hopkins, master of FERA, and Mr. Harold L. Ickes, head of PWA, went into one of their weekly clinches—Mr. Ickes hotly contending that the canal, like the Passamaquoddy tide-harnessing power plant, was an economic impossibility, and Mr. Hopkins, whose chief worry consists in finding new places to relieve, crying that canal digging gave a lot of work to a lot of men. Mr. Roosevelt hastened to separate the two gentlemen and compromised by deciding as usual in Mr. Hopkins's favor, Mr. Ickes being so familiar with that by now that he's gotten used to it.

North Versus South Florida

Nevertheless Florida refused to be soothed. Without having to disguise herself or use make-up she forthwith assumed the role of the proverbial sore thumb. When we left the peninsula, half the population was announcing its intention to vote the Republican ticket next fall. But the other half was contending that this was no time to consider personalities or to think mundanely of party. They said they'd vote for $146,000,000, the estimated cost of the ditch, and try to get along with Mr. Roosevelt for four more years if necessary. South Florida, thinking of its water supply and now and then about the tourist trade, was frankly calling the first installment of the canal money ($5,000,000) a political sop thrown to Mr. George B. Hills, the President's Florida patronage dispenser and bush-beater. Tampa, fearful of the canal's effect upon her shipping wealth, said that if it wasn't downright Socialism it was at least damn' foolishness. But North Florida, led by Mr. Hills, a consulting engineer credited with being Florida's "Original Roosevelt Man" and beloved by the Honorable Jim Farley, was wearing out its throat cheering for $146,000,000 and a canal thrown in. It was an inspiring patriotic spectacle. The only thing lacking was martial law.

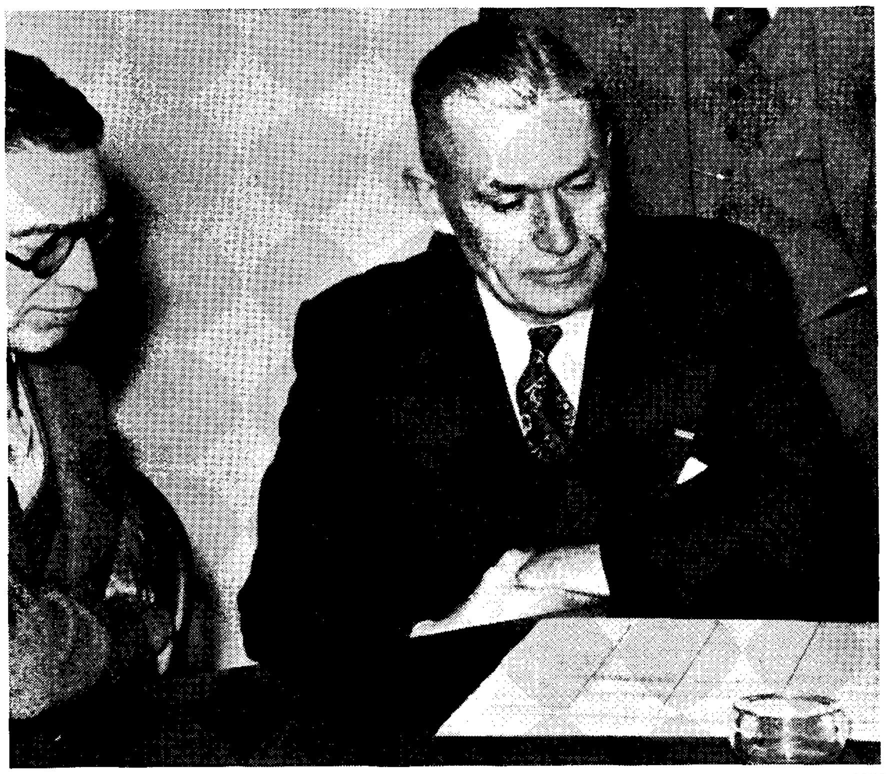
But let us have a little order here anyway. Before we conduct you through the labyrinth of political backing and filling the project had to wriggle out of before the New Deal's picks and shovels arrived in Ocala in the name of Planned Abundance, you had better know something of the physical or even geological reasons for the internecine brawl Florida is putting on. We shall be as swift and painless as possible.

Now, just to simplify matters, suppose we refer to everything below the canal route as South Florida and everything above as North Florida. Geographically this lacks complete accuracy but it will serve our purpose.

South Florida, as you probably know, produces vast quantities of tropical and semitropical foods and delicacies—oranges, lemons, limes, grape fruit, bananas, avocados, tangerines, kumquats, loquats and Heaven knows what else. Furthermore you may behold what looks like all the celery in the world. Pause in Sanford if you doubt us the next time you take the family to Florida for the winter. The ladies wear celery for corsage bouquets and little children use it for confetti. We suspect too that at least one hotel stuffs its mattresses with it.

Land on which these wealth sources grow sells at regal prices, starting at a thousand dollars or so an acre. Therefore you find it difficult to condemn any of the owners when, justifiably or otherwise, they go all to pieces at the very thought of any menace to the fertility of their farms. And quaking with these fruit and celery nabobs you behold farmers who raise what appeared to us to be almost unnecessary quantities of spinach, cabbage, eggplants and sweet potatoes. To dispose of the subject, it's a poor year when Florida doesn't sell a hundred thousand carloads of orchard and garden crops. The place ought to be scandalously rich.

So it is scarcely worth mentioning that were anything unpleasant to happen to South Florida's water supply these highly remunerative crops would be displaced by agonized resentment in immeasurable quantities. Anguish would supplant agriculture and, they assured us, South Florida would so completely lose her self-control that she would probably vote with machine guns and fill in the canal with the bodies of the dead. And this fetches us to the place where we become slightly technical. Our geological authorities are Mr. Herman Gunter, Florida's State Geologist, and the United States Geological Survey.


ACME

Lieutenant Colonel Brehon Somervell, U. S. Army waterways expert, who will supervise the digging of the new canal

South Florida's water supply is derived from the subterranean brooks and creeks which trickle through the soft and extremely porous limestone which may be considered as the state's foundation rock. If you insist upon seeing for yourself stop off at Silver Springs. You'll be at least surprised. This limestone, known to Floridans as Ocala limestone (every man, woman and child having become a geologist overnight), looks like a petrified but easily crumbled sponge. It lies close to the surface in the relatively high Ocala sector and from there falls away to the east, the northeast and south, to various depths.

Calamity in the Offing

Through the channels, passages and corridors of this honeycomb or petrified sponge run the streams, derived very largely from Florida's ample and consistent rainfall. The water is cold, clear, chemically sound and tasteless. Perhaps it wouldn't knock a couple of decades from the age of Ponce de Leon, had he tried it, but it certainly couldn't have hurt him much. Anyway, to cut this water off, or considerably lower its level, or materially reduce its volume would visit upon Southern Florida disaster which we are in no condition at the moment to contemplate. Or if briny or even brackish water with which the sea-level canal (thirty feet deep) might conceivably be filled, should take the place of the fresh, pellucid streams which now course through the rock, the orchardists and trucksters say they might just as well hand the land back to Spain to be used for pasturage for over-gored matadors.

All this being the case, Mr. Gunter, the State Geologist, has no cheer to dispense. Mr. Gunter, like the United States Geological Survey, says at some length that the present balance between salt water and fresh water in certain sectors is "precarious." Furthermore, "these dangers give justification for fears that the waters of certain sections may not be permanently and indefinitely usable."

Filled to choking with these dismal forebodings, we went to the office of Lieutenant Colonel Brehon Somervell, United States Army Engineer. Colonel Somervell is in command of the digging. He is not only an amiable gentleman with a highly reassuring manner but he has an international reputation as a canal and waterways expert. Our government has lent Colonel Somervell to European countries several times and his borrowers have yet to complain.

Not one but several of his engineers advanced upon us with reassurances. If, said they, it is discovered that South Florida's water supply is endangered by their digging into the Ocala limestone they will do something preventive about it. They say they will work elbow to elbow with geologists. If there is danger of brackish water seeping into the underground current they will wall off the passages it enters. If there is danger that the subterranean water will be cut off entirely or even to a considerable degree, they'll do something about that. They assured us and then reassured us that South Florida was going to continue to have plenty of water and that the world might as well prepare itself for no diminution of Florida's enormous output of plain and fancy foods. Thinking it over calmly, we can't recall ever having talked to more convincing experts. If the worst comes—why, then they'll pick up their instruments and go home. (In our opinion they'd better.) Or they might change their plans and construct a lock-type canal which could not possibly damage the water supply. The worst feature of the lock-type canal would be that it would cost about a hundred million dollars more. And the Administration had a nasty spell of the hiccoughs when it learned that the sea-level ditch was going to cost $146,000,000.

But even the calm, professional certainty of Colonel Somervell's engineers failed to placate South Florida. As for brine seeping into the limestone, the Colonel said:

"You know, I've always been taught that water runs downhill. It will probably continue to do that for a long time. The Florida canal will run into the Gulf of Mexico and the Atlantic Ocean. In the middle section there will be no flow either way. Most all of it will be fresh water except at the ends. Therefore, you see, the War Department doesn't know anything about salt water seeping into and polluting the fresh water. We expect no damage from wave wash, but if there are soft spots along the banks they can be protected with loose stone, concrete, asphalt, or other material. Please be assured. That is a simple job."

A Cinch for the Engineers

This, from so eminent an engineer as Colonel Somervell, served only to make South Florida the more certain that the Administration in Washington was far more concerned with putting a large number of people to work than with its well-being. See here, South Florida cried, Colonel Somervell's own boss, General Markham, Chief of the Army Engineers, admits that there will be some damage. And if there's a little damage who is to say there won't be more?

"Ground water," said General Markham, "was studied by a special Board of Review which found that any positive damage to agriculture beyond the canal right of way would be negligible and that any damage to the water supply would be small and would consist only in lowering the level of wells in the vicinity."

And worse, they protested, listen to what Mr. Ickes himself has to say. The letter they thrust under Colonel Somervell's nose was not signed by Mr. Ickes but, at that gentleman's request, by Mr. Harry Slattery, the Secretary's personal assistant. We who once were personal assistant to a big shot know precisely how it is. Twice we were almost lynched.

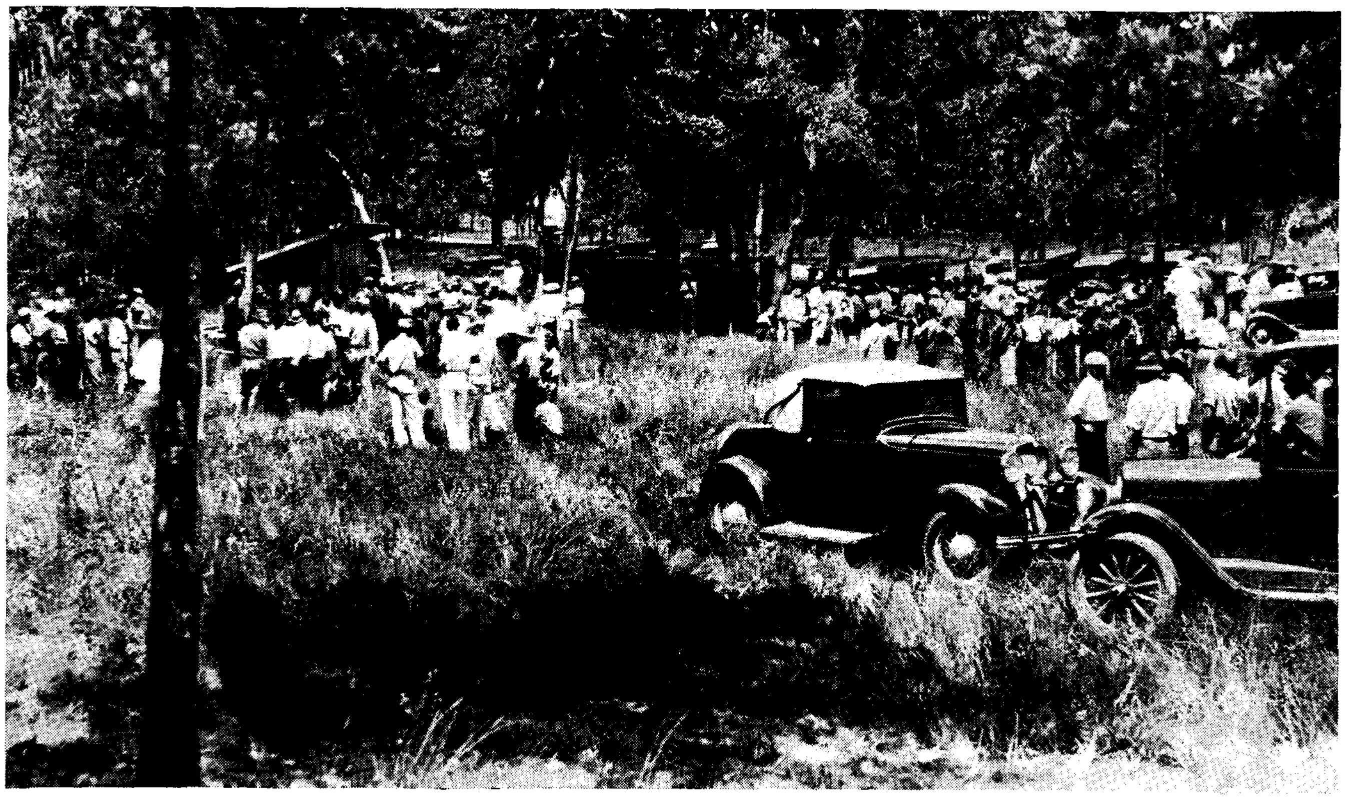
"There appears to be no reasonable doubt," wrote Mr. Slattery, citing the report of the United States Geological survey, "that serious adverse effects will be produced upon the important underground water supplies of the Ocala limestone in a wide zone extending outward from the canal line by the construction of a sea-level canal. . . . Unless the canal could be effectively sealed throughout many miles of its course, a procedure presenting difficulties that appear to be practically insurmountable, it would inevitably drain enormous quantities of water from the limestone, would lower the water level in it and might even divert the water that now rises in many of the springs. . . . Moreover, after an unlined sea-level canal had drained down the fresh water now in the limestone, ocean water, particularly from the western end, would tend to enter the canal at high tide and to seep into the limestone along the canal banks and thus to contaminate its fresh waters."

But Colonel Somervell's engineers sniffed. Old stuff, old stuff. This, my boy, is 1935. Please be assured, they repeated. Please be assured. Sealing the banks of the canal would be a simple job. Maybe so, maybe so, protested the only-half-assured. But why the haste? Let's see, let's see.

"We've got to clean up the relief rolls," said Colonel Somervell; "that's the hurry. The whole New Deal work program must be under way by November first and the Florida canal is one of the outstanding projects of the New Deal."

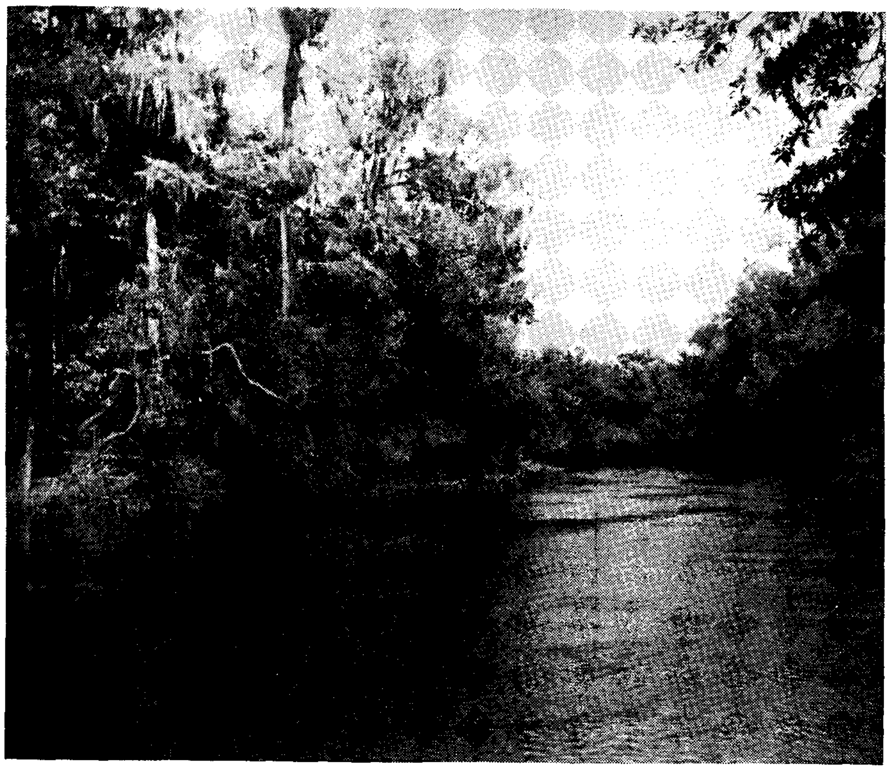
All this, as you may readily appreciate, did virtually nothing to restore the

(Continued on page 48)



WIDE WORLD

First benefits of the new waterway were for hundreds of workers who found their first jobs in many months



The Oklawaha River, flowing through a tangled subtropical forest, will become a link in the canal route

At Ocala, Florida, mule teams prepare the way for the dredges that will divide Florida geographically, and perhaps even politically

Party Dress

The novel methods of Andrew Brice, who sold a lady a frock—and a new outlook on life. A few wrinkles in the sort of modern wooing that you won't be able to get from the textbooks

By Rebecca Stevenson

ILLUSTRATED BY WALTER C. KLETT

SPINNING into the store like a small whirlwind with an aim in life, Melinda collided with two hatless men at the entrance and informed them that she must have an evening dress *instantly. Mindful of the lateness of the* hour, she added that, if the store was closing, she would try them on in the street.

"Well—" began the plump man seriously.

"Do you think you should do that?" interrupted the tall one, with a questioning lift of his brow. Melinda saw that he had unruly red hair, an amused gray glance, and a highly disrespectful smile. Pulling her black hat lower over one of her dark eyes, she glowered on him with the other.

"Will you please find someone to wait on me?" she demanded.

"I have," answered the tall man calmly. Without troubling to remove his gaze from her, he remarked to his companion that special attention was indicated.

"Step this way, please," he said to the girl, and unhurriedly turned toward the elevator. "Gowns," he instructed the operator, "and let nothing delay you in transit."

The car shot up to the second floor. The man paced majestically ahead of her toward a long row of mahogany cases which saleswomen were closing. Melinda regretted the inconvenience she must cause them, but Joseph's arrival was an epoch.

Halting, her guide turned and surveyed her again.

"Something for yourself?" he asked gravely.

Melinda was not spending her limited dollars for a dress to be appreciated on someone else. Not when Joseph had wired her to look her gayest because of the friends who were with him.

"Must I tell?" she retorted impatiently. He asked if the size, too, was a secret.

"FOURTEEN," she pronounced, with an effort at control. Obviously the man was mad, but if she made an issue of it he might disintegrate completely and occasion further delay. He left her to confer inaudibly with a saleswoman whose manner conveyed a surprise Melinda considered disproportionate. One supposed that a shop like Cartell's must have had other belated customers. Presently the two came toward her, the woman carrying a lilac satin, a blue lace, and a finely plaited ivory crepe. Melinda, liking the classic simplicity of the latter, and the immense yellow carnations at its girdle, said she would try it.

"Indoors?" asked the man politely.

"And," she continued with increasing warmth, "I shall want shoes to go with it."

"Any preference as to size?"

Pointedly Melinda expressed her wishes to the saleswoman, adding, with an oblique flash of black eyes, that she would prefer mates if they had them.

There was a quick interchange of glances over her head. The woman said *that their Mr. Brice would fetch the* shoes while the dress was being tried on.

Brice! So there was a name for him. Melinda felt that only the urgency of Joseph's message prevented her from withdrawing with annihilating dignity.

Instead, she contemplated her reflection in the fitting-room mirrors with purely feminine absorption. The ivory tone of the dress made drama of her vivid coloring; the little plaits, folding softly over her straight, young shoulders, frothed delicately about her feet, and the yellow carnations did well by a slender waist. Head over her shoulder, she was engaged in a final survey when another reflection joined her in the glass—Mr. Brice, with slippers dangling from every finger.

INSPECTING them amusedly, he assured her that they were all warranted not to turn into pumpkins at midnight. In view of the difference between her estate and Joseph's, Melinda found the reference annoyingly apt.

Tartly she said the slippers were glass. "The coach was a vegetable. Give me that pair." She indicated some brocaded trifles. Regretfully, Mr. Brice explained that there would be a nominal charge.

"I mean—" she began with fraying restraint.

"I'm going to put them on," he interrupted equably. "That's why I'm here." Kneeling, he held out one. The girl, kicking off a pump, slipped an arched foot between the narrow straps and liked the effect. Aloud, she asked if they were hand carved.

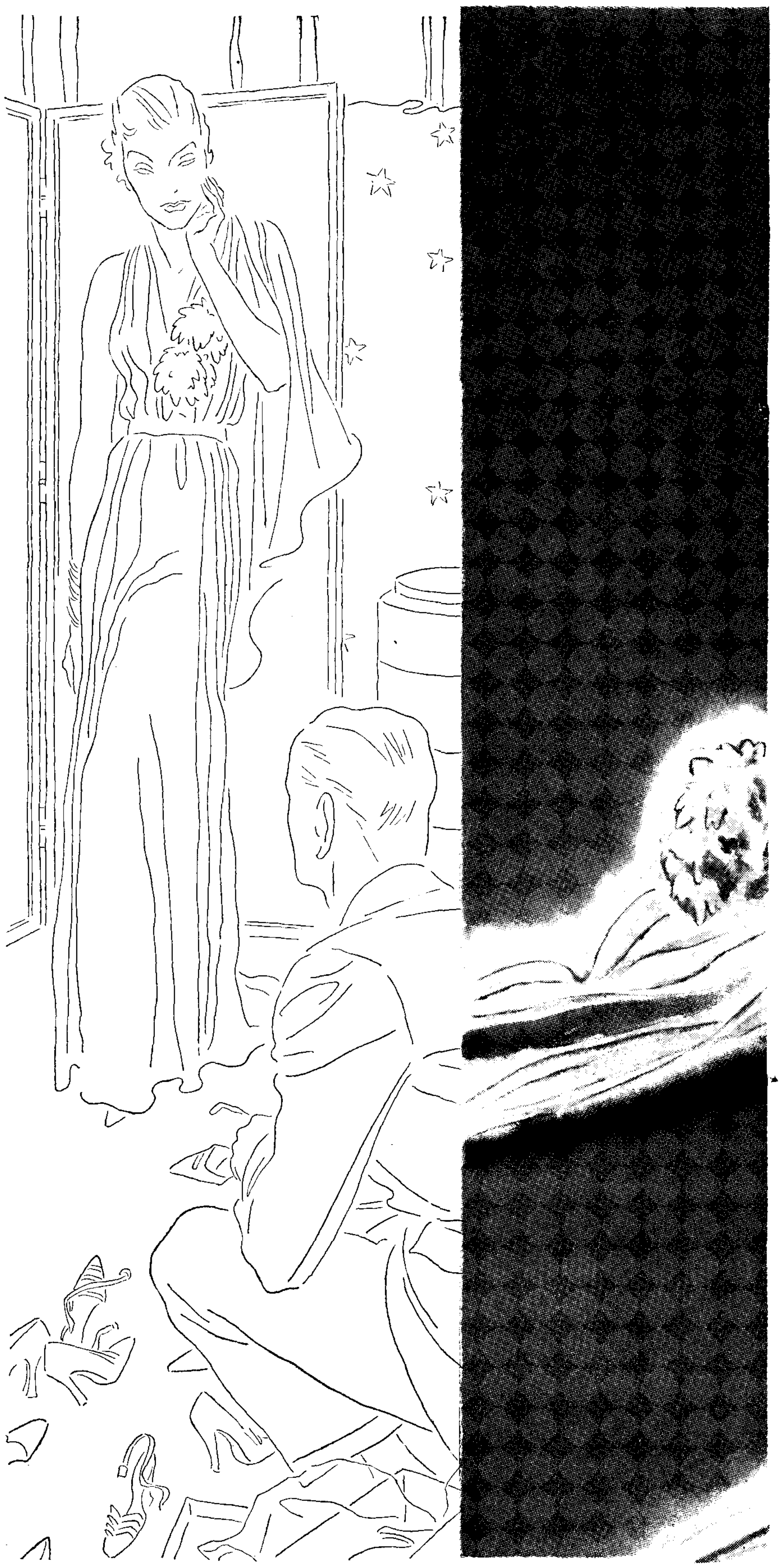
He stood up. "Shall we try something larger?" he asked innocently.

Other vexations occurred. The dress required a few hasty stitches. Melinda intended to wait and remove her purchases by hand, but Mr. Brice felt differently. She was forced to give him her name and address, and rely on his promise to deliver. When, in her original black dress crisply edged with white, she descended to the street floor, he was waiting for her at the door.

"I hope he's myopic," he said, bowing her out with an insufferable smile.

Torn between a mad desire to giggle and slap faces, Melinda sped home. He was too eccentric for an owner and too audacious for a clerk. Possibly Cartell's had installed him for customers partial to impudence, and his tanned elasticity of appearance came from leering at them over counters. Leer, she assured herself, was the correct word.

Such an expression could never disturb Joseph's mannered face. Joseph's smile was symmetrical and not seen in the wrong places, she observed to her



own image in a dressing-table mirror. Melinda, after a long indecision, was on the verge of an affirmative fostered by separation and precipitated by a sudden arrival. In the beginning, she had preferred to take her new poverty away from the sympathy of a city largely founded by her family. So, for a thin, lonely year she had exiled herself in New York, to write bits of advertising copy and yearn increasingly for her faraway western roots. Joseph Harrison's people were kin to those roots. Something like adjoining bulbs. Melinda thought she had done with uncertainty and knew her desire.

Thus the dress and the diligent attention she was devoting to her appearance. While she was subduing some rebellious black curls, there came a knock on the door.

Our Mr. Brice, boxes under his arm, and elation in his face, stood there. Behind him, the butler was disappearing with a smile which explained how it happened. In the worn dignity of Melinda's rooming house, deliveries ordinarily were made downstairs and guests received in the drawing-room.

"Nice of you to knock," she said haughtily, reaching for the boxes.

He handed them over with an unabashed smile. "When these are in place, would you mind attracting my attention?" he asked. "It won't be difficult. I want to be sure that the heels don't need retouching."

Something incorrigible danced fleetingly in her eyes. "I shall pass through the drawing-room in half an hour. Without stopping," she said. The door slammed.

JOSEPH decorously awaited her downstairs. He was standing in the middle of the room, looking curiously at the fading furniture when she entered—a blond young man with an assertive chin and darting hazel eyes. Beyond him, commanding a view of both entrances, was a seated and apparently oblivious presence with red hair. Melinda ignored it, but she could not banish the restraint which caused her to stop and extend her hands a little stiffly. Joseph grasped them without attempting other action.

"Tepid!" commented a voice, ostensibly to the ceiling.

"I think someone spoke to you, dear," said Joseph, continuing his admiring scrutiny. Melinda hastily explained that it was only an echo.

"These old houses do that. How gorgeous to see you!" She glowed a little under the pride he was taking in her. "Was the sea still there when you left, and how are the mountains? All wrinkled and wise?"

"Quite well, thank you," he said, his interest in natural scenery dormant. "That's a lush outfit of yours. You must be doing well."

In a tone of flutelike clarity, Melinda said that, for the moment, she had forgotten what she was wearing. "Something white, isn't it? Where are those impressive friends of yours?"

They were waiting at the Black Tulip, he told her. The Bennetts, clever New Yorkers he had met on the train. "Let's shove along," he suggested. "I hear it's the hottest show this side of the equator."

As they passed, Melinda directed toward the one other occupant of the room a nod which permanently erased him from her existence.

It was over an hour before she saw him again. In a setting of fantastic sable tulips, she was viewing a corps of dancers clad chiefly in the whims of nature. Beside her was Joseph, a contented host, and next to him Cora Bennett, with a gaunt, handsome face and a hard vivacity of manner. Melinda soon learned that she expressed herself with a paint brush, and suspected her of hoping Joseph would prove amenable to a canvas or two. Freddie Bennett, sipping his wine without, apparently, the ability to express anything, was the fourth. Occasionally his eyes strayed toward Melinda with diffident approval.

In mid-sentence, Cora's attention suddenly relinquished her host to fasten on a point beyond Melinda's shoulder.

"Who's the man?" she demanded abruptly. "Looks known."

In an instant, a cheerful voice supplied the answer. "How fortunate!" it declared happily. Mr. Brice, materializing at Melinda's elbow, was beaming at her with the right degree of surprise. "I was just passing by. . . ."

After eavesdropping in the drawing-room. The girl wondered if Joseph had noticed him. "By?" she repeated crisply. "I love uninterrupted progress."

A DROP of confetti fell on his tweed shoulder, a flurry of it drenched Joseph Harrison's white tie as the ballet tripped past, loosing a bright paper torrent.

"Messy," ejaculated Freddie Bennett with an effort. His gaze revolved to the standing man. "Seen you somewhere, or haven't I?" he asked without conviction.

"Paint?" demanded Cora impatiently.

"Mr. Brice sold me my dress," volunteered Melinda, with a flicker of malice.

"And the shoes," the man reminded her amiably. "Be fair." He acknowledged her careless introductions with smiling assurance. Cora, glancing at Melinda's dress, said she had the same rag in green.

"Not from Cartell's," he said easily. "Only one of a kind there, if any." When Joseph, shaking himself free of the confetti, casually indicated a chair, he placed himself by Melinda.

Cora Bennett, saying she knew Tom Cartell, asked him how long he had been at the store. He said time was relative. When she peremptorily demanded his Christian name, he said he feared that his people were atheists.

"I hope you got a good commission on that dress of Melinda's," suggested Joseph, keeping the conversation in its place. Brice's glance lightly touched her clear profile.

"I can't deny that I got something," he admitted.

The girl, seemingly intent on a sylvan stage setting, gave a slight shrug of distaste. Brice, in a kind voice, told her she had a strap showing. Again she stirred slightly, and three more narrow inches

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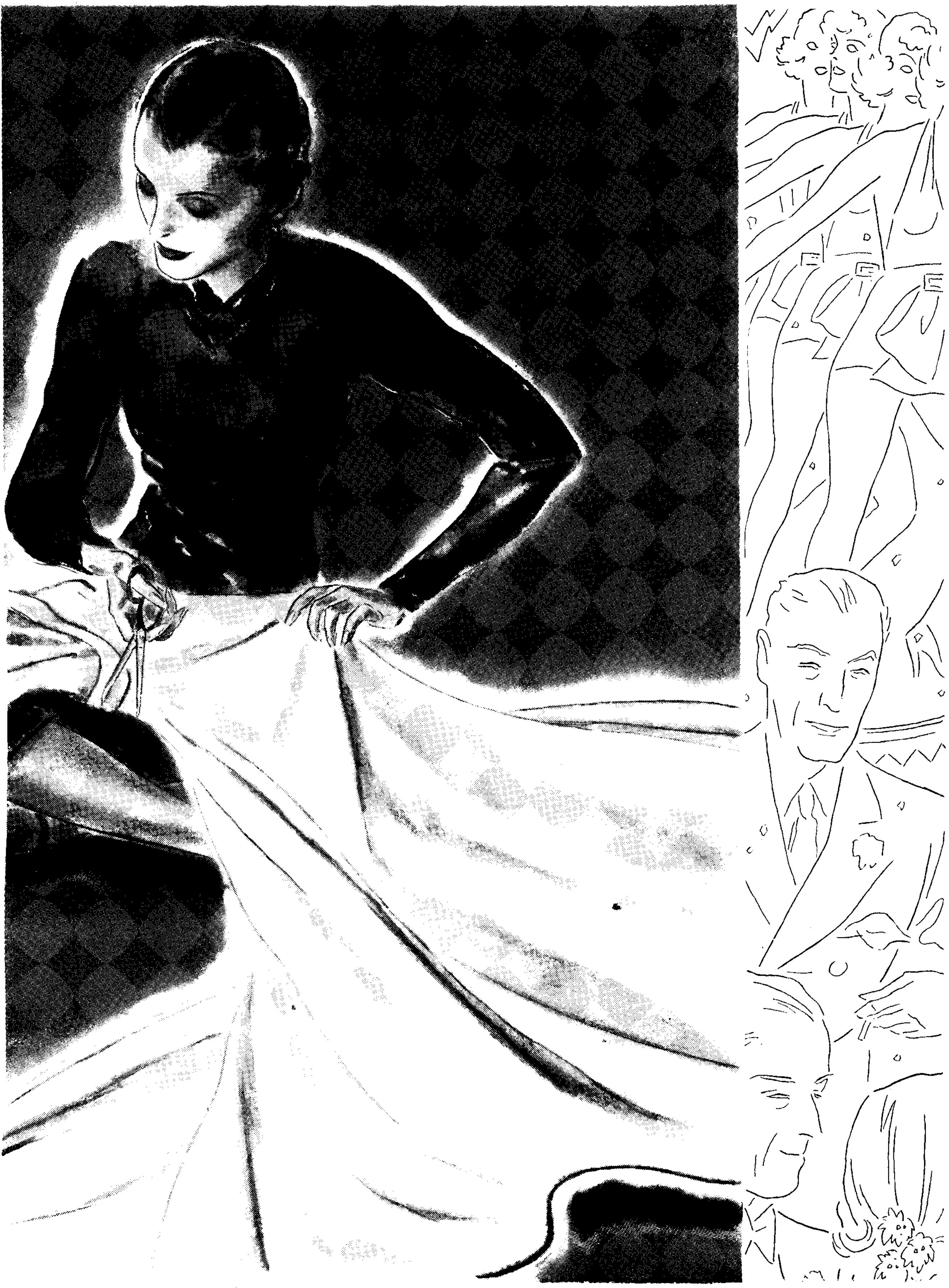
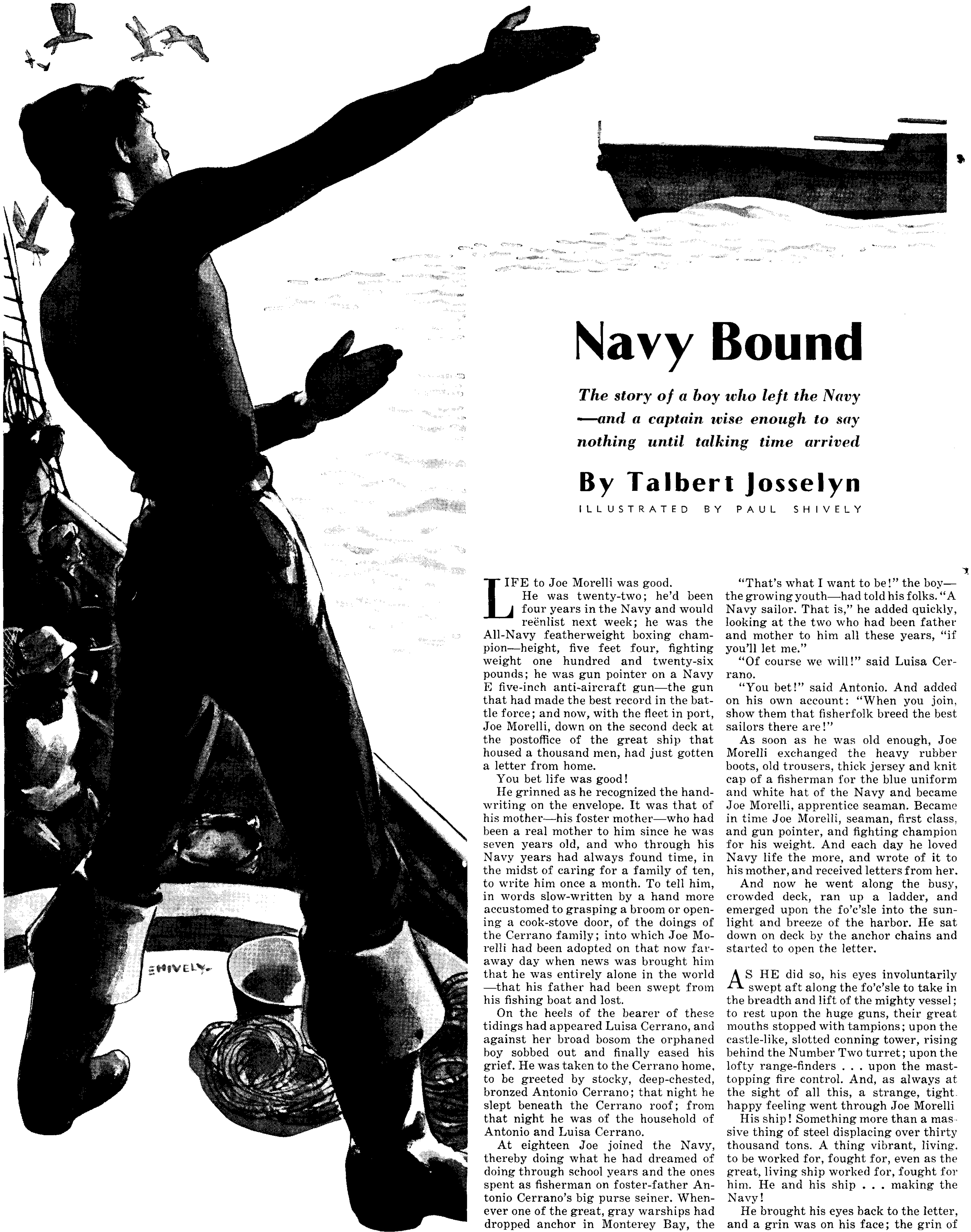


When she had finished, the ivory crepe gown had a rip in one seam



Up on the pilothouse of the fishing boat, Joe Morelli began to signal with his arms

Navy Bound

The story of a boy who left the Navy —and a captain wise enough to say nothing until talking time arrived

By Talbert Josselyn

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL SHIVELY

LIFE to Joe Morelli was good.

He was twenty-two; he'd been four years in the Navy and would reënlist next week; he was the All-Navy featherweight boxing champion—height, five feet four, fighting weight one hundred and twenty-six pounds; he was gun pointer on a Navy E five-inch anti-aircraft gun—the gun that had made the best record in the battle force; and now, with the fleet in port, Joe Morelli, down on the second deck at the postoffice of the great ship that housed a thousand men, had just gotten a letter from home.

You bet life was good!

He grinned as he recognized the handwriting on the envelope. It was that of his mother—his foster mother—who had been a real mother to him since he was seven years old, and who through his Navy years had always found time, in the midst of caring for a family of ten, to write him once a month. To tell him, in words slow-written by a hand more accustomed to grasping a broom or opening a cook-stove door, of the doings of the Cerrano family; into which Joe Morelli had been adopted on that now faraway day when news was brought him that he was entirely alone in the world —that his father had been swept from his fishing boat and lost.

On the heels of the bearer of these tidings had appeared Luisa Cerrano, and against her broad bosom the orphaned boy sobbed out and finally eased his grief. He was taken to the Cerrano home, to be greeted by stocky, deep-chested, bronzed Antonio Cerrano; that night he slept beneath the Cerrano roof; from that night he was of the household of Antonio and Luisa Cerrano.

At eighteen Joe joined the Navy, thereby doing what he had dreamed of doing through school years and the ones spent as fisherman on foster-father Antonio Cerrano's big purse seiner. Whenever one of the great, gray warships had dropped anchor in Monterey Bay, the lithe, keen-eyed Joe had been the first visitor aboard and the last to leave.

"That's what I want to be!" the boy—the growing youth—had told his folks. "A Navy sailor. That is," he added quickly, looking at the two who had been father and mother to him all these years, "if you'll let me."

"Of course we will!" said Luisa Cerrano.

"You bet!" said Antonio. And added on his own account: "When you join, show them that fisherfolk breed the best sailors there are!"

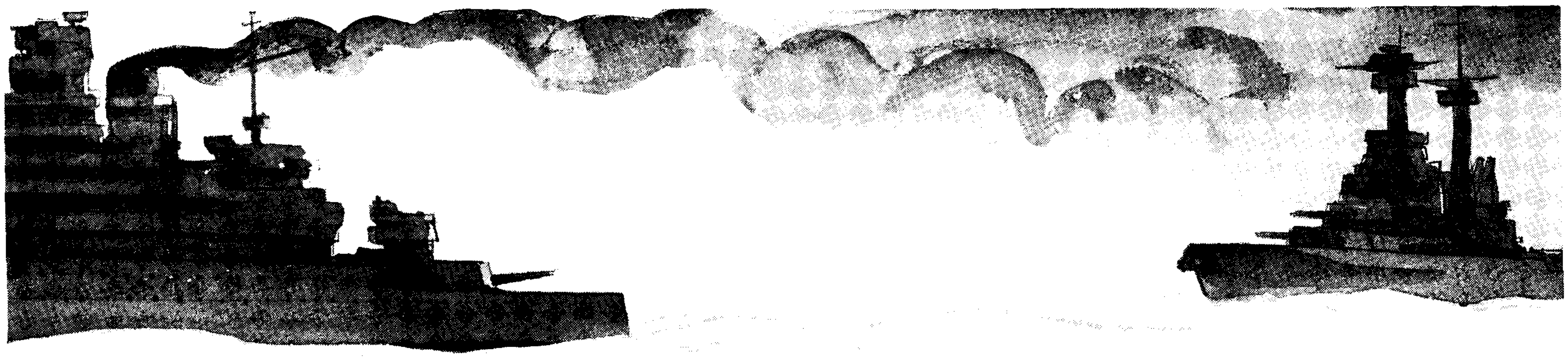
As soon as he was old enough, Joe Morelli exchanged the heavy rubber boots, old trousers, thick jersey and knit cap of a fisherman for the blue uniform and white hat of the Navy and became Joe Morelli, apprentice seaman. Became in time Joe Morelli, seaman, first class, and gun pointer, and fighting champion for his weight. And each day he loved Navy life the more, and wrote of it to his mother, and received letters from her.

And now he went along the busy, crowded deck, ran up a ladder, and emerged upon the fo'c'sle into the sunlight and breeze of the harbor. He sat down on deck by the anchor chains and started to open the letter.

AS HE did so, his eyes involuntarily swept aft along the fo'c'sle to take in the breadth and lift of the mighty vessel; to rest upon the huge guns, their great mouths stopped with tampions; upon the castle-like, slotted conning tower, rising behind the Number Two turret; upon the lofty range-finders . . . upon the mast-topping fire control. And, as always at the sight of all this, a strange, tight happy feeling went through Joe Morelli.

His ship! Something more than a massive thing of steel displacing over thirty thousand tons. A thing vibrant, living, to be worked for, fought for, even as the great, living ship worked for, fought for him. He and his ship . . . making the Navy!

He brought his eyes back to the letter, and a grin was on his face; the grin of a youth about to read of all the intimate doings at home—of his foster brothers



and the big fishing boat and the sardine catches; of his father's garden (Antonio Cerrano, because of rheumatism, no longer went fishing, but worked all day among flowers and vegetables), of the girls at school, of the household affairs—all the many things that Joe Morelli had known so well, and which he now knew only by a letter or a chance home visit. It was a world that he had moved out of.

Smiling, he began to read his mother's letter.

He wasn't smiling when he finished.

Accident, long escaped by the Cerrano family, had happened. Accident, and circumstance on top of accident. Vittorio, the eldest son and captain of the fishing boat, had slipped on deck in a heavy sea, coming north from San Pedro where they'd been fishing for tuna during the summer. He had broken his leg. Oh, not a bad break, Joe Morelli's mother hastened to reassure, but it would keep him in a hospital for a long time and would take money; money just at a time when money was greatly needed elsewhere.

This was where circumstance came in. The people from whom the big, Diesel-powered fishing boat was being bought—the boat that was seventy-five feet long and could carry a cargo of over a hundred tons—had reorganized, and were demanding immediate payments to date from all debtors. Fishing during the summer had been poor; the monthly payments on the boat had slipped behind. Now, with demand being made and Vittorio in the hospital, it was going to be something of a pull and haul.

Here again the letter writer hastened to make reassurance. Oh, things were going to come out all right! They wouldn't lose the boat; they'd make the monthly payments somehow. With the long sardine fishing season beginning—August to February—enough would be earned to handle them. Expenses would be cut to the bone; no outsiders would be hired for the crew—the crew would be Steve and Orazio and Vincent and Pietro, with Steve as captain, and there'd be the five Donato cousins.

"And here is wonderful news," wrote Joe's mother. "Antonio's rheumatism has miraculously become better, and he will leave his garden and go in the boat."

JOE MORELLI caught his breath and then his face grew grim. That wasn't so! Nobody's rheumatism ever got better that quickly. Antonio Cerrano had made Luisa and all the rest of the family think it was better, so that he could go in the boat—so that a crew member wouldn't have to be hired; so that vitally needed money wouldn't have to be spent.

Joe Morelli, four years in the Navy and about to reënlist, suddenly went very pale. He sat frozen. Then swiftly he descended to the lower deck and made his way to the office of the executive officer.

A yeoman looked up from a typewriter.

"Well, look who's here!" he greeted. "The featherweight champ, come to sign his reënlistment papers."

Joe Morelli looked and looked at the yeoman. He said finally out of a dry throat: "You're wrong. I've come to let you know I'm not shipping over."

The yeoman's mouth sagged. "You're not what?"

"Not shipping over. When you get my discharge papers made out, let me know." Joe turned away.

"But . . . hey!" said the yeoman. "What's the idea? Why you quitting the Navy? I got your reënlistment papers here and . . ."

"I'm not talking," said Joe Morelli, and knew sooner or later he'd have to talk. Knew that the grapevine wireless would go winging.

AN HOUR later three men cornered him down on the second deck—the three men closest to him on the ship: Bosun's Mate Novak, Signal Quartermaster Dunn and Master-at-Arms Garrells, the latter his trainer, who had once been a world's champion at his weight. Their mouths were taut and their eyes hot.

"Say!" exclaimed Master-at-Arms Garrells. "You gone screwy? Or was that ape of a yeoman stringing us? If he was—"

"He wasn't," said Joe. "I'm getting out."

Master-at-Arms Garrells rocked on his heels and swore. "You lug! You've always been telling me you were going to reënlist; that you were going to keep right on in the Navy!"

"You going to throw away being champion again?" demanded Bosun's Mate Novak.

"You going to throw down the whole ship?" clamored Quartermaster Dunn.

And then all three poured words at Joe Morelli at once. And Joe, face flushed, made answer:

"All I can tell you is this: I got to go!"

"Say, listen!" said Master-at-Arms Garrells. "Maybe it's something we can fix. If you're in a jam, we'll get you out. And if we can't, the skipper can."

Joe Morelli shook his head. He couldn't tell 'em what it was. They wouldn't understand.

"I can't tell you," said Joe. "But I'm leaving."

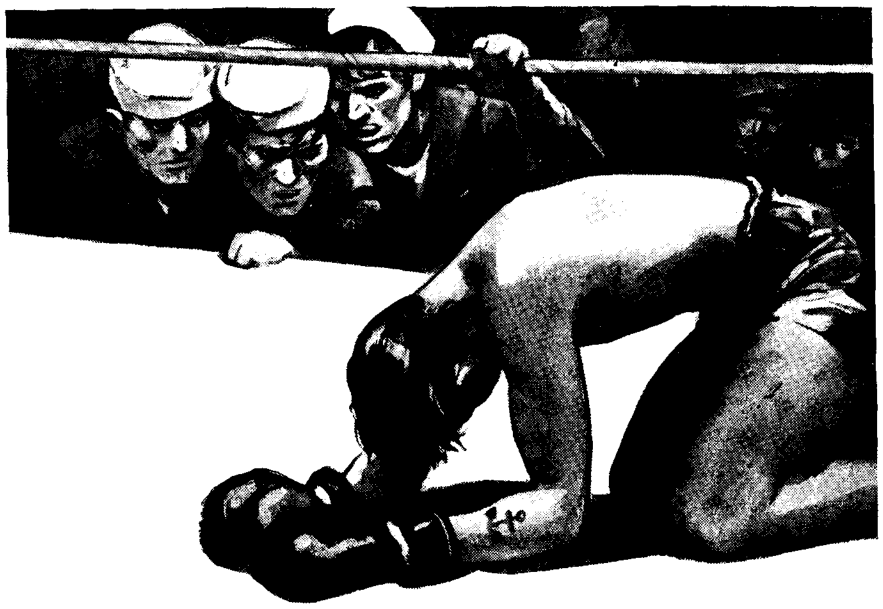
Master-at-Arms Garrells pounded one fist into the other.

"But listen, kid, think what you're throwing away! Promotion, and the All-Navy belt, and everything!"

"Do you think I don't know that?" said Joe Morelli.

Before him passed all that might be through the Navy years, and all that had been. The ship at night battle maneuvers, when there seemed nothing else in all the world but blackness and water—and the sea alive with hidden ships, moving so near at hand as to make one's scalp tingle. And long-range firing with the big guns; guns that with gigantic shock and roar hurled a ton of steel twenty miles over the ocean rim. And the anti-aircraft guns at target practice—Joe Morelli's gun, that short-tubed, wicked five-incher, pumping shells skyward with ear-splitting crack at a sleeve target towed by an airplane. . . . And nights in harbor with the fights on, ship champions against ship champions, with boatloads of the crew going across the harbor to the other ship, their cheers ringing out across the water.

All these things—these things that were in his very blood—receded, and Joe Morelli saw Antonio Cerrano, slow of hand, helping pull nets after night.



Joe got to his elbows and knees at the count of four

Joe regarded his three companions. "Thanks for trying. But this is something I got to handle myself."

He took a long breath. That was over. But there was still a man to be faced whom he least of all wanted to face—the captain, who always saw everyone when he asked for a discharge.

Three men had stood out in Joe Morelli's life—his father, his foster father and the captain. A lean, wiry man, the captain, with blue, blue eyes—eyes that had a way of twinkling when he smiled—and a voice that did things to a fellow's spine. The sort of man that you'd go through anything for. The sort that had taken a thousand men on that ship and welded them into one and who, through that welding, had made his command the fighting ship it was.

And now Joe Morelli, leaving that ship, would have to stand before the captain.

He stood before him in his cabin. And:

"You sent for me, sir?" said Joe Morelli, very erect, his hat at his side.

"Yes," said the captain, his blue eyes looking through and through Joe Morelli from across his desk. "You're asking for a discharge. I thought you liked the Navy. Why are you leaving?"

JOE MORELLI shifted his feet, swallowed. And then suddenly the feeling came to him that of all the men on the ship, here was the one that he could talk to. He began to tell of the Morellis and the Cerranos; began at the beginning and went on to the end. Paused for a moment and made final conclusion:

"So I'm asking for my discharge. I'd—" and Joe Morelli's voice caught, "I'd like to stay! But it's . . . it's my duty to go."

And Joe Morelli was silent.

For a long moment the captain sat looking at the trim, youthful figure standing before him and then the figure had disappeared and it was forty years ago, and the captain saw a boy of seventeen and an old man sitting beneath an elm on a farm in Illinois. And:

"So you've got your app'intment to Annapolis and are going to be in the Navy," said the old man. "I heard of it and come across the county to wish you luck. There's one thing I'd like to tell you, if you'll pardon an old man's tellin'. It's this: always do what you've got to do, no matter how tough things look ahead. You see," and the old man glanced oddly at the boy, "I was aboard the Hartford at Mobile Bay with Farragut. In the attack, the monitor Tecumseh hit a torpedo and went down. The big Brooklyn slowed, confusing the whole line. They hailed us to look out for torpedoes."

The old man spat. "Well, you know what Farragut said! And we went straight on

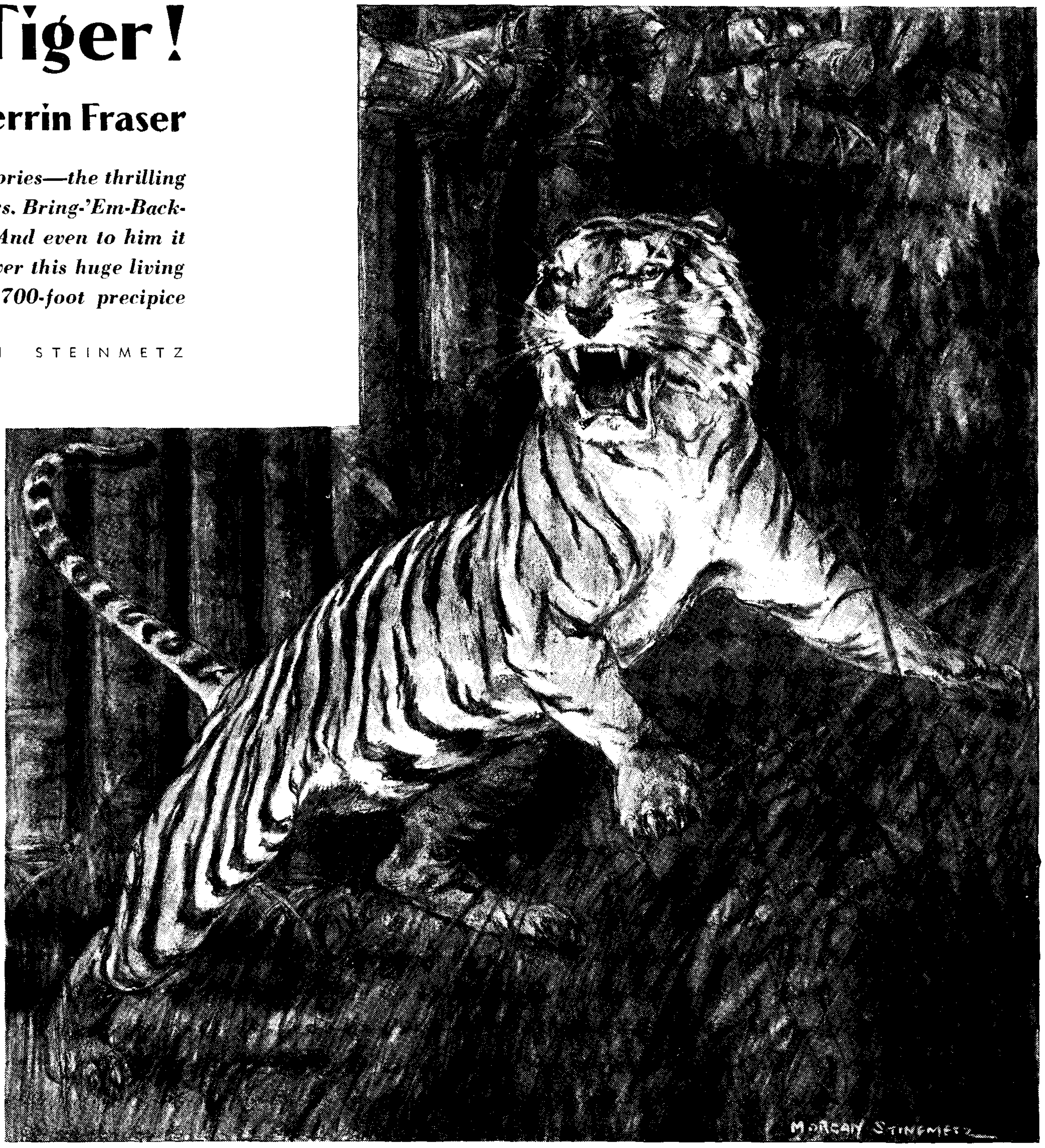
(Continued on page 60)

Hold that Tiger!

By Frank Buck with Ferrin Fraser

Here's the granddaddy of all tiger stories—the thrilling capture of the granddaddy of all tigers. Bring-'Em-Back-Alive Buck did the job, of course. And even to him it was no great fun when he had to lower this huge living bundle of striped lightning over a 700-foot precipice

ILLUSTRATED BY MORGAN STEINMETZ



He was not in the trap. He was somewhere near by in the dark—and loose

IN THE normal course of events—even here in America—a person hears a lot of talk, and reads a lot of stories about tigers. The tiger is probably the most written-about animal in literature. Practically every story you read of India or Malaya, or any part of Asia for that matter, has a tiger lurking somewhere in the background. This is only natural, for the tiger is built spectacularly, with a long, lithe, powerful body which is topped off with vivid "criminal" stripes of black and yellow. For once, Nature didn't go far wrong when she gave the tiger those stripes. For of all the Asiatic animals I've met—and I've met them all in my twenty-three years in the jungle—the tiger is undoubtedly Public Enemy Number One of the East.

In the years I have spent bringing animals back to America alive I have captured plenty of these public enemies. I call them public enemies because in British India alone, in one year, man-eating tigers killed over six hundred people. Which is a better—or worse—record than any of our gangsters have yet achieved. So I feel pretty proud in having brought back from my last expedition to Malaya the *biggest* tiger I ever laid eyes on and, I've no doubt, one of the biggest that ever lived.

Probably you all have seen tigers. They're fairly common in our circuses and zoological gardens. But what you've seen have been the ordinary, common, run-of-the-mill tigers. Granted—the tiger you've seen, if he broke loose from his cage, could kill a man with one blow of his forepaw or with one crunching bite of his long, canine teeth. But the tiger I encountered on my last expedition was a super-tiger, the biggest of his breed, a tiger that measured ten feet from the tip of his black nose to the waving end of his yellow tail!

I know you're thinking now that a tiger's tail is a pretty long proposition. Well, so are his hind legs. To visualize this tiger of mine you've got to picture him standing on his hind legs—which are almost as long as his tail. Rearing up in this fashion, as a tiger invariably does when he attacks, this beast stands nine feet high, or three feet higher than the tallest man of your acquaintance! And he weighs close to five hundred pounds! Picture five hundred pounds of striped-animal lightning and dynamite, with savage teeth two inches long that can crunch bone and muscle with one crushing bite, and paws with steel-like claws in them powerful enough to rip down the side of a native hut, and maybe you'll be able to vision this tiger of mine that I just brought back to America alive.

When I went out to Malaya on my latest expedition I had no hope of capturing one of the biggest tigers that ever lived. I don't go out with hopes of anything, you see. All I expected was to make my new motion picture and to bring back a sizable collection of rare birds and animals, which has always been my business. As it happened, through no fault of mine, I had this gigantic tiger thrown in for an extra thrill, and this is the story of his capture.

It occurred to me as I was setting up my permanent camp in northern Johore, a native state ruled over by my friend the Sultan of Johore, that some motion pictures of the aborigines of Malaya, the *sakai* who inhabit the depths of the jungle, would be interesting. These people are among the most primitive in the world. For hundreds of years they have lived almost like the wild animals of the jungle, having no permanent homes, migrating with the wild creatures, and depending on them and the natural fruits and berries of the country for their food.

Sakai Home Brew

Their game they still kill with primitive blowguns and poison darts. The poison they brew from the sap of the *ipoh*, a large jungle tree. They tap the trunk, cook the sap, and boil it down until a thick, dark red paste is left in the bottom of their kettles. They mix this paste with a flat stick and smear the ends of their darts for about an inch with the crimson *ipoh* poison.

The darts are made of bamboo. They are sharpened to a needle point and are almost as hard as steel. Once an animal is struck with one of these darts it dies almost instantly, as the *ipoh* penetrates the blood stream. And the flesh is not made inedible by the poison. This may seem strange, but I imagine you'll think it stranger still when I tell you that you can swallow a whole spoonful of cobra or rattlesnake venom—if you happen to be exotic in your tastes—without the poison causing you the least harm. Unless you've a sore in your mouth, or some cut through which the venom can get directly into the blood stream, a bit of cobra poison with your dinner can be eaten with relish—if you're inclined toward fancy sauces.

There was another reason besides the hope of making interesting pictures for wanting to get in touch with the *sakai*. Living as close to the jungle as they do, a part of it as much as the actual trees and brush, the *sakai* know where all the animals are. They can unerringly put you on the track of tigers or leopards or tapirs, almost any animal you may happen to be looking for. Many are the valuable minah birds that have been pointed out to me by *sakai*. These minahs are better talkers than parrots, but they must be taken when squabs from their nests and raised by humans. The *sakai* can tell you where to find these almost invisible nests. They can save you much time in getting on the track of all animals. And when you're collecting a thousand or two specimens in a few months, as I invariably do on my expeditions, time is important.

The Wildest of the Peninsula

So I took my three boys—Ali, Ahmed, and Awi—and struck north from my permanent camp in Johore into Pahang. There are more *sakai* living in Pahang than in any other district of Malaya. Pahang is a large state, and most of it is still an untracked jungle wilderness. The *sakai* here are undoubtedly the most primitive and wildest of the whole peninsula.

Now to get in touch with jungle *sakai* you don't just walk up to their doors, knock, and say "hello." In the first place, not living in houses, there aren't any doors to knock on. And if there were doors, after the first knock your *sakai* would be out the nearest window—if there were windows—and running away from you as fast as he could for dear life.

They're a timid, shy people, you see, practically the same as the wild jungle

(Continued on page 42)

They [illegible] says Jouett [illegible] the [illegible] League [illegible] New Deal [illegible] destructive "constructive" [illegible]

The True Friend

By George Creel

COLLIER'S WASHINGTON STAFF WRITER

MR. JOUETT SHOUSE, president of the American Liberty League, is easily the country's Number One man when it comes to Viewing with Alarm. John W. Davis, Irenée Du Pont, John J. Raskob and others of his group sometimes confess to catching sight of a gleam in the dark skies that lower overhead, but Mr. Shouse refuses to lessen his gloomy conviction that America, due to the Roosevelt policies, is hovering on the brink of an abyss.

The Constitution and the Supreme Court are the objects of his most anguished concern, and even after a hard day in the office it is nothing for him to don buckskins and keep an all-night watch over the white marble building across from the Capitol. Let Harry Hopkins or Professor Tugwell come within a mile of the sacred edifice and he breaks into deep-mouthed baying that brings a thousand patriots to the scene with rifles cocked and primed.

With hair only slightly grayed, though in his fifties, a jutting chin and a pair of round hawk eyes set close together, Mr. Shouse can hit with either hand and has never been known to pull a punch. When he gets warmed to his work over the radio, and starts describing the New Deal as a "Bacchanalian orgy," the audience is given a vivid picture of the Frankfurter boys dancing about in a state of nature with vine leaves in their hair, while Comptroller McCarl stands by, attempting to halt the shameful revel in the name of economy.

Guardians of the Constitution

An aggressive organization, the American Liberty League, making no secret of its opposition to the President and his policies. Already, in the first year, it has issued exactly seventy-five pamphlets, all but two attacking New Deal legislation vigorously and specifically. The banking bill "subjects the nation's monetary structure to political control"; the TVA "puts the federal government into competition with private enterprise"; the AAA is a "trend toward Fascist control of agriculture"; the death clause in the utility holding company bill is a "blow at invested capital," and the tax program is a "transparent political gesture." The Guffey coal bill is "unconstitutional, impracticable, injurious to prospects for industrial recovery, and a step toward further aggrandizement of an ever-spreading governmental bureaucracy," and the NRA plunged the country into a "quicksand of visionary experimentation."

The $4,880,000,000 fund and the Social Security Act are assailed as "the end of democracy." Relief should be turned over to the Red Cross, and old-age pensions, old-age insurance and unemployment insurance left to the several states. Fifty-eight League lawyers joined in an analysis that declared the National Labor Relations Board unconstitutional, and "lawmaking by executive order" is a favorite attack. Only the President's veto of the soldiers' bonus and opposition to the thirty-hour week have won the League's approval.

A bold and forceful man, Mr. Jouett Shouse. No question about that, for when a born and bred Kentuckian can barge into "bleeding Kansas" and get elected to Congress on the Democratic ticket, his dynamic qualities are no longer debatable. In the Lower House he won quite a reputation for energy and enterprise, even urging Topeka as a deep-water port, and he did equally well as assistant to Carter Glass when that eminent Virginian was appointed Secretary of the Treasury in 1918. Some quiet years as a lawyer in Kansas City, and then in 1928 he was put at the right hand of John J. Raskob, Al Smith's choice for chairman of the Democratic National Committee.

Mr. Raskob himself would undoubtedly be the first to admit that Mr. Shouse was the organization's spark plug for a full four years. True, he ended the campaign with a sizable deficit, but what greater proof of genius than to find people willing to lend Democrats money? Carrying on, he took what was little more than a bad case of suspended animation and nursed the party back to life. At this point we are compelled to record our hero's first blunder. Along with Mr. Raskob and various others, he refused to accept Franklin D. Roosevelt as the Man of Destiny in 1932, and March 4, 1933, saw him cast into the outer darkness, and banished forever from the Smile.

The New Deal's Severest Critic

If Mr. Shouse needed further testimony as to his force, it would be provided by the American Liberty League. A year ago it was a mere group of conservative businessmen running in circles and emitting angry bellows. Today it is a national organization with a membership of 100,000, and directing an attack against the New Deal that is even abler and far more effective than that of the Republicans. Mr. Shouse, however, insists that the League is "without personal prejudice or partisan bias," and actually goes so far as to claim that he and his associates have attempted to be the President's truest friends, supplying the "constructive criticism" for which he asked.

A frank man, Mr. Shouse, almost going to the length of wearing his union suit on the outside. Asked to file a bill of particulars against the Administration, words pour from him with machine-gun speed and precision. The thing he dwells on most volubly and fondly is the President's "repudiation" of the Democratic platform.

"What about his campaign pledge to reduce governmental expenses by a full 25 per cent?" The round, close-set eyes glared challengingly. "So-called regular expenditures, without reference to relief or recovery appropriations, have been increased by $1,297,000,000. Instead of economy we have had a spending spree unparalleled in the history of the world.

"Never in any speech did he put forward the amazing theory that a nation can spend its way back to prosperity. Where was there mention in his platform of a planned economy for industry or agriculture? Of a death sentence for holding companies? Of the Tennessee Valley Authority and other Socialistic experiments? Of devaluing the dollar and defaulting on the contract given to those who bought government bonds? He has flouted pledge after pledge, and the program choked down the throat of Congress fulfills to the letter the promises of the platform and candidates of the Socialist party.

"Recovery? He has and is retarding it. Business has been bedeviled by every kind of interference and hampered by

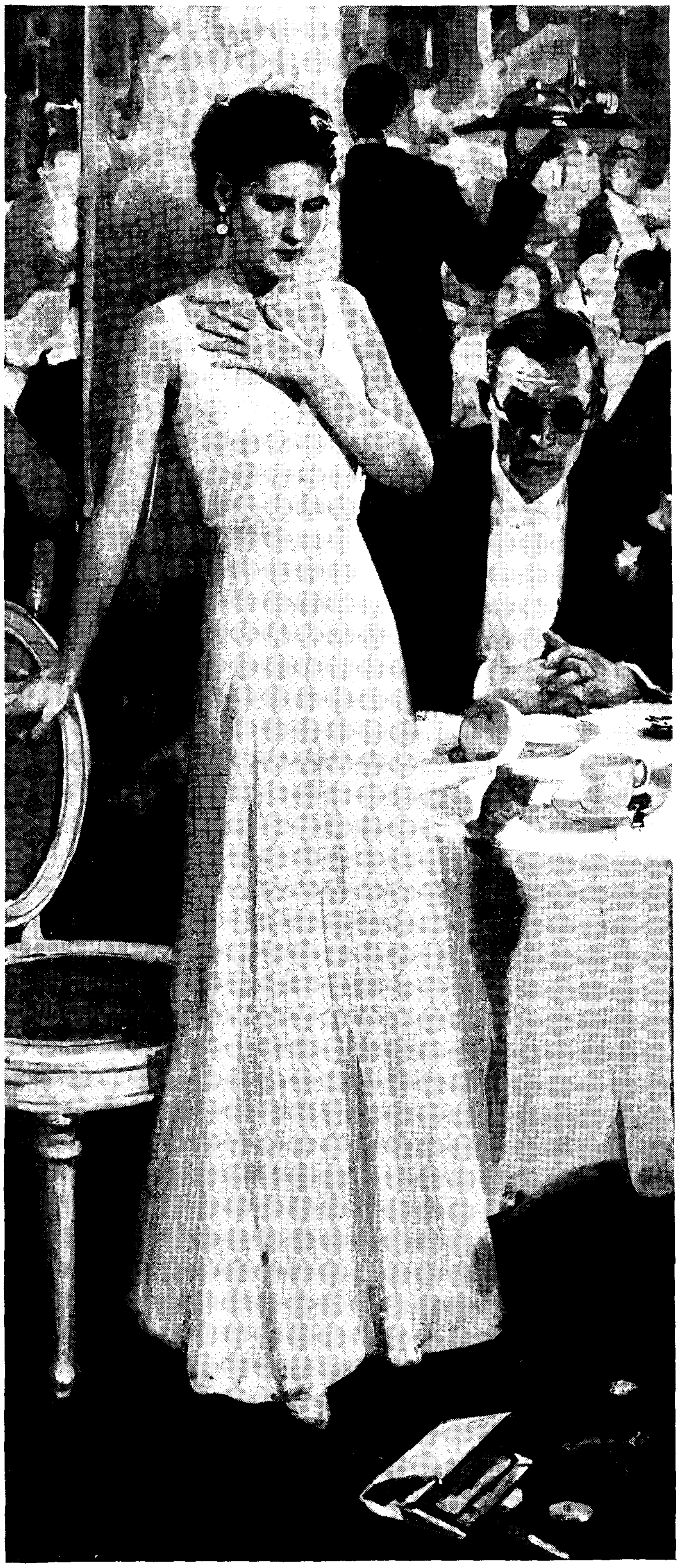
(Continued on page 46)

Blind Man's Eyes

By Thomas McMorrow

The mystery of the Van Dam robberies, featuring John Dyce, who did not have to see a crook to spot one

ILLUSTRATED BY JOSEPH M. CLEMENT



ON THE night of the Baer-Louis fight there was an exhilarated crowd in the Eight-and-Forty French restaurant as midnight neared.

Gerry Van Dam, millionaire playboy on the athletic side, was there with his bride of a few weeks. The third at his table was Don Everette, a playmate of Gerry's.

"Don't let it get you down, Elise," urged Don, keyed to jollity by two highballs and the company of the well-known sportsman and his beautiful new wife. "Gerry should fret about a few diamonds. Christmas is coming: make a noise like a tree and he'll dress you all up again."

"Just a thrifty little French *femme*," chimed Gerry, and his broad hand went over the girl's in a strong and comforting clasp. The bold, gray-blue eyes in his rather ugly but very likable face dwelt on her kindly.

Elise smiled, and her hand answered, clinging to his convulsively, but she was not to be beguiled. Only while looking at Gerry did her great black eyes relent of their frightened stare.

"See, Don—see, Gerry," she offered, to distract them from her. "What a droll gentleman is coming!"

They looked toward the entrance.

THE somber figure in the doorway was a familiar one to midnight New York. It was in conventional black and white, and the eyes were masked by lenses, black and opaque. The man tapped the floor with a straight-handled stick of balsa wood and moved his head in peremptory summons. The black lenses cupped the light, and the headwaiter came hurrying, making appeasing gestures.

"Yes, Mr. Dyce! Two?"

John Dyce followed the consequential footsteps. A pace in his rear walked a thin and lantern-jawed man who was evidently a servant. John Dyce heard the whisper of a chair drawn back, and seated himself. The attendant sat at his elbow, hands in lap, silent and immobile like his blind master.

The average among the blind man's neighbors regarded him with conventional pity. A tipsy group sniggered. He had the grotesque and serene majesty of an Eastern idol, comic to the vulgar.

The waiter brought the day's luncheon menu.

"Mock-turtle soup, sir? And then sweetbread with truffles! It is excellent, Mr. Dyce."

"And Liebfraumilch. Good evening, Adolph."

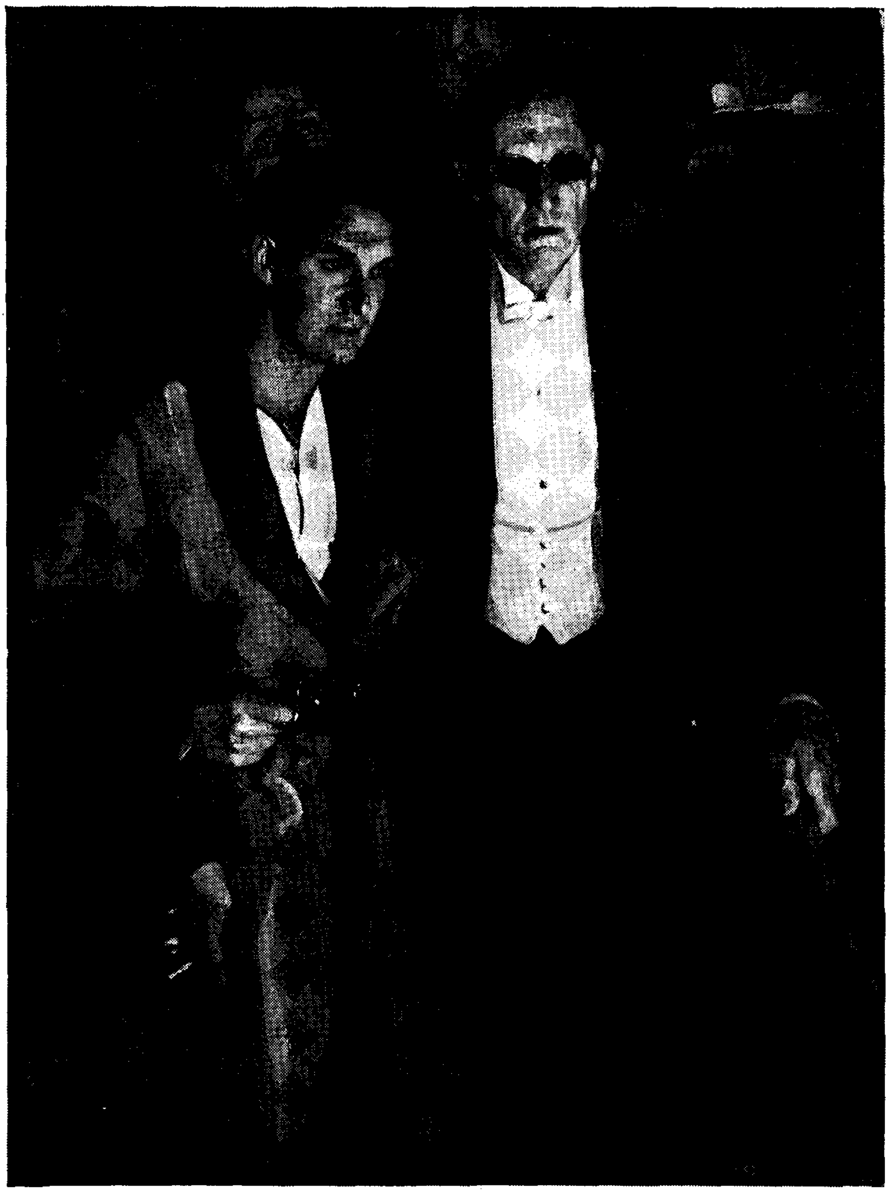
"Good evening, Mr. Dyce," said the waiter, going to the kitchen to warn the chefs in person.

John Dyce lit an American cigarette, took a deep inhalation, and crushed the cigarette out. He liked tobacco and used it temperately, valuing the acuity of his nose and palate.

His ears and nose were telling him of his neighbors now; but that was only settled and involuntary habit.

They were judging of their food, he

"Here, Elise! It fell open. Lord, look all she had in it"



"Now, Mr. Van Dam. Follow, quietly." But Gerry was not inclined to quiet

knew, by its appearance; if they did not like it in the mouth, they would think their taste at fault, uneducated. They approved of one another's clothing when it was good to see; they would have been discontented with the music if the musicians were not there. Many of them had come from staring enchantedly and for hours at a play of shadows, called moving pictures. Out on the dance floor now a prestidigitator was doing his tricks, showing them unavailingly how incompetent and bigoted was their power of sight.

FOOTSTEPS were approaching. . . . A girl, walking like a middle-aged woman, with no young pride and alertness. . . . Two men with her . . . two young men. . . . The one in advance was young Don Everette. . . .

"Hello, Mr. Dyce! May we have our coffee with you? Mrs. Van Dam, let me present Mr. John Dyce, the great detective. . . . Oh, no, Mr. Dyce; after what you did for me, I'm on the air for you all the time! Mr. Dyce, this is Gerry Van Dam."

John Dyce held Elise's lax hand and listened to a polite and dispirited murmur. He noted Gerry's brief and hearty grip and his amiable growl, affable and casual. He did not shake hands with Everette, whom he knew well enough without that intimate and speaking contact.

"Did you enjoy the fight, Mrs. Van Dam?"

"Half a second on that, Elise!" broke in Everette. "We haven't been to the fight, Mr. Dyce. I've been on night work in the office, caught a cab up here—"

John Dyce shrugged. It was a bore to point out the obvious; but the sighted were easily amused.

"Do pardon me, Mr. Everette. Your collar and shirt are creaking the news that you are in evening dress. And you reek—pardon me, you reek—of the subway and subway strap.

"You have both been smoking heavily, but it is not on your clothes. You have done your smoking—and shouting—out-of-doors, and therefore, tonight, at the Stadium. The crowded trains tonight were from the theaters and from the Stadium, and you did not take a theater train to come here to 48th Street. . . ."

"By George, that's shooting," breathed Gerry. "Did you get that, Elise? Done with a creak and a couple of sniffs!"

John Dyce laughed politely at the drollery, shifting his head; the light shifted in the lenses, gathered and leaped.

"I told Gerry and Elise how you got my money back for me from that mob of stock swindlers."

"That happened to be work, Mr. Everette," said the blind man, lifting his goblet of Liebfraumilch, perhaps to hide a somewhat sinister smile, "within my very limited powers."

"Perhaps our trouble wouldn't be," said Gerry. "But it's all the trouble we have, eh, Elise? May I tell you about it, Mr. Dyce?"

"If you will, Mr. Van Dam. . . . The salt, Fay."

"IN THE last few days, Mr. Dyce, we've had four queer thefts in our home; we're in a private house down on Gramercy Park. Really, it has us winging; I dragged Elise out to the fight to try to get her mind off it. Generally, she has all the nerve there is, but this thing has got to her. . . . Never you mind, angel, I'm just as jittery about it as you are! It's not so much the value of what's been taken so far. You see? I say 'so far.' That's how we feel."

"What is the value, Mr. Van Dam?"

"About eighteen thousand, with the jewelry that went today. That diamond brooch this morning vanished right under our eyes. We had the stuff on the living-room table, meaning to put it in the vault, when the telephone rang in the bar. We went in there.

"Elise heard something in the living-room, and she whipped back, and—the brooch was gone! We were alone on the floor, and nobody could have got in or out, and yet—"

His voice was swamped in loud applause. The prestidigitator had done his turn out on the dance floor and was bowing off.

"There's a chap, Mr. Van Dam, who makes a good living at doing things right under people's eyes. You've had in the police?"

"Yes, yes. We might as well have called in the grocery boy for all the good they did. Not meaning to knock the police."

"It was all jewelry? What do the insurance people say?"

"It wasn't covered. It was wedding presents from me to Elise."

"Pardon," said an intruding voice. "Your serviette, madam."

John Dyce had heard the stranger coming stumblingly; had heard him stoop. The tablecloth flapped and there was the hiss of cloth whisked over cloth. And a familiar pungency in the nostrils.

. . . The stranger, whose plodding gait and monopolizing voice said that he was in liquor, was just come from an old-fashioned drug store; he diffused the aromas. . . . He had pretended to pick Mrs. Van Dam's napkin from the floor, but he had really pulled it from her knee. His use of a French term was not significant in a French restaurant; but his accent had been foreign. The simulated return of the napkin had been to excuse his intrusion; he was gone on his way, but he had got an alarming message across to the girl. She had recoiled, gasping. . . .

"For heaven's sake, Elise! You're as white as a sheet. The chap just picked up your napkin, dear. . . . Oh, that piece of paper. What's on it? . . . 'Joe Louis.' 'Joe'—something—'Louis.' Well, angel, if the name Joe Louis makes you jump, it's a bad night to be out. See what you make of it, Mr. Dyce. Oh, I'm sorry."

But John Dyce had taken the paper. . . . Was this the message?

Elise drew it from him. "May I see? It is pencil-writing to say Joe Something Louis. I do not know what it is to say. The writing is very bad. We will look at it again—later."

JOHN DYCE heard the slip crumpled; and then the snapping of a lady's purse. That purse was certainly in her lap. . . .

. . . She had pretended to throw the slip away, but she had put it into her purse. . . . She had twitched it from between John Dyce's fingers and had hidden it: Mr. Van Dam could not have read it accurately, and Mrs. Van Dam did not want it read. Was the return of the napkin a cover for passing her this slip, and was the slip's true content alarming? The girl had been alarmed. . . . The slip was in the purse; the purse was in her lap; perhaps her hand was guarding it. . . . Now to make her lift both hands, and drop the purse. . . .

"Demitasse as usual, Mr. Dyce?"

"Large, Adolph; black and very hot. . . . Will you light my cigarette, Mrs. Van Dam, please?"

He leaned to her as the match scratched. Before him steamed the coffee. The cup upset, and the black flood cascaded.

Elise leaped up. The young men ran to her. The blind man kept his seat, looking puzzled by the to-do; by him sat his man Fay.

"Just a little accident, Mr. Dyce."

"Ah, my coffee! I am so ashamed."

"It is nothing, Mr. Dyce. . . . But where is my purse?"

"Here, Elise! It fell open. Lord, Don, look all she had in it; all over the floor. Fountain pen, checkbook, lipstick, compact, nail file, comb, handkerchief, a mirror, perfume, keys, auto key, what are you looking for, Elise? What else did you have?"

While Elise and her escorts were searching the floor, Fay was studying something in his hands under the table. He murmured to his master, who nodded and asked a question.

"The drunk, Mr. Dyce? Good-looking chap, about my height. Black eyes, black hair; neat dresser. New double-breasted gray check, and a big sparkler in a green necktie."

"You young people homeward bound?" queried John Dyce when decorum had returned. "Please let me take you. I should like to visit for a moment the scene of these mysterious thefts."

The party went to the exit.

John Dyce's approach was watched solicitously by a big and raffish-looking man with crushed nose and cauliflower ear who lounged in the doorway. This was Ronin, John Dyce's chauffeur and strong arm, a trial horse and chopping block of other ring years. His face and bearing did not trouble John Dyce.

With Fay in front, the car was ample for the company.

"Gramercy Park South, Ronin."

A HIGH, stone stoop . . . foyer, square; tiled floor. . . . A newel post, at stairs going upward. . . . A short, straight hallway along the rail of a stairs going down. . . . The living-room; about thirty feet square; high ceiling. Old house; big old brownstone front. Redecorated lately. . . .

He was memorizing the house in all its quantities, its echoes and scents, its obstacles and voids, its feel to foot and hand. Memory in such matters had been bluntly enjoined upon him by his first sally from the cradle. In his forehead—he assigned it to his forehead—was the sort of unlighted vision that apprised him of mass and texture and density about him. John Dyce was not unique in this awareness; it is one of our human constitutional rights, usurped in most of us by sight.

"I'll tell you just how it happened each time!" said Gerry.

While Gerry told just how it had happened each time, John Dyce moved about the room, slowly, diffidently, like any well-bred guest. His head was tilted forward; his hands were joined before him, fingertips out; at times he clapped his hands lightly but it was not more than the abstracted gesture of a man thinking. He halted and turned short of the walls; rarely, and then with feeblest jar, did he come against the furniture. He lingered before the fireplace, and again before a window. . . .

"Dark and unfathomed," he nodded to Gerry's account. "I should like to spend some hours here. Mrs. Van Dam, may I impose so awkward a guest on you tomorrow night? . . . You are very forgiving."

He said good night, and strode confidently to the street door, and with a few intuitive taps of his cane, down the high stoop.

"Home, boss?" asked Ronin. "Say, whaja think of the fight?"

"You could lick them both, Ronin."

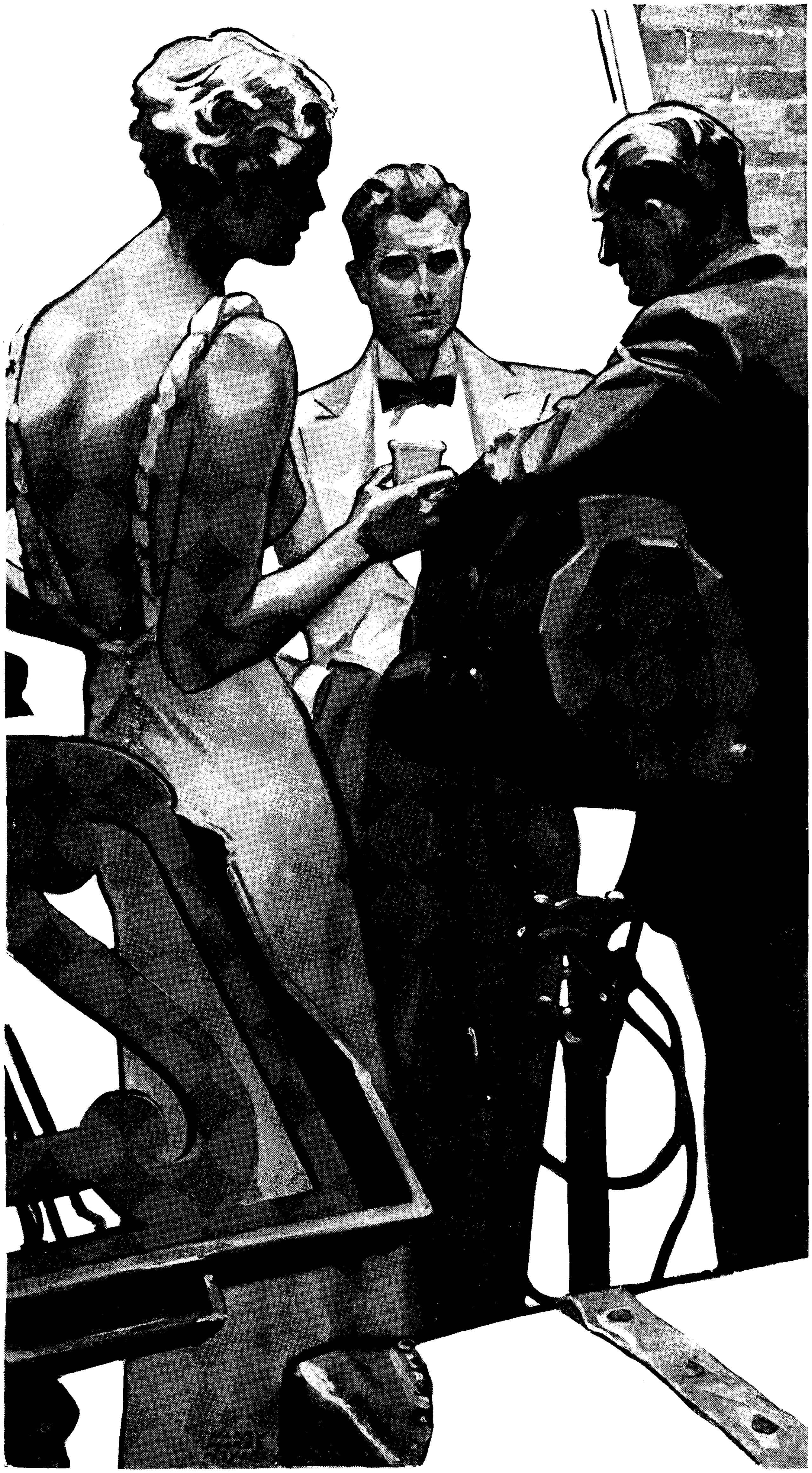
"Same here! How I would fight Louis—"

"Drive back to the restaurant and find me a drugstore within four blocks. Not a department store, Ronin. Colored water, licorice wood, rock candy, and drugs! Not too far from a saloon."

That tipsy intruder had come straight from some old-style drugstore. He had walked, or the search was hopeless. . . .

In the third healthfully odoriferous

(Continued on page 64)



The cold eyes moved over Collins. "I'm pretty fair." To Dixie, Corbin said: "I just got a phone call. Our date's cancelled"

ILLUSTRATED BY
HARRY MORSE MEYERS

WERNER, the booking agent for Lotusland, the dance pavilion near Columbus Circle, lit a cigarette.

"I've got a singer for you," he said to Johnny Collins, the orchestra leader. "You'll like this one."

"You've told me that three times."

Werner looked serious.

"Sure, but I've got to click sometime. Her name's Dixie June and she's a Harz Mountain canary. When she turns it on she piles them in the alley."

"I'll listen," Collins said. "Send her in."

Werner pulled on his overcoat.

"That's all I want you to do. You'll go for this one. She's a honey."

Kinky Metz, the pianist, looked in the upstairs room toward five that afternoon.

"Gal to see you, Johnny. She says the name's June." He grinned. "Looks more like August to me."

Collins laid the saxophone parts for a new number in a neat pile beside him. The ink was hardly dry on the orchestration. Leffler, his contract arranger, had done one of his usual clever jobs. The number was from an unreleased motion picture. It was due for a plug all over town.

Metz held the door open. A girl came in. Johnny Collins looked at her interestedly. She was trim. She had the yellowest hair he had ever seen. It wasn't platinum or brassy. It was like the center of daisies. She was young, not more than twenty. There was nothing Broadway about her appearance. She wore a beaver coat and a green felt hat that matched her dress.

Collins got up.

"Miss June? Werner spoke to me about you. You're a rhythm singer?"

When she smiled he noticed her white, even teeth.

"I think I am."

"You've worked with an orchestra?"

"On radio, for a while."

Collins excused himself. He went across the hall. A card game was going on in an opposite room. A man lounged in the doorway, watching. He was big, heavily made. He had a red, weathered face, large feet and shrewd eyes. Collins recognized him as Ed Duffy, a plainclothes man from headquarters.

Duffy was the first musical copper Collins had met. The detective had a weakness for jazz. He hung around the dance hall nearly every night. When he

Without Music

Explaining Duke Corbin and the girl Johnny Collins loved—a story which surprised Broadway, where the gossips don't miss much

By C. S. Montanye

took a fancy to some particular song he sent in anonymous requests for its repetition.

"No wonder crime is on the increase," Collins said to Duffy.

The man laughed.

"Watch out I don't pick you up," he said.

"I need a piano player," Collins announced over the detective's shoulder.

Kinky Metz threw down his hand.

"Leave me out for the next couple of rounds."

"Trying out a new song?" Duffy asked.

"New dame," Collins said. In the other room he introduced Metz to the girl. "This is Kinky. He does the keyboard work for my outfit."

METZ sat down before the miniature upright in the corner. His limber fingers rippled off a chromatic minor scale.

"Let's hear you warble," Collins said to Dixie June.

She consulted with Metz. Collins leaned against the small piano. He was tall, rangy. He was Broadway from his dark, wavy hair to his pearl-gray spats. In his late twenties, a product of Tin Pan Alley, Collins had made a name for himself. He had ideas. His band had an individual way of interpreting the humdrum melodies that came, lingered briefly, disappeared.

He listened while Dixie June sang. Her voice had a blue, husky note in it. Collins liked its sympathetic sweetness. It was the type of voice peculiarly designed for his brand of music. She went into a second chorus while he decided she had the smallest feet and trimmest ankles he had ever seen.

"How do you like those pipes, Kinky?"

The pianist picked up his cigarette.

"I've heard worse."

Collins straightened.

"You start tonight," he said to the girl.

A week later Collins ran into Harry Werner at one of the popular Longacre bars. The booking agent was busy trying to sell a night club owner a specialty dancing team. Collins hung around until the man was through.

"Throw a couple of sidecars into gear," he told the bartender.

Werner raised a hand.

"Make mine beer." He stuffed photographs and papers in his pocket. "I can't inhale hard liquor this time of day. What do you think I am—an orchestra leader?"

Collins watched the barman comb the frothy head from Werner's beer.

"Tell me something about Dixie," he began abruptly. "I know she's a panic at the slab, I understand she used to broadcast from some hideaway radio station and I realize she's headed for big things. Add a little something to it—on the personal side."

"Getting interested?" Werner grinned.

"Curious. What do you know about her?"

"Not a whole lot. She's a friend of Duke Corbin, if that means anything. The Duke buzzed me about her after she floated off the air waves."

Collins set his glass down. Duke Corbin. He knew the man. Corbin was a Broadway fixture. Corbin always had plenty of money. He lived and dressed in style. He rolled around in a twelve-cylinder, black-and-silver coupé. Nobody seemed to know what his grift was. The Duke patronized all the night resorts but was seldom seen with women.

"So Dixie knows the Duke?"

"Don't get me wrong," Werner said hastily. "For all I know it's strictly on the level. Her brother Ted's acting as Corbin's secretary. Looks like it's all in the family."

"Corbin's secretary?" Collins repeated.

Werner considered him with a frown.

"Listen, it's none of my affair. The Duke's not the kind to spill gossip about. I don't know anything about the June twist's private affairs. She paid me my ten per cent. That's all I care about."

Collins watched the girl while he conducted for her song that night. It was a new melody. Leffler had rehearsed her in the intricacies of a counter harmony. She sang with an amber spotlight circling her. Her gown was white satin. She didn't use the customary methods of the night club rhythm singer. There was no finger-snapping, shoulder-heaving or eye-rolling. She had a quiet, almost abstracted way of getting her numbers over. She relied on her voice and personality to register with the patrons.

COLLINS turned the band over to Kinky Metz when she finished her second encore.

"Take it, make 'em love it."

"Where are you going?" Metz asked.

"None of your business," Collins said.

He went out through the rear door behind the velvet cyclorama enclosing the orchestra dais. Dixie had stopped for a drink at the water cooler in the corridor near the dressing-room. She turned the crank that dropped a paper cup into her slender hand.

"Full of germs," Collins told her. "Let me stop a waiter and get you a real drink."

She gave him an impersonal glance. "Thanks, I'm on the wagon."

COLLINS rested an arm on the top of the glass bottle. He pressed the faucet for her while she held the cup underneath it.

"Doing anything after one?"

"Yes—going home."

"Need an escort?"

"Not particularly."

"Because," he went on, "I know a swell one. A guy who thinks you're a grand yodeler and a pretty nice kid, taken all in all. He'd like to do something for you. All he wants is a chance."

"Who is he—you?"

Collins laughed.

"Smart gal. What's the matter—don't you like fun or don't I multiply correctly?"

"You're all right," she said in a quiet, matter-of-fact tone. "The trouble's on my side of the fence. I don't like men—much."

"Interesting if true." Collins leaned closer. "Husband slip out and forget to come back?"

"I'm not married, never have been."

"That makes it all the more queer. I've been watching you all week. You've got something that appeals to me."

"Isn't that too lovely!" she smiled.

"Wait, I don't mean—"

Collins broke off. A man came down the corridor. He was tall, broad-shouldered. His tuxedo was custom made. He was good-looking in a bold, hard way. Cold, slate-gray eyes stared out from under heavy lids. His hair, dark and well brushed, grew low on his forehead. His air was one of casual sophistication.

"Hello, Dixie," he said. "Been looking for you."

The girl turned to Collins.

"Do you know Mr. Corbin?"

"Sure, everybody knows the Duke. How are you, Corbin?"

The cold eyes moved over Collins.

"I'm pretty fair. How are you doing?" To Dixie, Corbin said: "I just got a phone call. I've got to hop to Philly. Our date's cancelled."

"That's too bad," she said indifferently.

Corbin smiled thinly.

"A sobbing shame. Look. I'll see you Friday. Call me about two o'clock at the apartment."

Ed Duffy, his overcoat folded over one arm, turned the corner of the corridor. He nodded to Collins.

"This the way you lead a band? How's tricks, Duke?" he said to Corbin. "That reminds me, there's a friend of yours upstairs."

The man's expressionless face showed no interest.

"Who's that?"

"Kenshaw, Brad Kenshaw."

"You've made a mistake," Corbin said. "He's no friend of mine."

Duffy shifted his cigar from one corner of his mouth to the other.

"I thought you two were pals. Scratch it out. I'm always balling up my information."

"If you don't mind," Corbin said to Dixie, "I'll get going. Don't forget—Friday at two."

"I won't."

Corbin nodded to Collins and Duffy and went on. Dixie excused herself and opened the door of her dressing-room. The plain-clothes man looked down the hall before he put on his overcoat.

"How long have you been on talking terms with the Duke?" he asked.

"I give him a nod now and then," Collins said. "Don't make any more mistakes. You heard what he said about being friends with Kenshaw."

DUFFY tapped the ash from his cigar. "I must be getting old," he grunted. His gaze wandered to the dressing-room door Dixie had closed behind her. "I like that dame," he said abruptly. "She's okay."

Collins waited until the detective said so long and went out. He walked over to the dressing-room door. He knocked. Dixie opened it on a crack.

"You're sure you won't let me taxi you home?"

She hesitated.

"I suppose I might as well give in."

"Wait here," he told her. "I've got to turn the outfit over to Kinky."

Broadway was a colorful, incandescent bonfire when Collins left Lotusland with Dixie June. Traffic rolled north and south in a continuous wave.

A taxi drifted to the curb. Collins opened the door and helped the girl in.

"The Levee Club," he directed.

Her hand dropped to his arm.

"I thought you were taking me home."

"Via Harlem."

Their eyes met. With a little shrug she relaxed.

"You like to have your own way. I might have known."

"You will—in time."

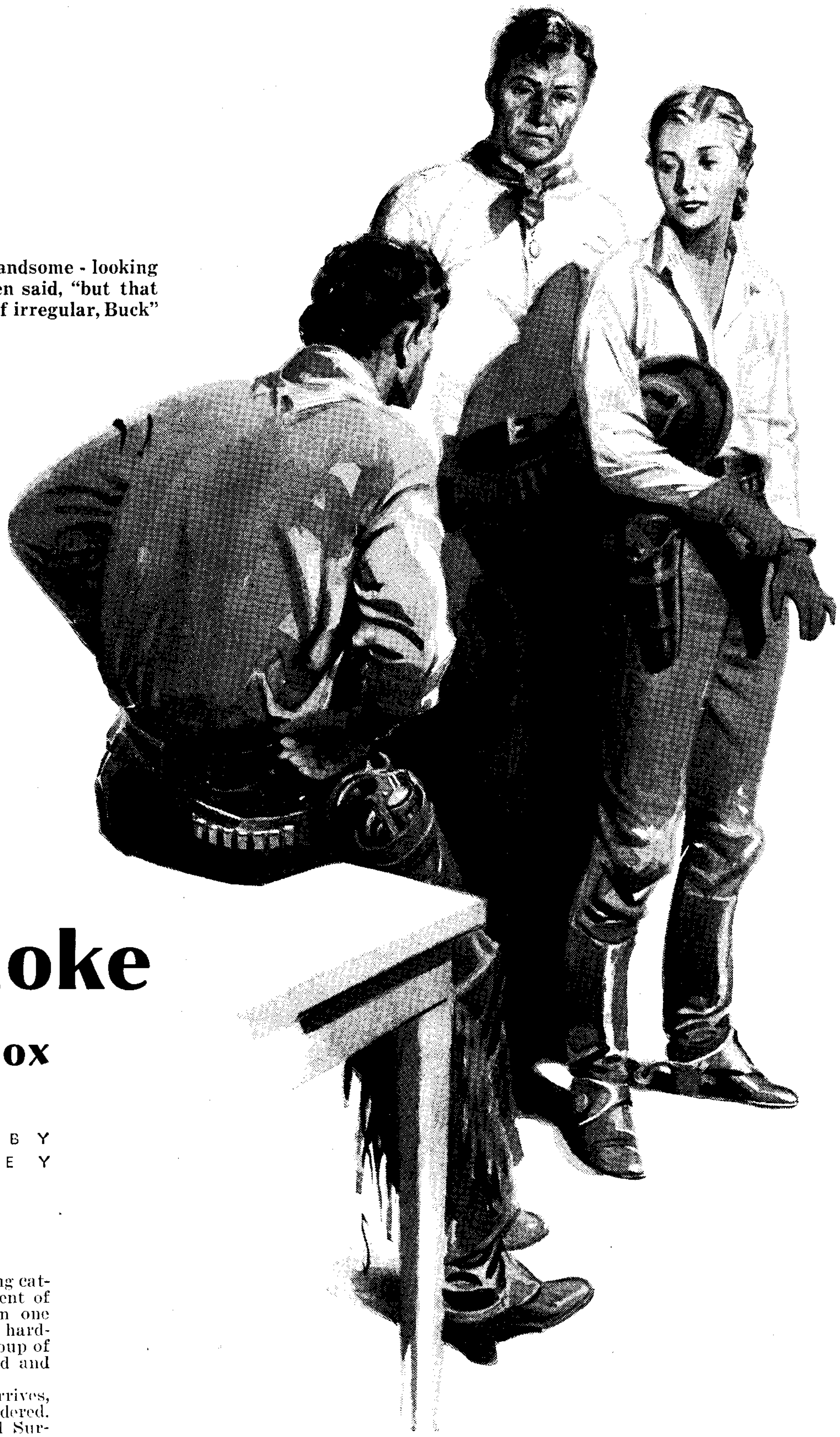
"Will—what?"

"Know. You're going to see a lot of me from now on. Think that over."

In the crowded Harlem night club he looked at her speculatively. She had her face turned to the floor where a couple of dark-skinned dancers were trucking. He suddenly decided he liked Dixie more than any girl he had ever known. . . .

It was nearly three in the morning

(Continued on page 67)



"You're a handsome-looking pair," Torveen said, "but that shirt's kind of irregular, Buck"

Trail Smoke

By Ernest Haycox

ILLUSTRATED BY
DAN SWEENEY

The Story Thus Far:

WHEN Buck Surratt, a roving young cattleman, reaches the little settlement of Morgantown, trouble is brewing. On one side is Sam Torveen, backed up by a hard-bitten lot of riders; on the other, a group of ranchers headed by Old Martin Head and his son, Bill.

On the morning of the day Surratt arrives, Les Head, son of Old Martin, is murdered. No one knows who the killer is—and Surratt is suspected. Questioned by Old Martin and Marshall Tom Bolderbuck, he puts up a bold front: and Torveen is impressed—so impressed that he offers Surratt a job, which the young stranger accepts.

From the start, Surratt has trouble with Torveen's men—notably, Nick Perrigo, who, on one occasion. fires on Surratt ("just to tell you that I don't like you," he explains).

Within a few hours of his arrival, Surratt meets Judith Cameron, Ab Cameron's lovely daughter. He is strongly attracted to her but she makes it obvious that she believes him involved in Les Head's murder.

Torveen does not tell Surratt why his enemies are combining against him; but it does not take Surratt long to learn: Torveen, in desperate financial straits, is running sheep onto the range!

From Annette Carvel, who helps her mother run a dressmaking shop in Morgantown, Surratt learns that Nick Perrigo, drunk, is surrounded by enemies (who may kill him at any moment) in the Elkhorn saloon. He rides there quickly, enters. Perrigo, helpless, has his back against a wall; facing a group of angry cowboys. Surratt strides through the crowd, throws the drunken Perrigo over his shoulder and (challenging anyone present to shoot it out with him) carries him to safety.

Old Martin Head witnesses the episode. "I'd give the world to have a son like this Surratt," he mutters; then, summoning an aide: "Pokey, I want you to take a trip across the desert to find out all you can about this Surratt."

IV

SURRATT came across the Torveen yard and lugged Nick Perrigo into the bunkhouse. The kid was there with Ed; they both got up and stared. Surratt dumped Nick into a bunk, turning back without explanation. Torveen had heard him arrive and was in the office doorway.

"I brought Nick home from Morgantown, dead drunk," explained Surratt.

But there was a little light from the office shining on Surratt's battered face and on his torn shirt. Torveen saw this and pulled Surratt into the office. He rapped out his question.

"What was it?"

"The Carvel girl came up here and said he was in town in the saloon, with Crow Track on his neck. So I went down there. I had to pack him out."

"With Crow Track there?" said Torveen.

"Yes."

Torveen stared. His eyes began to flicker. "It's all you've got to say—and you're smilin'?"

Surratt shrugged his shoulders. "Bolderbuck surprised me. He stepped in to help me out."

Torveen said: "Somebody must have got to Nick with a drink, before he went—or he wouldn't have gone to Morgantown. He knows better. Liquor's poison to him. I—"

His mouth was opened like that, *framing the word when the sudden boil of* shot echoes came out of the north in subdued eddies. He put out a hand to push Surratt aside, but Surratt had already turned through the doorway and was running for his horse. The kid and Ed came from the bunkhouse on the dead gallop. They were all up in the saddles and turning into the meadow within half a minute of that first sound. Torveen yelled back at Surratt. "The sheep! I left Chunk Osbrook with the herders!" He raced into the trees on the north side of the house, down a narrow trail leading toward that upper meadow where the sheep lay. It wasn't more than half a mile ahead and the sound of shooting there turned general and strong, many guns beating up the darkness. Torveen had quit talking, but the kid came just behind Surratt with a savage, jumpy cursing. Up there, two rifles sent flat explosions through the blunter noise of revolvers. Surratt heard them speak steadily for a matter of two or three minutes, and afterward heard them no more. The revolvers bore down insistently for a little while and a man yelled. That seemed to be a signal, for the firing died out with a last cracking shot.

They came into the meadow. Sheep milled whitely in front of them and Torveen had to turn aside and sweep around. There was a crash of horsemen over on the left, flailing through the trees toward the ridge. Torveen yelled, "Hey, Chunk!" He went on toward the herder's cabin recklessly, calling again. Surratt said, "Be a little careful, Sam," and brought up his horse and got down. The kid went by him, still cursing; but Ed also stopped short and jumped to the ground. He came abreast of Surratt as they walked on toward the house. A sheep lay on the meadow, shot but still moving. Surratt swept the edges of the far trees—and listened and heard nothing. He came up to the house and found Torveen crouched down by the door. A match burst in Torveen's cupped palms.

Its light glowed down on Chunk Osbrook's face. There was a little glitter of blood on Osbrook's chest. One hand lay up over the hole, as if to check the blood; but he was quite dead.

SURRATT reached over and killed the match in Torveen's fist. He raised his voice, calling through this thick dark: "Hey, you herders—come up here."

"No," said Torveen, matter-of-fact with his words. "They'll be running. It was Chunk who stayed to take the beatin'. Well, that's one of us. They've got five more to go, Buck."

Surratt said: "Send one of the boys for my blankets. I'll camp with the sheep."

They got Chunk Osbrook's body across Torveen's saddle. Ferd Bowie was swearing through the darkness; the others stood grouped together, tensed to the night's mystery. A disturbed bleating came over from the sheep and the wind ran its steady way through the trees. Powder smell faded from the meadow; the last echo of the raiding party died up in the ridge.

"Crow Track," murmured Surratt. "They left Morgantown just a little while ago."

"Maybe," said Torveen.

"Who else?"

"Met Frenchy Peyrolles yet?"

"In the jail office, other day."

"You'll know him better," stated Torveen. "Well, there's no use waiting here. Those herders have bunched this job. I don't blame 'em much."

They crossed the meadow and traveled back along the trail, Torveen leading and Ed and Bowie holding Chunk Osbrook's body in the saddle. Surratt followed with the extra horses. A coyote in the deep timber broke the liquid run of these dark shadows with a shrill half-barking call to the remote stars, invoking a far-off answer. When they came to the ranch Torveen helped Ed carry Chunk Osbrook to a storeroom beyond the kitchen. He came out of there and closed the door quietly; and remained on the porch a moment to roll a smoke. When he scratched a match across the boards the light trembled in his fingers. Surratt stared at that sign with a puzzled attention and then was relieved to know that anger did this to Torveen, not fear. For Torveen's voice was packed with hot emotion.

"Dog eat dog," he said. "Well, we'll have our turn at it. You sure you want to watch them sheep alone?"

"I'm a little harder to shoot at," Surratt remarked dryly, and went into the bunkroom. Nick Perrigo lay where he had been dumped, huddled and snoring. The kid sat at the table with his sallow chin cupped in a palm. He stared at Surratt with the vigilant watchfulness of a wild animal; and the smell of this night's blood had put a cast in his eyes that warned Surratt. The thing haunted Surratt as he rolled his blankets. He threw the roll over a shoulder; he turned to the kid.

"How old are you?"

"Twenty," said the kid reluctantly.

"Where's your people?"

Bowie shrugged his shoulders indifferently. "I dunno. Dead, maybe. Was in Oklahoma Territory when I run away."

SURRATT found nothing on that face which pleased him. Ferd Bowie was a white savage and all the decency in him had been starved out long ago. Yet something prompted him to speak a civil word of advice. "Get out of this business. Ride over the pass and put this country behind. If you stay you'll kill somebody, or you'll be killed."

The kid said evenly: "That's all right with me."

Surratt left the bunkroom and put the blanket roll behind his saddle. He went across to the office, seeing Torveen inside. "In the morning—" he started to say. But he stopped and swung his head to the far end of the office—and discovered Judith Cameron posted quietly by the far wall. Surratt removed his hat. "I didn't know I was butting in."

"That's all right," exclaimed Torveen. He showed a faint embarrassment. "Judith rode down to pass a word with me. She's a regular Indian for prowlin' at night."

"I'm going to the sheep camp," said Surratt. "Be back for breakfast."

Judith Cameron came from the end of the room. She murmured, "Wait a minute—I'll ride that far with you." She smiled a little at Torveen. "Time to go home. Dad's a little touchy lately about the way I drift."

"I don't blame him," said Torveen. "You worry me, too."

"Closing the gate on me, mister?" said Judith, swifter with her smile.

Torveen flushed. "I'm thinkin' about you, Judith, not about me."

Judith turned beside Surratt, near the doorway. For a moment Torveen's cheeks were plain and unexpressive. But Surratt observed something then that gave him the whole story of Sam Torveen's heart. Behind the labored neutrality of expression irritation stirred—a flash of jealousy showed. Torveen tried to hold it out of his voice and wasn't quite successful. "You're a handsome-lookin' pair, but that shirt's kind of irregular, Buck."

"Remember what I told you," Judith said.

"Sure," grunted Torveen. "Better get goin'."

Surratt stood aside to let the girl pass, and afterward he went to his horse. She walked around the house and presently came riding back. Torveen remained in the doorway, closely watching. When they started off he sent a call after the girl almost humbly: "Good night, Judith."

She raised her hand to Torveen and said "So-long," in a way that ran like a slow measure of music through Surratt's brain. At the trees he dropped back to let her take the lead, seeing her slim shape vaguely away ahead of him. They reached the sheep meadow a little afterward, and he came abreast of her again, but there was nothing said and the silence was suddenly thick with this girl's presence, rich and satisfying with it. He saw the meadow cabin's dim outline reach forward—and felt a deep regret then for the shortness of this ride. He got down and pulled off his blanket roll.

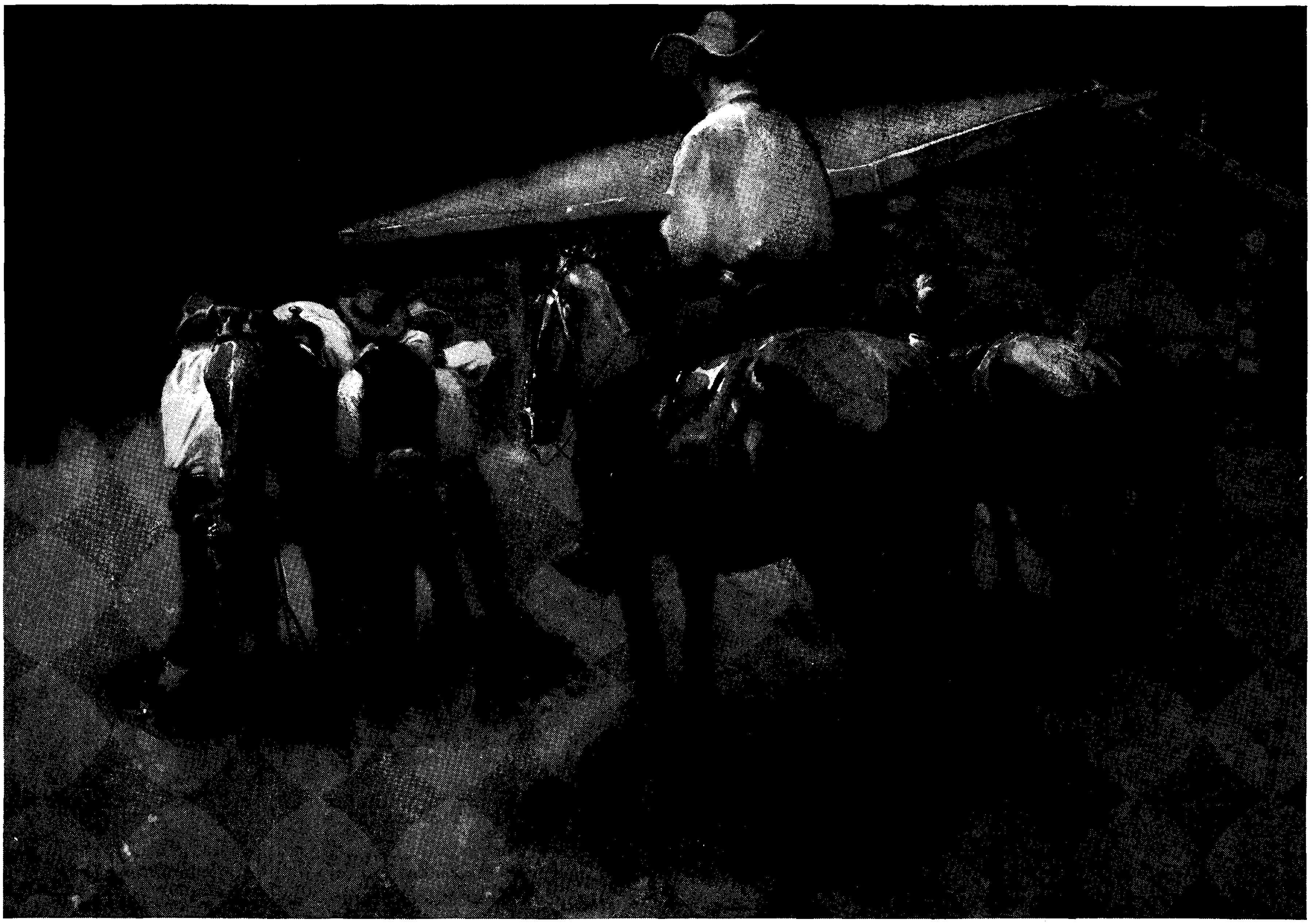
"Good night," he said.

"I want to talk with you."

SHE followed him into the cabin. He tried a match against the gloom and found a lantern sitting on a board table in the middle of the place. When he reached down to lift the globe he felt it still to be warm. A smoky yellow light flowed slowly through the place and reached over to touch the girl. She leaned back against a wall, her shoulders small and square and resolute against it. Her hair was a fresh tawny gold in this obscure room; and the shadows etched out the strong, clear candor of all her features. There was a blend of things in her that troubled Surratt by their fullness—a pride and an honesty and a deep, mysterious grace of heart and body—that woke in him the flame of hungers he could not understand. The knowledge of Sam Torveen's latent jealousy oppressed him then, for he realized why Torveen should feel that way about this girl.

Her voice filled the room gently; her

(Continued on page 55)



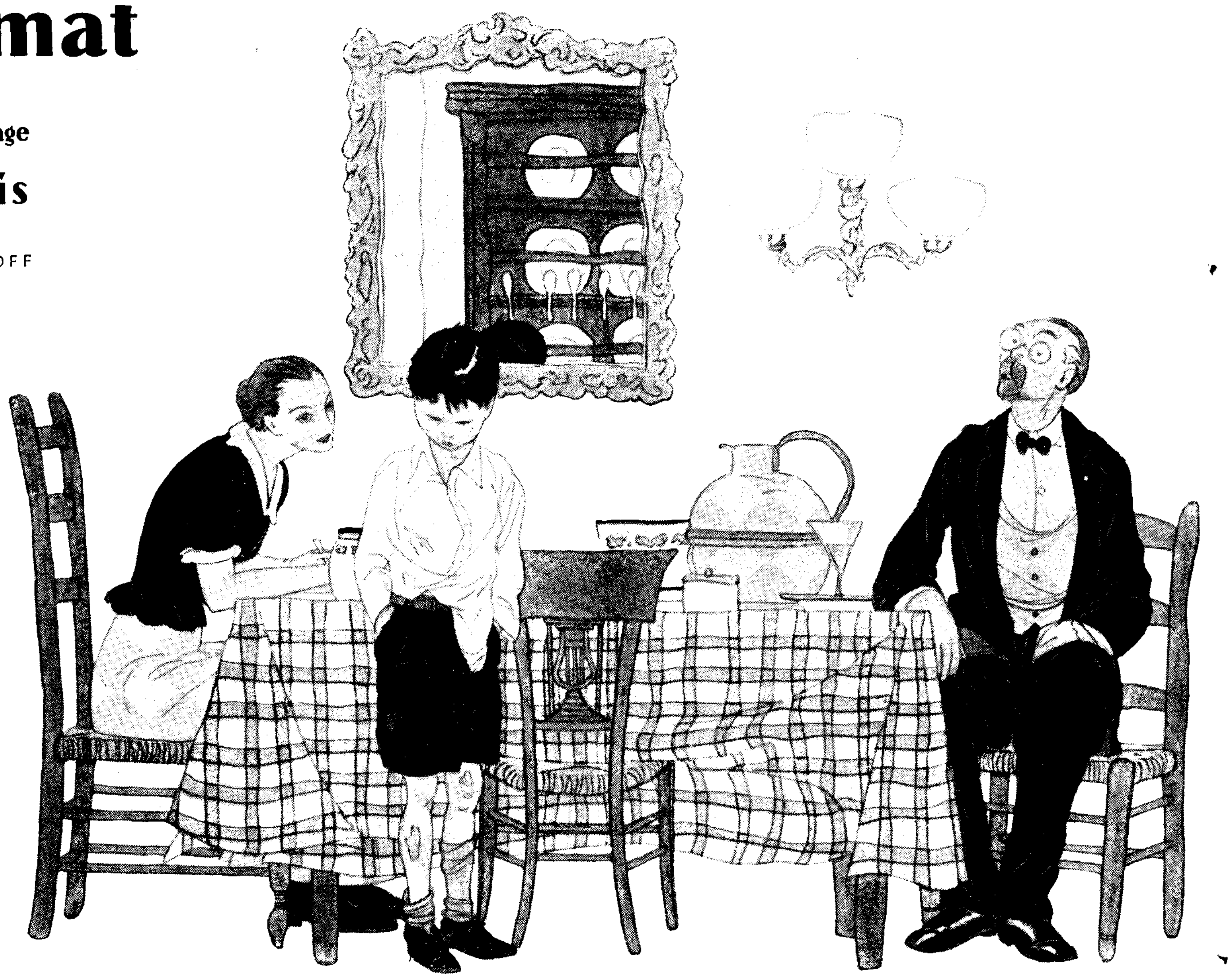
They got Chunk Osbrook's body across Torveen's saddle

The Diplomat

A Short Short Story Complete on this Page

By Henri Duvernois

ILLUSTRATED BY HARRY BECKHOFF



Albert, with anguish in his heart, murmured, "I'll fix it up"

DURING English class young Durand, who was looking for trouble, whispered to his classmate Laval:

"Hsst! Where'd you get the clodhoppers?"

"What's the matter with my shoes?"

"They're terrible."

"No worse than yours, Fatty!"

Durand was annoyed He nudged his neighbors and drew their attention to Laval's shoes, which had been patched and resoled by a cobbler more interested in durability than elegance. The owner of these "clodhoppers" heard suppressed laughter and references to "kicks," "canal boats" and "barges." Laval realized that this was a crisis. Was he to be classified hereafter as one of the big men in the school or would he be just a weak sister? Until then no one had paid much attention to him. Now Durand had given him the sort of notoriety that would make or break him. . . .

"Laval," said the teacher, "you will be kept in on Saturday."

He made no protest, being unable to explain the reason for his inattention. But he turned around and whispered to Durand·

"You'll pay for that, you big fathead!"

"Shut up, Clodhopper!" hissed Durand, whose vocabulary was strictly limited.

When the class was over and the pupils outside, Durand said defensively, in a loud voice:

"I'm waiting for my big brother who's coming to take me home."

"If he has the same ugly mug you have, you must make a nice pair," Laval shot back.

DURAND was fat, with a fatness of long hours spent sitting. He was overfed; his chubby arms were too short; he had an enormous stomach, the trembling fat cheeks of middle age and the protruding lips of an insolent headwaiter. Now, outside the school and sensing imminent danger, he said again:

"My big brother will be here any minute."

"Then give him this from me!" Laval shouted.

There was the sound of a loud slap. Durand countered wildly with a kick that missed its mark, and immediately received another slap.

"Watch him take it!" shouted one of the pupils who had gathered in a circle with the same eager curiosity as prize-fight fans.

Durand saw that his standing in the school was at stake. He shut his pudgy eyelids, raised his arms as though swimming and succeeded in tearing off Laval's tie. With a series of well-aimed blows Laval put him in his place.

"And now," he inquired, "who was talking about clodhoppers and canal boats?"

"No one!" cried a voice, expressing the general sentiment.

"I'll get even with you yet," Durand threatened, retreating.

This flight was generally disapproved. Spectators like to see the sort of male heroism that makes a contest last longer.

The young conqueror went home to lunch.

"Goodness, Albert," cried his mother, "where's your tie? And look at your clothes!"

"He can't possibly have been in a fight," his father declared. "Albert, have you been fighting? Come now, don't lie."

"Yes," the boy admitted, "I've been fighting."

"That's a nice way to behave!" cried Monsieur Laval. But Madame Laval interrupted immediately:

"It all depends! Suppose someone attacked him? Did some bully attack you, darling? If so, you were quite right. You had to defend yourself."

"No one attacked me."

"You see, Isabelle."

"Please let him talk. He's being honest at least. Just what happened?"

"They were making fun of me because—"

"Because?"

The boy looked at his mother, worn and thin, with tired eyes and a sad mouth, and at his father, who concealed behind his bushy beard and thick eyeglasses an incurable pessimism and an incurable timidity. He was going to say, "They made fun of me because of my shoes." But he realized that this would hurt his parents and might make his mother cry. He muttered:

"They just made fun of me; that's all."

Monsieur Laval enjoyed any opportunity for adopting a tone of gloomy solemnity.

"You see before you," he declared, "a man who has never inflicted a discourtesy upon any of his kind. Never! At school and college I was always polite, always kind, and I passed unobserved. I expect my son to pass unobserved. You are only twelve, but you are old enough to start thinking about things; you will need the help of a great many people during your life—"

"But if the other boy tore off his tie!" Madame Laval broke in.

"Oh, before that I gave him a good slap in the face," Albert proclaimed.

"And," Monsieur Laval asked, "what was the name of your opponent?"

"Durand."

"Stop! There you have it. That's my luck all over. Do you know what business his father is in?"

"He's in chemical products."

Whenever a disaster occurred Monsieur Laval assumed the bitterly triumphant expression of one who says: "I told you so. Things like that never happen to anyone in the world but me!" This time his face lit up so fiercely that his wife trembled. He announced with tragic simplicity:

"He's the son of my best client, of my last client, of my only client. There, Albert! I won't press the point: I leave you to judge for yourself. You know how hard I work for you, and you—"

"August!" cried his wife, "you'll make the boy ill."

"That child? Look at him!"

But Albert, with anguish in his heart, murmured: "I'll fix it up."

"Find some excuse," Monsieur Laval commanded. "Ask his pardon. But very likely he is violent and vengeful like his father. . . . Probably he has already told the whole story at home."

AT FOUR o'clock Albert came home triumphantly. "He's my friend now," he announced. "And I'm going to the Durands' for dinner Tuesday!"

Monsieur Laval got up from his chair, visions of business success opening brightly in his mind. He shook hands with his son as though with a partner.

"What did I tell you?" he cried. "Gentleness is always better than violence. Excuses generously offered never hurt anyone. You can't afford to carry a chip on your shoulder when you're not a millionaire. Suppose someone does make fun of you. Follow my advice and pretend not to notice it. That's the way to stay on good terms with everyone. Do you follow me, my son?"

"Yes, indeed," Albert replied happily. "Yes, Father, I certainly do."

His mother took him aside. "Just what did young Durand say?" she inquired.

Albert tried to look puzzled. "Why, he just said he wanted to be my friend and would I come to dinner Tuesday."

"I mean when you apologized?"

ALBERT hung his head. "I didn't exactly apologize," he said. "That's not in my line. Besides, it wouldn't have worked."

His mother smiled. "Just what did you say to him, Albert?"

He met her eyes frankly. "I gave him his choice. I said either he could be my friend or I'd break his darned old neck in two." He paused, watching his mother's face; then he said, "But don't tell Dad; he wouldn't understand."

"No," Madame Laval said softly, "no, *he wouldn't understand*."

"And, Mother, may I wear my patent-leather pumps on Tuesday?"

You've Got to Pick Hoozis!

The battle cry from forty-eight states, urging the merits of their favorite sons, becomes practically deafening as Grantland Rice and Collier's All America Advisory Board buckle down to the selection

By Grantland Rice

LONG-DISTANCE calling from Dallas, Texas: "Hello, who is it?" . . . "I just wanted to tell you that in Wilson, halfback, and Spain tackle, Southern Methodist has two All America members nobody can leave off."

"Who's talking?" . . . "A fellow who has followed football twenty years. This Texas section has five or six All Americas, but these two stand out. I'm just tipping you off—you can't miss."

Within the next few days six or seven telegrams and over forty letters confirm the long-distance nominations.

Yale has just come from behind against Pennsylvania, trailing 6 to 20, to win 31 to 20. Eli's end play has been one of the day's features. Kelley has handled forward passes after the Tris Speaker fashion, and Train has been a big factor in demolishing Penn's attack.

As we start across the field after the game a tall, broad-shouldered spectator with iron-gray hair taps us on the shoulder.

"That makes it pretty tough," he says.

"What makes it pretty tough?" we ask in complete innocence, but sensing an argument of some sort.

The gray-haired spectator, wearing a blue feather in his hatband, seems astonished.

"Whether you and your board are going to pick Train or Kelley for the All America—or take both." We should have known that was coming.

But we have an unknown blocking back to help us out. A stranger steps up.

"Whaddya mean, Train or Kelley?" he asks indignantly. "Have you seen Schuler of Army, the best end in the country?"

With the argument at full blast, we take the opening and duck.

If this scene had taken place on the West Coast, both would have been mobbed by supporters of Monk Moscrip, Stanford's star end.

An Embarrassment of Glory

In the midst of the above episode at Franklin Field, neither debater seemed to realize that from over four hundred colleges and universities the glory and the grandeur that once belonged to Greece and Rome had been plastered on at least fifty great ends who couldn't be left off any All America.

The show never closes. Notre Dame, apparently badly beaten before over 80,000 spectators at Columbus, comes from behind with a winning rally that must take its place as the most exciting chapter in football history.

The Scarlet Scourge of Ohio State is leading 13 to 0 with only fifteen minutes left. Part of the answer has been due to a young 220-pound Hercules from Ohio State by the name of Gomer Jones, center and captain. Gomer Jones has been a vital factor in almost completely wrecking Notre Dame's attack for forty of the sixty allotted minutes.

The scene changes. A halfback by the name of Andy Pilney is sent back in and promptly goes berserk. He assumes various characters, including George Gipp, Red Grange, Eddie Mahan and all four of the Four Horsemen of Notre Dame.

Once more, with Bill Cunningham of Boston and Harry Salsinger of Detroit, two members of Collier's All America board, we start to move through a swirling mass that must be emotionally depleted. Not quite. Part of the crowd closes around. "What about Gomer Jones?" someone asks. "All America, ain't he?" "What about Andy Pilney?" someone else calls. "He must be four All Americas."

Interest in Collier's All America football team, started forty-six years ago by Walter Camp, has picked up new impetus every passing autumn. Its appeal has passed from a few thousand in the east to millions in all of the forty-eight states.

Football Has Grown Up

It is something of an old story to recall again that in those faraway years only Harvard, Yale and Princeton ruled the football and therefore the All America map. Since that limited area in 1889, Camp's and Collier's first All America adventure, football has spread to over 400 well-coached college teams, totaling over 13,000 players who this last season played over 3,500 games before something like 30,000,000 spectators, with many more millions listening in over the radio or reading the reports in Sunday morning papers. These 30,000,000 spectators paid at least $60,000,000 for tickets, plus $100,000,000 more on

(*Continued on page 76*)

ACME WIDE WORLD ACME

Grantland Rice, who, with the Advisory Board, will make the 1935 All America football selections

The Odds Against Honor

By Francis Wallace

ILLUSTRATED BY
ELMORE BROWN

The Story Thus Far:

CLARK JENKINS and his roommate, Cal Calhoun, are football stars at Atlantic University. Clark is thoroughly honest; he has, however, accepted financial aid from Tony Scotti, a gambler, and when the newspapers intimate that he is giving a gambling ring inside information, he has difficulty in establishing his innocence.

Finally exonerated, Clark continues to star. But he and Calhoun are no longer friends; for Clark has learned the truth: Someone has tipped off the gamblers—and that someone is Cal Calhoun! . . . The great game with Erie arrives. But Clark is not there—he has been kidnapped, and, carefully guarded, taken to a room in a hotel. The gamblers (who have captured him) are backing Erie—they feel certain that, with Clark out of the game, Atlantic is sure to lose!

Shocked and alarmed by Clark's sudden disappearance, Gates, Atlantic's coach, disguises a substitute as Clark and sends him in: the radio announcers state, definitely, that Clark Jenkins is playing, as usual. Whereupon the gamblers who know about the kidnapping are mystified. In accordance with Coach Gates' plan, the boy who plays the role of Jenkins is knocked out on the first play of the game. The score at the end of the first half is Erie 6, Atlantic 0.

Meanwhile, Clark has been listening to the radio broadcasts of the game. Shortly after the end of the first half, there is a knock on the door. One of his guards opens the door. Tony Scotti is there; he announces that he has been sent by Blackie Dawson, head of the gambling ring, to identify the prisoner. Clark steps forward. Scotti (genuinely fond of Clark) stares at him. "This," he announces solemnly, "is not Jenkins." He forces his way into the room, followed by a "rescue squad" of Atlantic students. A fight ensues.

Waiting in her car, at the entrance to the hotel, is the girl Clark loves—Margaret Bailey. Learning this, Clark slips from the room, runs to an elevator. That game, he realizes, is not lost—yet!

Conclusion

MARGARET saw him coming and opened the door. "Hurry," she said; "we can make this light."

They whizzed across the intersection under the protection of the yellow caution signal. The boulevard was ahead.

"Well," she said without glancing at him, "did you have a nice time?"

"Great. How's Mom?"

"Probably wondering why we all went suddenly crazy. But she thinks you're safe in a hospital somewhere. You see—"

"I know. I got it all. Do you mind?" He turned the radio dial. "Just getting ready for the second half. Who impersonated me?"

"Don't ask me anything. I'm just one of the dumb women. All right when they need a car but mustn't be told anything. Would it be out of order if I were to ask if you're in good health?"

He grinned happily. "Boy—we'll get there in time. Little headache—but that's nothing. Gee, Margo, if you knew how I feel!"

"I might have an idea. How is my screwy brother?"

"He was doing okay when I left. They'll be all right. Your dad went up to control them. There's the line-up." He listened. "Johnny still at quarter. Say, Cal must have been playing a good game."

"He's been marvelous."

"Where was I supposed to be hurt?"

"Everywhere, I think. They dragged you off like a corpse."

"I've got a nice bump on my head. There's the kickoff."

Margaret kept her eyes on the road. The speedometer crept to seventy on the straight stretches but she slowed to reasonable speed for the curves. They might have been out for an afternoon ride.

Cal brought the kickoff back to the thirty-two-yard line. "Pass on first down, Johnny, before they're set. Thirty-two to the left. No . . . No . . . Now you've got to kick, see? How's Cal been kicking, Marg?"

"Pretty fair."

"I MEAN, high or low, away from the safety man or—well, that was pretty good, Cal." Erie's ball on its twenty-two. "Okay, now, gang, hold 'em. Watch that spinner they've been pulling. Stay out, Tom, and watch Kitchen sneaking back on that reverse—attaboy, Darb—attababy, kid. Back, Cal—they might sneak a quick kick—there it is—doggone, you've got to be prepared for that."

Atlantic's ball on its twenty-eight. Billboards went by like magic lantern slides.

The roar of the crowd filled the car. "Carewe tore around left end for nine yards—and I wish you had seen Calhoun spill that end man."

Clark grinned. "Old Cal's finally turned blocker. Okay, now Johnny—forty-one for the first down—oh, *nuts!*" The crowd voice was suddenly stilled. "Pardon me, Marg—"

"Oh, I agree with you. I said worse than that."

"Got to fumble—see who recovers . . . Okay, attaboy, Dick. Wait a minute—third and six—pass, Johnny pass—sixty-three to the right—aw *hell!* Where you going to get doing that—now you've got to punt again, you damned fool."

"Look out, Clark—"

They were streaking through a lane of tall trees, naked of leaves. The battlements of the stadium were two miles ahead. Flags whipped bravely in the wind.

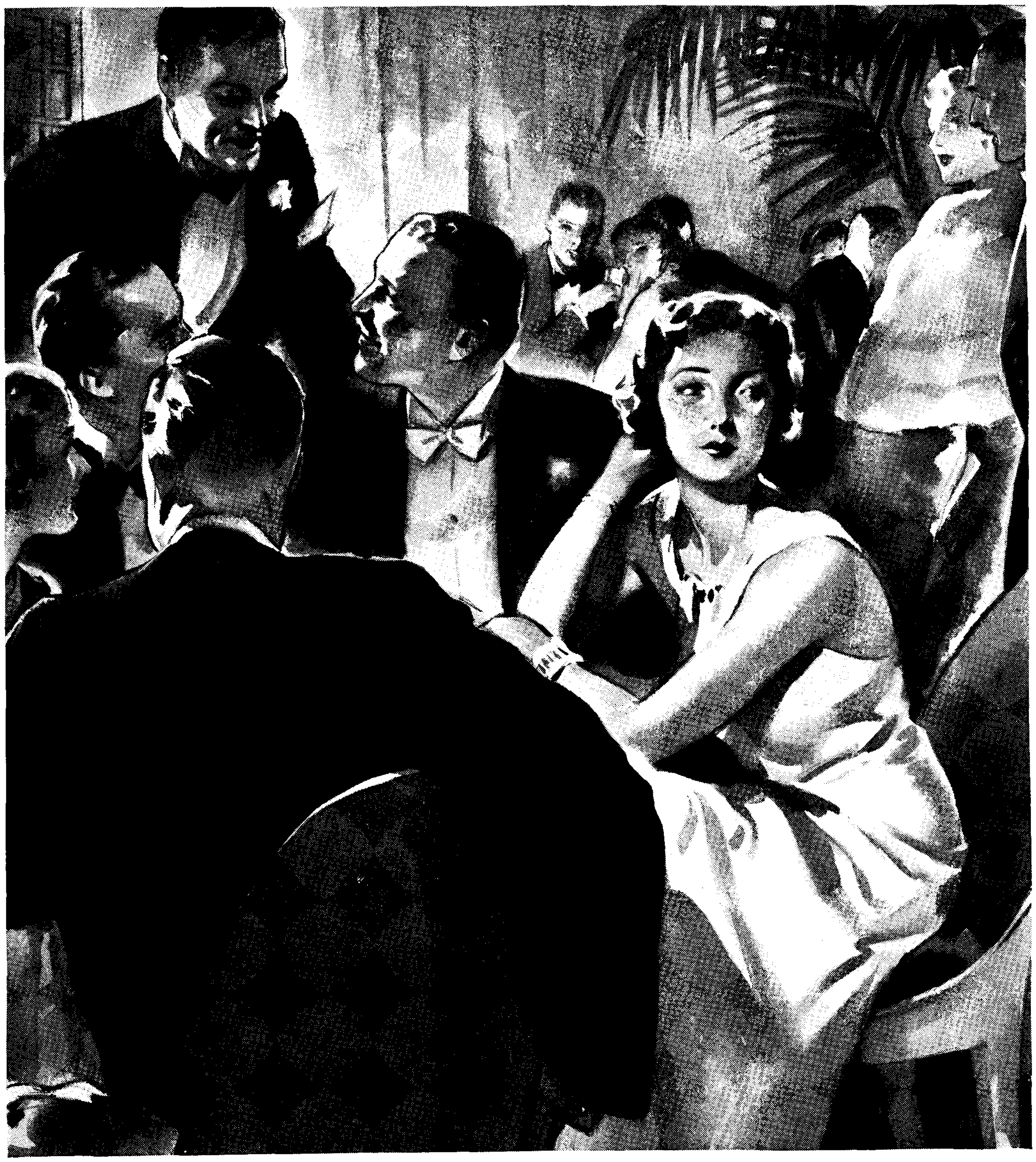
Clark grinned. "It's like the movies, isn't it?"

"Only turn around. Now it's brave hero rescued by—"

"By beautiful maiden—and I'm not kidding, either."

A smile touched the edges of her lips.

(Continued on page 29)



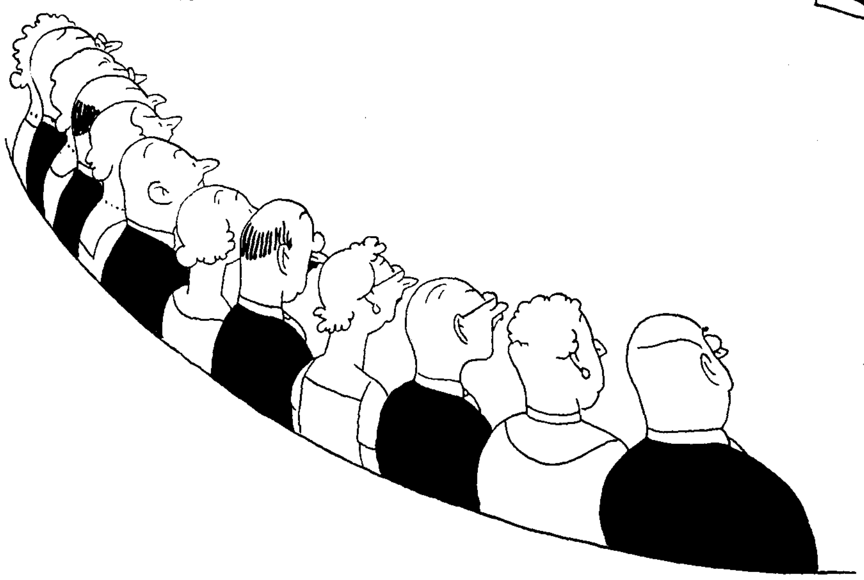
Jerry was all taken up with Pete, and Lois Montgomery seemed tired of everything

Star Torture

A fine case of jitters for all—that's the very least the cast and director of a picture can expect from a sneak preview. It's the first showing and it's a crucial test, shrouded in mystery and followed by elaborate alibis. Here, in a closed car and with all due precautions, you are taken to watch them squirm

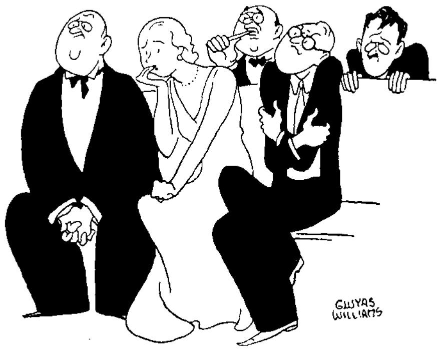
By Henry F. Pringle

ILLUSTRATED BY GLUYAS WILLIAMS



IS GRETA GARBO really shy or is it a gag? This question, quietly offered at any Hollywood gathering, will usually start a brisk discussion. But one absolutely certain way to begin an argument is to drop into the Vendome, the Brown Derby, Victor Hugo's or any of the other elaborate beaneries where the motion-picture people eat—eat, and pretend to be bored by autograph seekers. You go up to the table where Darryl Zanuck, Harry Cohen, Walter Wanger or Sam Goldwyn is sitting and you say: “What is the worst thing that ever happened to you at a genuine sneak preview?”

The most hardened Hollywood veteran blanches at some memory stirred into life by this apparently innocent inquiry. Low moans rise above the chatter of hopeful blondes who eat daily at these restaurants in the hope that Zanuck, Cohen, Wanger or Goldwyn will notice them and offer a contract. For the sneak preview is the most dreadful ordeal in the life of every movie producer, director or star. Briefly, the sneak is a scheme to obtain an unprejudiced, non-technical, typical-audience reaction to a film which has just come from the cutting room. The picture is shown, without previous announcement, at a theater in Los Angeles or some near-by city. Those who made it sit in the dark, shaking and trembling, while the audience laughs at the sequences supposed to be sad and groans or snores at the gags which seemed excruciatingly funny in the studio projection room.



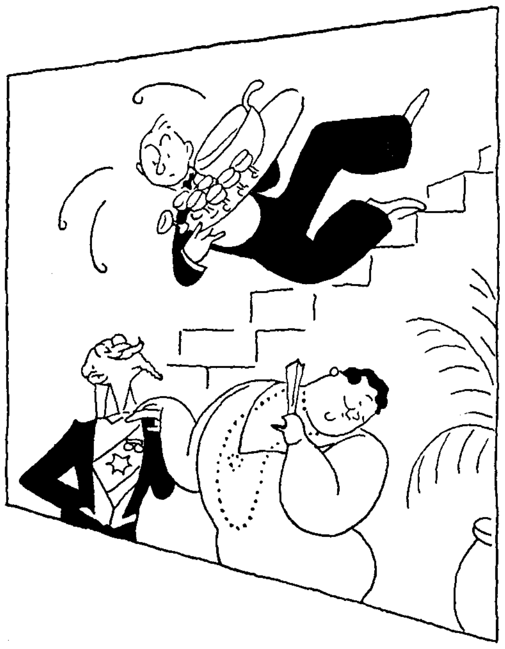
The climax is easily the most agonizing moment of a preview

Every Hollywood producer has some horrid story of his own to tell regarding a preview at which the art he had evolved at such cost to his soul was kicked, figuratively speaking, out into the street. But one and all will, if put on the spot, admit that an incident at a preview two years ago was the worst. A print of “Henry the Eighth” had been sneaked into a theater at Westwood, a village not far from Beverly Hills and adjoining the campus of the University of Southern California, Los Angeles branch. “Henry the Eighth,” it will be recalled, was an English production. A few changes had been made in Hollywood to heighten the pace. But the producers were still a little nervous about American reactions to a British monarch so ancient that he was virtually a mummy.

They picked the Westwood theater for the preview in the hope of getting an audience, more cultured than the average, from the University of California.

A Devastating Wisecrack

Charles Laughton, as everybody knows, played the role of the amorous and somewhat fickle Henry. The audience sat spellbound under the power of his acting. Finally the most dramatic moment of the film arrived. Anne Boleyn, the King's second spouse, was about to be executed outside the castle. Inside, Henry strode to and fro—struggling between a suspicion that his conduct was a shade unethical and pleasure that he could soon marry the third girl of his choice. Laughton carried the scene magnificently. The audience, like King Henry, waited breathlessly for the prearranged signal that poor Anne's head had been chopped off. At last it came; the dull boom of a cannon. And at this exact moment a cultured youth from the California campus raised his voice in the silent theater.



Residents of Pasadena are curiously cold to previews of slapstick comedies

“Annie doesn't live here any more!” he chanted.

It quite spoiled the scene. A minority of the audience called loudly for the youth to be ejected. Their cries were drowned in the guffaws which swept the theater. At least fifteen minutes passed before the mood of the drama was recaptured. And that night the producer tossed in his bed and wondered whether, in all the cities of the land, identical smartalecks would make identical cracks. Should he change the scene or cut it out entirely? In the end, screwing up his courage, he decided to leave it in, and his valor was rewarded by the fact that the crudity was never repeated.

Some sneak previews are sneakier than others; the sneakier they are, the more genuine is the attempt to get an audience to indicate whether the picture will be a hit or a flop. Many so-called previews—the ones that are advertised and nearly all of the ones outside of the Hollywood area—are fakes. They are only attempts to attract a larger audience when the day's bill is weak. But not even the genuine ones are, in every case, entirely on the level. Producers are human. It is their hope that the audience will support their judgment. So they pick, quite often, the best possible audience. It is, for example, an axiom of the trade that a rough-and-tumble comedy will not be previewed in Pasadena. The audiences of Pasadena, for some reason quite unexplained, never laugh at rowdy comedy. Santa Barbara to the north is considered an excellent spot for the showing of intellectual films; its residents are considered brainy. They react splendidly to an intellectual production like “Strange Interlude,” a picture which would merely mystify an audience in, say, Glendale, California.

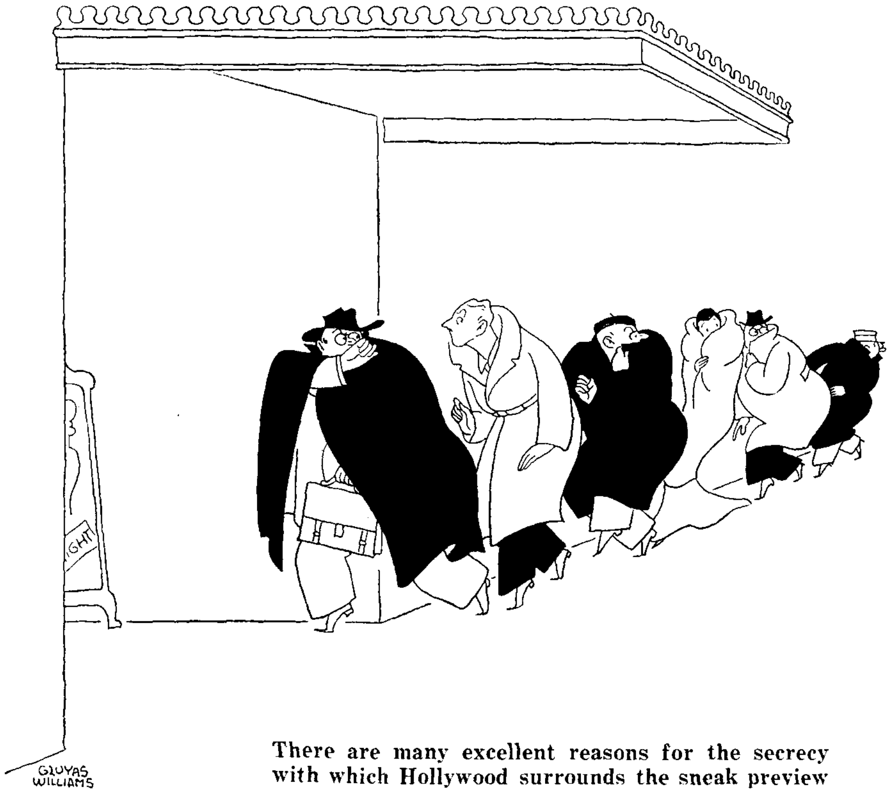
The Inevitable Post-Mortem

But the attempt to get a verdict from a friendly audience merely indicates a pardonable weakness on the part of the movie barons. Naturally, they hope for the best, and their hopes, as well as their fears, are expressed in loud and emphatic language at a phenomenon which follows every sneak preview. This is a gathering of the studio executives under the marquee in front of the theater when the showing is over. If the reaction has been good, everyone is in high spirits. If it has been bad, everyone has an excuse. The star blames the director. The director says that the star is a ham. The producer, who will pay the bill in the end, calls upon Heaven to certify that they are all bums. Quite a lot of hard feeling crops up when the picture is bad.

Excellent reasons exist for the secrecy with which honest sneak previews are surrounded. For one thing, the film is really an unfinished product. It will certainly have to be cut, for all sneak preview versions are longer than normal. It may be changed in major aspects before it is released for distribution throughout the country. The producer is, therefore, anxious that no film critics shall be in attendance. But the critics, particularly the ones who write for trade papers which circulate among motion picture exhibitors, are equally eager to tip off their readers to the forthcoming antics of Jean Harlow and Bing Crosby. So it's war to the hilt.

Late last winter Al Jolson finished work, more or less, on a Warner Brothers musical which had actually cost about $750,000 and would be advertised as a million-dollar production. A sneak preview was arranged at a downtown Los Angeles theater and Jolson, with one or two of the studio executives, ate dinner at a near-by restaurant. They walked

(Continued on page 51)



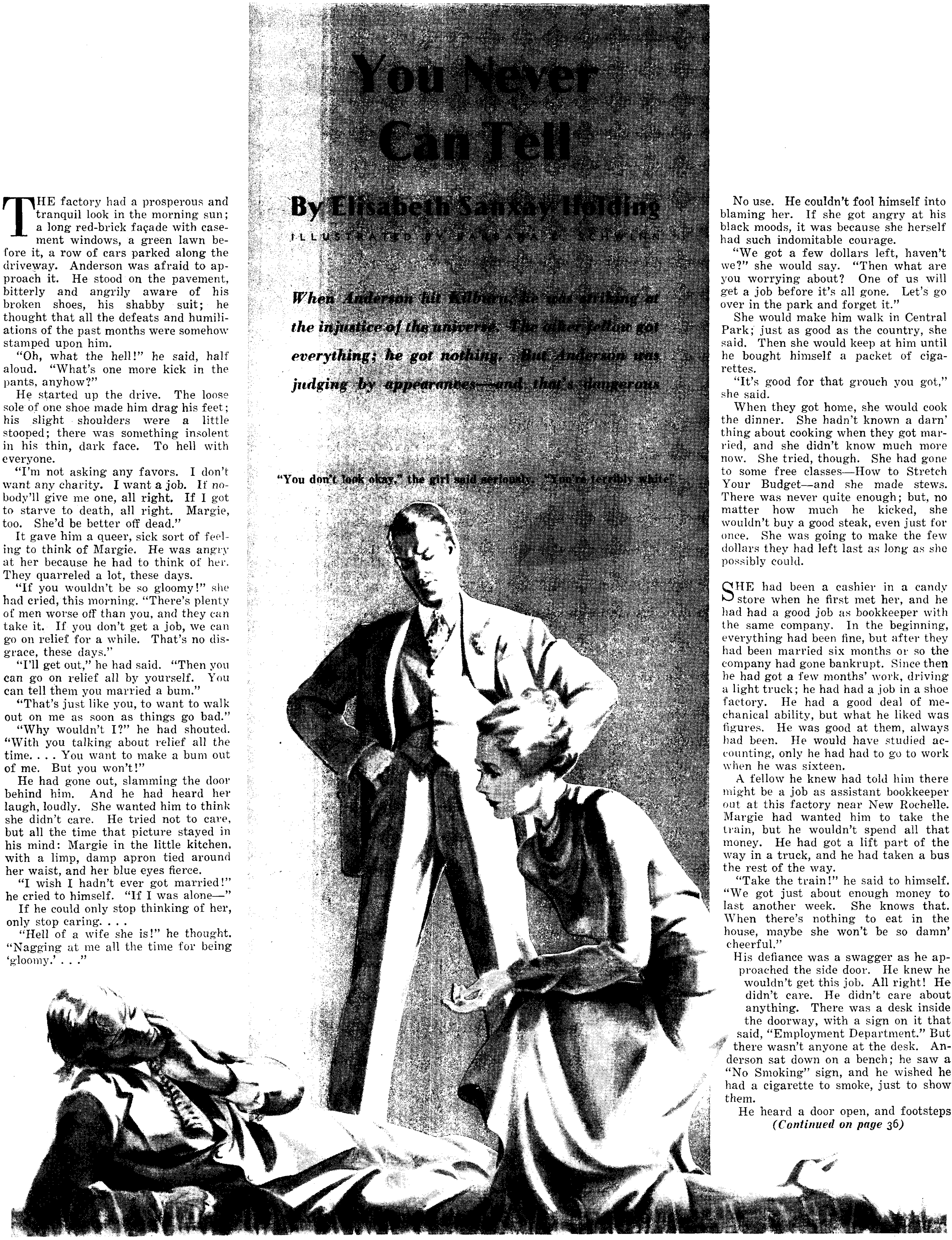
There are many excellent reasons for the secrecy with which Hollywood surrounds the sneak preview

You Never Can Tell

By Elisabeth Sanxay Holding

ILLUSTRATED BY BARBARA E. SCHWINN

When Anderson hit Kilburn, he was striking at the injustice of the universe. The other fellow got everything; he got nothing. But Anderson was judging by appearances—and that's dangerous



"You don't look okay," the girl said seriously. "You're terribly white"

THE factory had a prosperous and tranquil look in the morning sun; a long red-brick façade with casement windows, a green lawn before it, a row of cars parked along the driveway. Anderson was afraid to approach it. He stood on the pavement, bitterly and angrily aware of his broken shoes, his shabby suit; he thought that all the defeats and humiliations of the past months were somehow stamped upon him.

"Oh, what the hell!" he said, half aloud. "What's one more kick in the pants, anyhow?"

He started up the drive. The loose sole of one shoe made him drag his feet; his slight shoulders were a little stooped; there was something insolent in his thin, dark face. To hell with everyone.

"I'm not asking any favors. I don't want any charity. I want a job. If nobody'll give me one, all right. If I got to starve to death, all right. Margie, too. She'd be better off dead."

It gave him a queer, sick sort of feeling to think of Margie. He was angry at her because he had to think of her. They quarreled a lot, these days.

"If you wouldn't be so gloomy!" she had cried, this morning. "There's plenty of men worse off than you, and they can take it. If you don't get a job, we can go on relief for a while. That's no disgrace, these days."

"I'll get out," he had said. "Then you can go on relief all by yourself. You can tell them you married a bum."

"That's just like you, to want to walk out on me as soon as things go bad."

"Why wouldn't I?" he had shouted. "With you talking about relief all the time. . . . You want to make a bum out of me. But you won't!"

He had gone out, slamming the door behind him. And he had heard her laugh, loudly. She wanted him to think she didn't care. He tried not to care, but all the time that picture stayed in his mind: Margie in the little kitchen, with a limp, damp apron tied around her waist, and her blue eyes fierce.

"I wish I hadn't ever got married!" he cried to himself. "If I was alone—"

If he could only stop thinking of her, only stop caring. . . .

"Hell of a wife she is!" he thought. "Nagging at me all the time for being 'gloomy.' . . ."

No use. He couldn't fool himself into blaming her. If she got angry at his black moods, it was because she herself had such indomitable courage.

"We got a few dollars left, haven't we?" she would say. "Then what are you worrying about? One of us will get a job before it's all gone. Let's go over in the park and forget it."

She would make him walk in Central Park; just as good as the country, she said. Then she would keep at him until he bought himself a packet of cigarettes.

"It's good for that grouch you got," she said.

When they got home, she would cook the dinner. She hadn't known a darn' thing about cooking when they got married, and she didn't know much more now. She tried, though. She had gone to some free classes—How to Stretch Your Budget—and she made stews. There was never quite enough; but, no matter how much he kicked, she wouldn't buy a good steak, even just for once. She was going to make the few dollars they had left last as long as she possibly could.

SHE had been a cashier in a candy store when he first met her, and he had had a good job as bookkeeper with the same company. In the beginning, everything had been fine, but after they had been married six months or so the company had gone bankrupt. Since then he had got a few months' work, driving a light truck; he had had a job in a shoe factory. He had a good deal of mechanical ability, but what he liked was figures. He was good at them, always had been. He would have studied accounting, only he had had to go to work when he was sixteen.

A fellow he knew had told him there might be a job as assistant bookkeeper out at this factory near New Rochelle. Margie had wanted him to take the train, but he wouldn't spend all that money. He had got a lift part of the way in a truck, and he had taken a bus the rest of the way.

"Take the train!" he said to himself. "We got just about enough money to last another week. She knows that. When there's nothing to eat in the house, maybe she won't be so damn' cheerful."

His defiance was a swagger as he approached the side door. He knew he wouldn't get this job. All right! He didn't care. He didn't care about anything. There was a desk inside the doorway, with a sign on it that said, "Employment Department." But there wasn't anyone at the desk. Anderson sat down on a bench; he saw a "No Smoking" sign, and he wished he had a cigarette to smoke, just to show them.

He heard a door open, and footsteps

(*Continued on page 36*)

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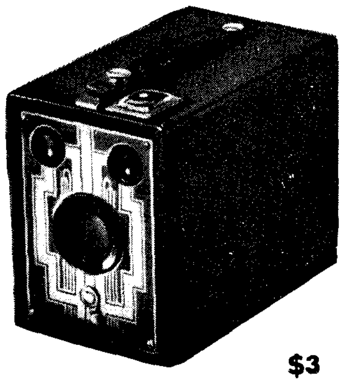

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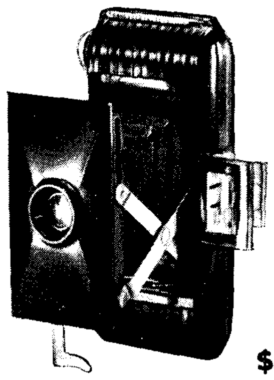

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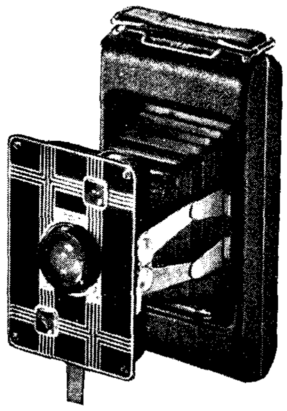

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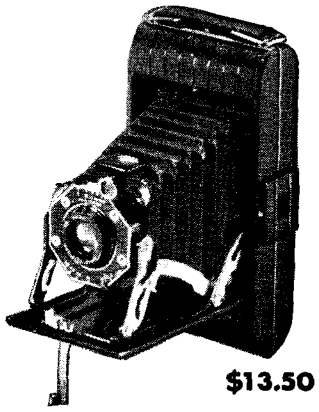

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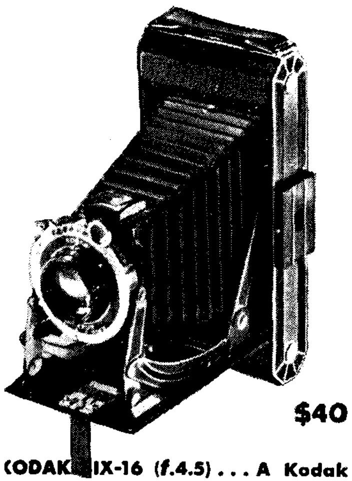

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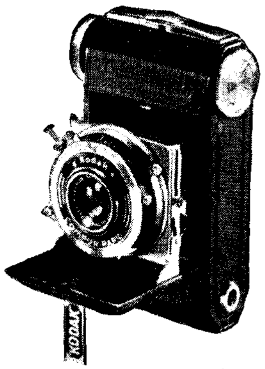

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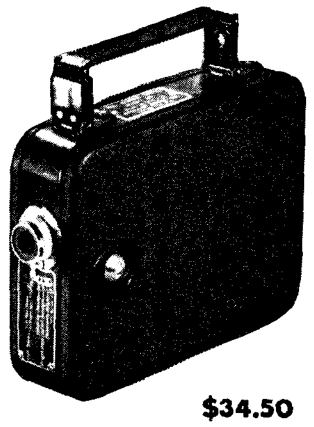

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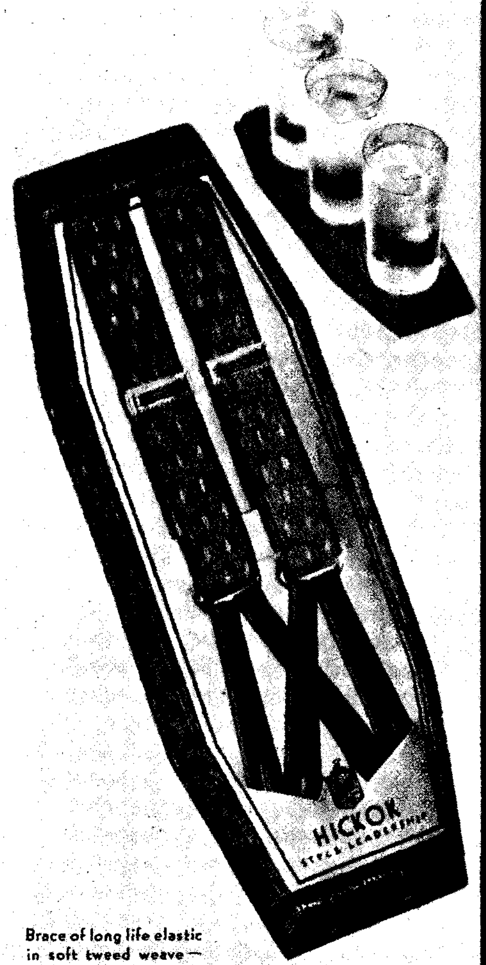


Brace of long life elastic in soft tweed weave—Oxford tips in matching leather—burnished fittings with engine turned design. Cleverly contained in an attractive serving tray. $1.50

New Strand garter of soft, easy stretch webbing. The gift container is a combined coaster and ash tray. 50c

Dress set—choice of white pearl, smoked pearl, or onyx—in a jewelry case of smart, modern design.

Dress sets $2.00 to $20.00

Set as illustrated $2.50

Belt of full grain bridle cowhide—buckle in HICKOK (silver) plate with black enamel initial. An attractive serving tray is the gift container.

Set as illustrated . . $2.00

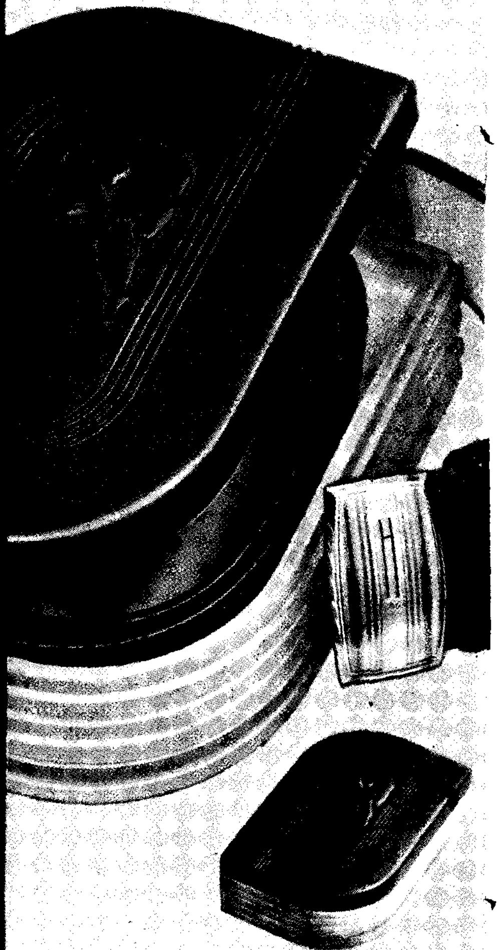
Set with tie clip to match $3.00

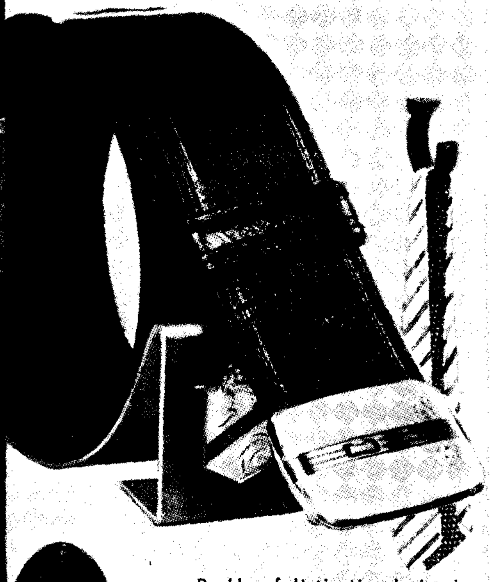
Sterling silver buckle of unusual beauty—with Old English initial in black enamel—and sterling silver tie clip to match. Genuine calfskin belt—saddle stitched. In handsome modern cigarette humidor of Mahogany and Prima Vera.

Set without tie clip $3.50

Complete as illustrated . . . $5.00

Buckle of sterling silver, inlaid with 14K gold stripes—beautiful engine turned design—initial in black enamel. Saddle stitched belt of hand boarded calfskin, suede cowhide lining. In a striking glass and metal humidor of modern design. $5.00





Buckle of distinctive design in HICKOK (silver) plate with gold finish centre stripe and black enamel initial—full grain cowhide belt. Its ingenious container is a useful necktie rack. $2.00

Buckle of HICKOK (silver) plate with burnished border—initial in black enamel. Full grain horsehide bridle belt. The gift container is a metal "ten-gallon hat"—a smart and unusual ash tray. $2.00

2 GIFTS IN 1

Select your gift for him from the smart new HICKOK gift combinations. In addition to those illustrated here, there are many other HICKOK sets to choose from. Gifts of HICKOK jewelry, belts and buckles, braces and garters are in the best of taste—distinctive, useful. And—the clever containers make your gift doubly attractive—two beautiful gifts in one!

HICKOK

The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 24

"My, how bold!"

He was pulling at his tie, loosening the buttons of his vest and shirt.

"Pull*ease*, Mr. Jenkins—"

"Where's that ball now? They're on our forty-two. How in the hell did they get up there? Hold 'em, gang."

"Deadeye Dick is coming," Margaret cried. She made the final turn. The driveway into the stadium had been left hopefully open. A student manager yelled joyfully and hopped up and down as he recognized Clark.

Margaret pulled up to the very door of the dressing-room. Clark was on the running board.

"Wait." She took his face between her two soft hands, swept a feathery kiss across his lips, looked into his startled eyes and said: "Go get 'em, cowboy!" . . .

Mrs. Jenkins was in the front row of the box, almost forlorn. Lois Montgomery sat in another world, petulantly tapping her tiny toes, a terrifically outraged person. When Margaret entered, Lois looked beyond her and then lifted her thin tracery of eyebrows another notch. There were no men!

The little old lady's eyes were pathetic.

Margaret patted her hand. "Everything is going to be swell from now on. I just talked to Clark and he's going to play again. You wait."

"Is he all right?"

"He never looked better to me."

"Where's Pete?"

"He'll be here in a little while."

"I hope he hasn't been fighting again."

Margaret turned to Lois. "Oh, darling, have you been enjoying the game?"

"Oh, very much."

Margaret whispered to Mrs. Jenkins: "That's probably the longest time she's ever spent in public without a man around."

Jim Bailey came into the box. His cheerful face was happy with some hidden joy. He spoke pleasantly to Lois and then sat beside his daughter.

"Where's Pete?" Mrs. Jenkins asked.

"He and Jerry made a stop. They've adopted each other, for some reason. They'll be along." He turned to Margaret. "All right?"

"Any minute now."

He lifted his glasses and turned them, not on the players but on Joe Gates. "I want to see how a man looks as he leaves Montgomery!"

Margaret turned glistening eyes upon him; said in a soft voice: "I've already seen that, Dad."

A sharp little something pricked at Jim Bailey's heart.

TONY SCOTTI disturbed an entire row of spectators to get back to his seat. He spoke cheerfully to Harlow and Dawson as he passed.

"Sit the hell down," Blackie spat. "Where you been?"

Tony smiled sagely. "I find good sucker. I got some one-to-four. I go for all I got left. You think one-to-four good bet now?"

"Any price now. Atlantic's shot. Calhoun's through. Look where the ball is. It'll be four touchdowns."

Tony added. "This guy crazy. He take everybody. I'm sorry I only had two hunnerd left."

"How much has he got?"

"He's big oil man, somebody say. Lumly. Drunk. He say four to one good bet anytime."

"Can you get some down?"

"Sure. He's downstairs I know guy what hold stakes—he's okay."

Dawson and Harlow conferred. Dawson handed Tony a thin sheaf of bills. "Two gees. You bring back twenty-five hundred after the game. We're holdin' you for it, understand?"

"Okay, Blackie—if Erie win."

"Whaddaya mean—if they win!"

Jerry and Pete were waiting in the nearest portal. Tony was twenty yards away when he saw them. Half of his face creased in a cherubic wink of childlike exuberance.

"Cinch," he said. "They eat it up. Big wise guys from Broadway. Poof."

"Have any trouble?"

"Naw. Like take candy from baby. Tony punk. Small time. We make dough no matter who wins. If Erie lose they go broke. Big shots. Boom! Maybe I go Broadway. Easy pickin'." He chuckled. "I like see Blackie when Clark run like hell for touchdown."

Jerry's eyes sparkled. "Well, let's go see him."

Tony guffawed. "Oh, no. I no see Blackie tonight." He glanced keenly at Jerry. "Say, you crazy kid, you like trouble, huh?"

Pete put his arm about Jerry. "You mean the Pug?"

SPIKE ADAMS, dictating his story, was covering three points with his quick, nervous eyes—the action of the field, the tunnel from the dressing-room and the face of Brad Anthony.

The New York reporter was quiet, determined. He clipped his spoken sentences to the operator. There was anger in his voice, in his attitude. His customary urbanity was gone. Here was a man who felt he was not among friends, who had lost trust in those about him—and who intended to get even.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Anthony," Spike ventured. "I told the dumb cluck you were okay. I had to get to the radio—"

"Let's forget it. If I'm not welcome—"

"It wasn't that—"

"Then what was it?"

"You know when a student manager gets an order—"

"Never mind, Spike. Just one thing. I want to see Jenkins after the game. I want to see where he was hurt. I don't want any more runarounds."

A low unusual noise in one section of the stands, and Spike turned quickly, hopefully. He placed his field glasses to his eyes. The noise was rolling now.

Spike did not leap into the air; he did not snap his fingers or cry out.

For a brief moment he bowed his head; closed his eyes.

Then he turned to Brad Anthony: "Okay, Brad—you want him—there he is."

Ecstasy is too rare a quality not to give off some hint even at a distance. This crowd, in the first fragile shadow of evening, was aware of something unusual in the joy about the Atlantic bench.

Coach Joe Gates had both arms around a player. The other subs were gathered about them.

Gates sent the player running on the field. The Atlantic players rushed in a group to meet him.

Cal Calhoun was first. He took Clark's hand and put an arm about him. The others ran back with him to the scrimmage line.

Brad Anthony, watching with amazement, listening to the whooping crowd, gone delirious with great drama, turning to the nervous, narrow face of Spike Adams, found it soft now, full of tender joy.

Brad Anthony felt a strange cloak steal over him, a wave of tingling feeling. . . .

Erie's ball, second down, nine yards to go on its own 46-yard line. A pass failed. The next play started—and suddenly an Erie receiver, unattended in the flat, took a short pass and made twelve yards before Clark Jenkins got him.

"Jenkins' man, wasn't it?" Brad asked.

"Looked like it. Not often they fool him. I hope he's all right."

"Where was he hurt?"

"A crack on the head."

Another pass was completed with the receiver uncovered—the way was open for a good gain; but instead of running, he flipped the ball laterally. That was evidently the play and he followed orders; but in this case obedience was a traitor virtue as Darb Dailey, the little Atlantic guard, intercepted the ball and ran it back to his own forty.

"Lucky that time, Spike."

"Yeah—they'd have had a good gain. I don't know what Darb was doing there but he was a life-saver. Somebody must be praying for our side pretty good." He was suddenly alive. "Now Clark, old boy, let's go to town."

The stadium was yelling the same thought in a tremendous cacophony. It was the first time Atlantic had had the ball with its strongest lineup in, with Clark Jenkins running the team and blocking for Calhoun.

A terrific surge through the middle and the forward player with the ball came to earth, leaving a straight wake of tacklers.

"See," Spike shouted, "I tell you the guy's a quarterback. He sees a hole. He makes it easy for the rest of the team. He picks the softest spot."

Six yards more. Spike was aroused. "See him go through ahead of Cal that time? Watch this guy—I tell you he's a football player."

Three yards. Two. Two and a first down.

One yard. Incomplete pass. Three yards. Punt.

Erie's ball on its twenty.

SPIKE was silent. The crowd was subdued. Achilles had come, had lit the fire of combat; but it had been short-lived, had flickered and failed. Time was going on.

"You see what's happening," Anthony said. "Calhoun had been carrying the load by himself. Now, when Jenkins is back to block for him, Cal is tired and can't stand the pace. He's been taking a shellacking today."

Coach Joe Gates thought so too. A substitute ran in and Cal came out to a mighty cheer.

"Good judgment," Anthony said, "take him out, give him a rest—then, if the team gets in the right spot—he can go. Now we'll see what they will do without *him*."

The Atlantic strategy became obvious. It was punt and play for the breaks.

Clark Jenkins would stand back of his line and punt—out of bounds, away from the safety man. He was not always successful; sometimes, in shooting for the corners, he missed the angle and lost ground; but he was uniformly skillful.

Erie tried to gain but Kitchen was also tired now, and was also withdrawn to rest. Erie had its six points and was content to play the punting game. Atlantic was gaining ground gradually

(Continued on page 30)

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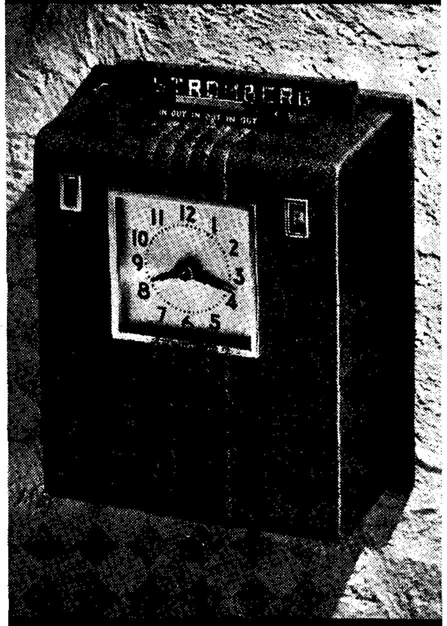

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(Continued from page 29)

but slowly; and each second of time was a point for Erie.

Now the tactics changed. Jenkins gave up shooting for the sidelines and got off long, high ones, designed to drop straight from the sky between the twenty-yard line and the goal.

These were pitch shots. The ends were down under them. If caught, Erie had to punt out immediately—one fumble and Atlantic had its chance!

Jenkins had bottled up Erie.

But time was playing for Erie.

After five minutes of the fourth quarter had passed, it was Atlantic's ball on the Erie 46-yard line.

"Now," Brad Anthony muttered, "send him in."

And Joe Gates sent him in. The mighty chorus was now discordant prayer. This was the big drive. This was the big push, with Calhoun and Jenkins in together, with Jenkins laying down the barrage and Calhoun ready to streak to victory.

THIS was football at its most dramatic. All of the drama of the year was being crowded into the season's finale for a perfect finish. Here were the survivors, the strong men, and the issue was clear.

From now on, in these last ten minutes of actual play, it would be power, speed, deception, courage and brains, clashing with the impact of many swords and shields on this small battlefield—but with all the world of sport attending.

And now, as so often happens when there is equal courage as well as equal strength among the fighting men, the tide changed swiftly.

Erie, which a moment before had been faced with the grim necessity of holding securely what it had, soon became the attacker and Atlantic was a frantic defender, all thought of offense forgotten in the stern urgency of defense.

With second down on the Erie thirty-four-yard line, Jenkins had faded back to throw a diagonal pass intended for Cal Calhoun. It had seemed safe enough in conception because its destination was the five-yard line near the side lines, a spot where even an interception would leave Erie with the necessity of punting from behind its own goal line.

The ball traveled along its arc—but Demarest, a tall sophomore back who was substituting for Kitchen, outleaped Cal for the ball, took it in stride on the dead run and then put on a phenomenal dancing act along the side lines.

He was almost clear. Clark Jenkins, the last man, pinned him down on the Erie forty. The Erie section of the chorus was now in full voice.

"There goes your ball game, Spike." Anthony seemed sorry.

Spike Adams was quiet.

Erie punted on the third down, far down the field. The ball took a freakish bounce to elude Jenkins and rolled to the thirteen-yard line.

NOW Atlantic was backed up, fighting to avert a second touchdown.

Kitchen came running from the side lines. Demarest remained in the game. Erie now had its speed boys, its tall boys, in the backfield to protect against the expected pass attack, the desperate offensive usually launched in this deep well of danger.

Erie realized that it all but had this ball game, the national title, the Rose Bowl game—

Erie had no intention of losing what it had.

On the bench the Erie coaches and substitutes were alive. On the field, the Erie players were grimly confident, lit to the point where life itself meant nothing when balanced against this great prize of victory.

The little band of Atlantic players, huddled in their small sector of the field, were faced with the supreme task of trying to find a way to beat this most dangerous of football opponents, a great team fighting for a great prize, all but won, and encouraged by the smiles of fortune.

Fortune is a lovely miss but a fickle one.

Now Clark Jenkins courted her boldly—and sent an encompassing chill through the body of a frenzied, tearful girl who clung to a tense, middle-aged man and a quiet little old lady.

CLARK dropped back. He must think clearly and act clearly while seventy thousand people went supremely mad, starkly idiotic in behavior.

He stood back of the line. Erie spread for a punt or a pass.

But a hole opened at guard, a man scampered through and was skimming along the side lines.

"Cal Calhoun," the crowd voice chanted, "Cal Cal*houn*, Cal Cal*houn*, Cal Cal*houn*."

He went to his forty-two-yard line. Now Atlantic was attacking again. One brave thought, one surprise stroke, had upset the scales, had overturned gigantic odds.

The Atlantic chorus sang paeans, enveloped the air of the stadium.

There was not much time now, so the watching gods dumped everything out, and the parts of the pattern floated to the field below.

A fumble—and Erie's ball on the Atlantic thirty-seven!

The football was taking strange bounces—there was not much more of life for the ball that day; but what there was must be gay and brilliant.

Erie went mad with ambition. Erie disregarded the tenets of safety, of strategy—

But this was no mere game of boys and men—it hadn't been for quite some time—

This was something the gridiron gods had written and were causing to be acted out.

So Kitchen threw a pass on first down, a long pass which would crush these little Atlantic men by its very daring, its angelic courage, and leave them as the dust on their own field.

A long pass and the chorus sang and the cymbals crashed in the orchestra and the thunder began to roll on the big drums—

And it grew and grew, and all of these noises assembled into one grand orchestration, perhaps the mightiest orchestration mere humans ever achieved.

If anything in a mere game was worthy of it, this may have been—

What happened may have been vital enough, in its way, to leave people voiceless and limp from their own part in the finale.

For, going back under that long pass, Cal Calhoun, a long figure of a boy, leaped mightily in the air, twisted his silk-and-gold grace in a sudden beam of the sun, came to earth and started to run, a few yards behind one of his own mates.

It looked like a mere interception, then, a safety measure, an aversion of absolute disaster, for three opponents hove upon these two and Jenkins could only hope to get one.

Jenkins got three.

His body hurtled among them with an electric leap. It was out in the open for all to see. His arms and legs flailed. The chorus let out a great exclamation of awe and then resumed its zoom as Calhoun, free again, cut across the field, circling backwards in a wide arc to elude the others who strove to hem him in.

HE WENT almost to the other side line before he could swing around the mass of fighting men; brilliantly he cut through the jungle of clipping and blocking and futile lunging and again he was in the clear, shooting for the far corner, beginning the third leg of the jagged lightning streak of his run.

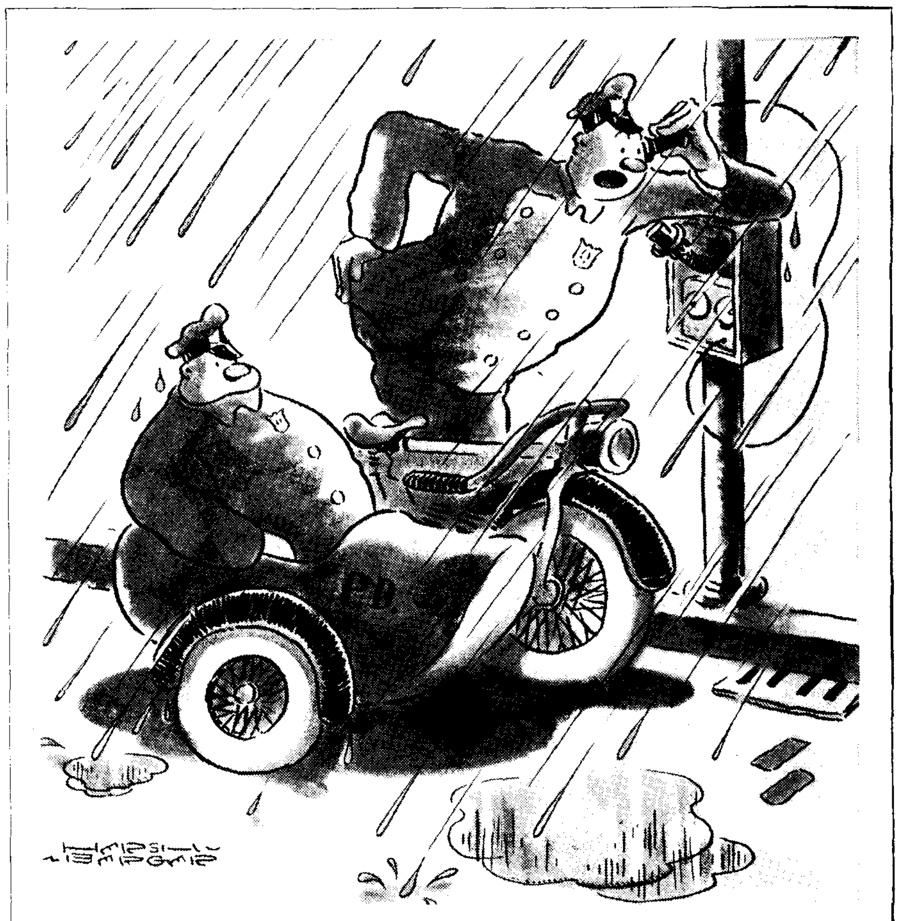
One opponent was left, cutting across the field ahead of him.

They would meet somewhere near the corner unless Cal could elude him.

But Cal was staggering; he had come far and furiously.

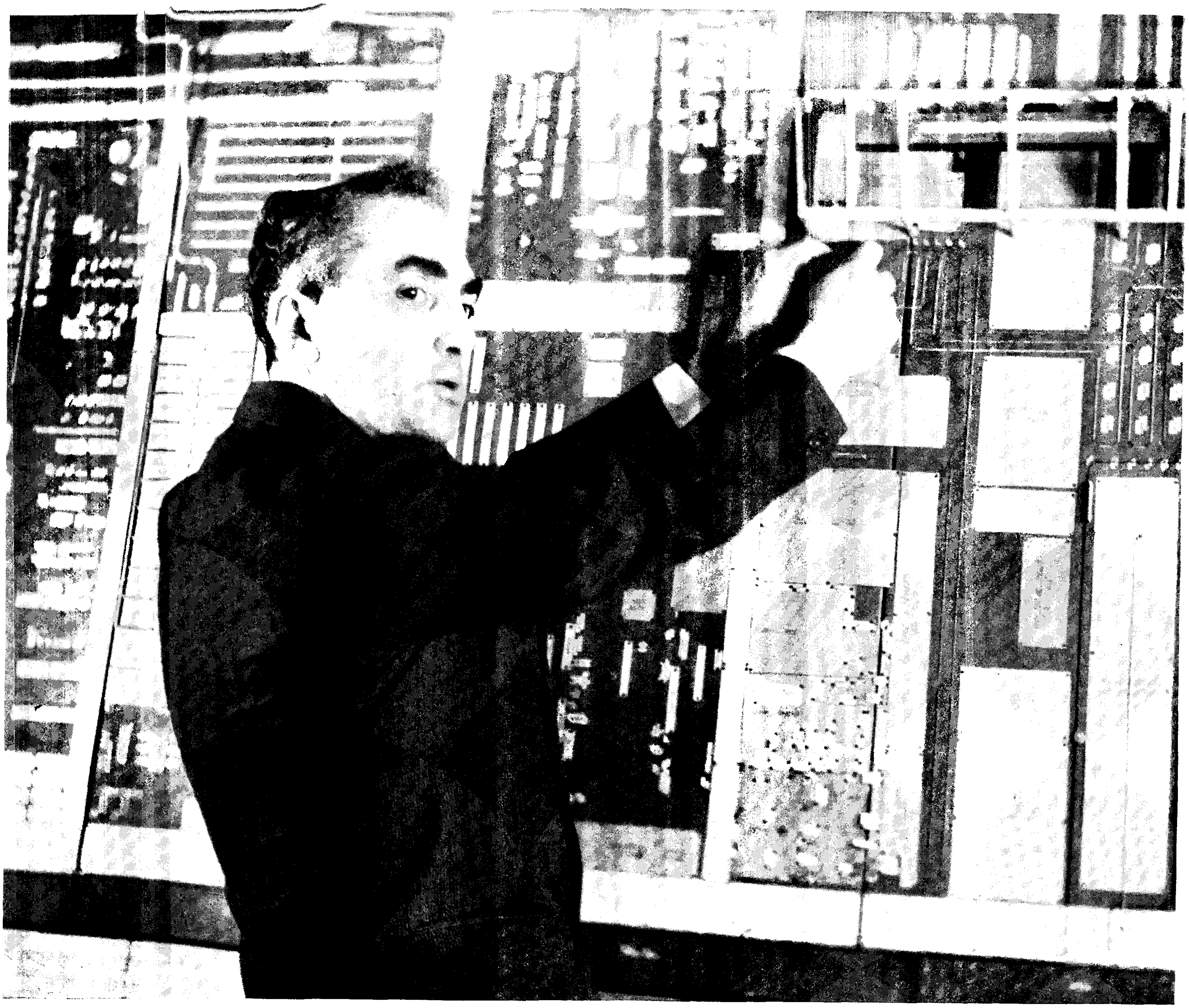
One of his mates was coming behind him, Jenkins, who had gotten off the

(Continued on page 32)



"What do we do now? It's raining!"

R. A. HERSHBERGER



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*Based on actual letter from our files

ABSORBINE JR.

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The Odds Against Honor

Continued from page 30

ground, who had divined that the final struggle, if Cal got through, would be waged in that distant sector.

But he could not get there ahead of Cal; and if Calhoun delayed, the pack might catch him from behind.

Clark, smelling, feeling his own hot breath, hearing the thunder of his own boots against the turf, struggling to get up there, two yards more—there would not be time—

"Take it, Clark—"

"Let her go, Cal—careful—"

The ball went up and to the side.

Clark lunged out, tipped it, ran against it, cupped it to him, sidestepped and whirled as Cal spilled into the lone Erie defender, knocking him down.

Fifteen yards away—

They were coming—they were coming—they were gaining—

Five yards away—

Clark braced himself, stumbled when hit—but his iron legs, coal-mine legs, stood up beneath him—two yards away.

He could not shake the tackler off.

Joyfully, insanely, Clark carried him across.

THE table over which Jim Bailey presided was by far the most popular at the Atlantic victory party that night. It was a sort of shrine, a place to be visited, to dance by slowly.

The little old lady in the black dress, was Clark Jenkins' mother. Wasn't she a *sweet* old thing? They say this was the second football game she had ever seen. No wonder she looked so tired—after having seen her boy carried off at the beginning and then win the game with a touchdown and kicked point at the end.

Which one was Clark Jenkins? Oh, yes? Well, *doesn't* he look *quiet?* That one next to him is Cal Calhoun—isn't he *handsome?* They're roommates and the very best of friends. Wasn't it marvelous how they worked together on that touchdown, each helping the other? Yes, they say they're like Damon and Pythias. It must be nice to go through college and make friends like that.

That's Joe Gates, the coach. Bet he's happy tonight.

That's Brad Anthony, the big sports writer, with him—the one talking to Bailey now. Yes, he's the one who wrote that awful stuff about the Midwest game. And has the *nerve* to *sit* with them *now*. Probably trying to find out more dirt.

The be*yew*tiful girl! Isn't she pretty?

Oh, I bet *I* know who she is—that must be Lois Mont*gom*ery, the society artist that Cal Calhoun is engaged to. Yes—remember Winchell had them in his *column* and he's never wrong.

And that one is Bailey's daughter, you know, the one that's going to marry Clark Jenkins. *You know,* it was in the paper with all that stuff about *gambling!* Pretty little thing, isn't she? Probably finding out what he likes to eat. Catch her in the kitchen. She'll probably have about eighteen servants—two for every day in the week and an extra for Sunday. Well, if *you* had all that money, wouldn't *you?*

What *was* all that stuff about gambling, anyhow?

Oh, just newspaper talk.

Oh. Quite a game, wasn't it?

Sure was. I'm not over that last run yet. Just like in the movies, wasn't it?

Funny. Everybody at that Bailey table looks *tired.*

Well, maybe *they* all had a hard day, *too.*

The people at the Bailey table all seemed tired—some of this and some of that. Lois Montgomery seemed tired of everything.

Jerry was all taken up with Pete. Lois, who had come with Jerry but who might leave with Pete (he could be interesting), asked what they were talking about.

Pete winked and gave her an extra little side look. "Well, the kid here can fight like hell and I'm going to make a pug out of him. I'm going to be his manager. Do *you* need a manager, Toots?"

Jerry said: "Yes. You manage her." Then he walked away.

She liked the way he called her Toots.

She liked the way he danced.

She liked the way—

She liked . . .

She . . .

CLARK finally said: "Well, Cal, thanks."

"For what?"

"Why did you do it?"

They weren't looking at each other.

Cal said: "Well, I found out I needed your blocking."

"So that was it."

"Yeah. The room had a good day."

"Why didn't you score that touchdown yourself?"

"Too smart. Say—I got more cheers for handing that ball to you than for all the scores I ever made. Say—"

"Yes?"

"That Margo's a swell dish. Stick in there."

"Thanks. How about Lois?"

"Phony. I looked her up. Not much dough and can't even draw. Keep your eye on her—don't let her get in the family, I mean, or she'll wind up with all the gelt."

"No girl tonight, Cal?"

Cal stretched sleepily. "I'm going to walk out in a little while and take my pick."

Spike Adams sat down between them, on the edge of Cal's chair. His little eyes sparkled. He threw an arm about Cal's shoulder.

"Well, Dress Suit, I'll have to hand it to you. Today you were almost as good as you think you are."

"Hell—if you think I was good today, wait till you see me in the Tournament of Roses. What did Anthony say?"

"I suppose you mean, who is he going to pick?"

"What did he say?"

"He said you were the two best backs in America."

"Nuts."

"Believe it or nuts—that's what he said." . . .

Brad Anthony said to Spike: "If you ever need a job in New York, look me up."

"You're on, Brad. Next June."

"On one condition—"

"Shoot."

"That someday you'll tell me the story." . . .

Clark asked: "Dance?"

"I was waiting for you to ask me."

"I'm kind of tired. Not much sleep last night."

"But you stopped at our best hotel."

They were aware of admiring glances.

He caught her looking at him in a way which upset him completely. He said: "What are you laughing about?"

"I'm not laughing. I'm thinking."

She looked at him that way again. He wanted his arm to tighten but his arm wouldn't tighten.

"What are you thinking?" he asked.

"Well, there was a scandal and I became engaged—in the newspapers, of course."

The arm still wouldn't tighten.

"Then there was a kidnapping—and in the excitement I was told I was beautiful—"

"You are." The arm wasn't so tight.

"I'm just wondering," she said, looking at him squarely in the eyes, "if we're apt to have any earthquakes."

"There's one inside me right now."

HER head dropped against his chest. She sighed.

His arm tightened.

Girls had more guts than boys about this stuff—it was their racket.

Mom, watching them, was very happy.

She was tired tonight. She was glad she was going to stay at this hotel and did not have to ride home.

She had been kind of on edge all day, as if something was going to happen.

It looked like Pete had been in another fight but that was nothing to worry about, really.

It looked like that painted society girl was trying to fasten herself on Pete. She'd get fooled. He fooled them all.

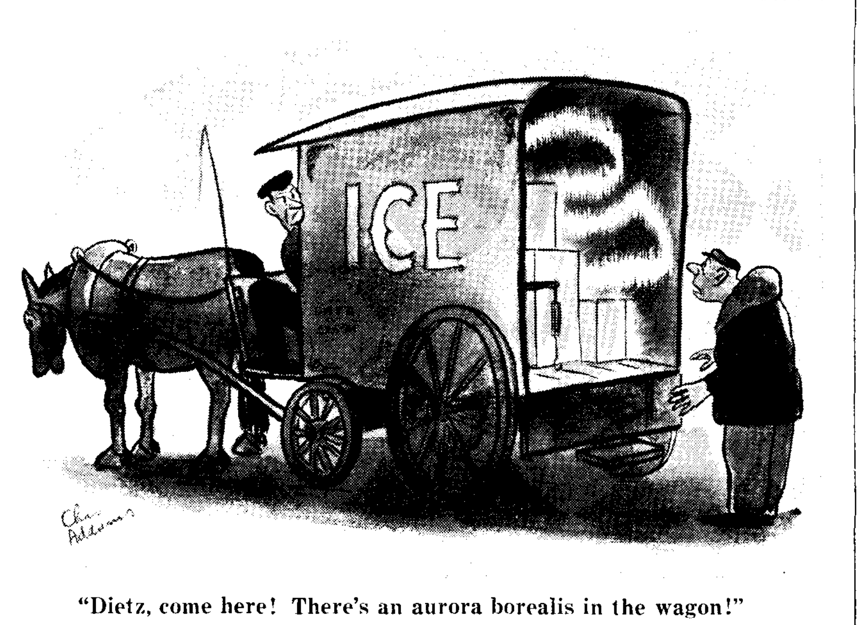
Well, the football was all over.

Somehow, Mom was glad of it.

It had always been a worry.

If she could only take a picture of this home to Clyde.

THE END



"Dietz, come here! There's an aurora borealis in the wagon!"

CHARLES ADDAMS

"Here's the Oil for Quick Winter Starting"

Mobiloil Arctic

Change Today to Mobiloil Arctic—
Enjoy Trouble-free Driving with
America's Largest-Selling Winter Oil!

How does your car start these cold days? Is it slow, sluggish, hard on your battery?

Don't delay in giving it the winter oil it *needs*—for easy starting, for full protection. Follow the example of millions of car owners who are saving money every day with Mobiloil Arctic.

These motorists are getting a pleasure they never thought possible out of their winter driving! They find that their cars start quicker and easier . . . that repair bills are less. Many of them report actual increases in oil mileage of from 25% to 50%.

These are not mere claims . . . they are *facts*, proved by thousands of motorists, and made possible by the different kind of winter oil refined by Socony-Vacuum's Clearosol Process.

Your car *needs* this great winter oil! Get it today at your nearest Mobiloil dealer. He'll drain and refill your crankcase with Mobiloil Arctic (20W) or Mobiloil Arctic Special (10W), whichever your car requires.

Then finish out the winter with an easy-starting motor that's always ready to go. And to give yourself the added pleasure of safe, easy-shifting gears . . . change to Mobiloil CW, the special winter gear oil.

Socony-Vacuum Oil Company, Inc.

STOP AT YOUR
Mobiloil Dealer
FOR AMERICA'S FAVORITE WINTER OIL

1 **EASY STARTING—**
Mobiloil Arctic will give you the quick, easy starting you want. It flows instantly on coldest days—gives instant lubrication.

2 **FULL ENGINE PROTECTION—**
Mobiloil Arctic resists heat. You'll find it holds its body at high engine temperatures—protects moving parts at all operating speeds.

3 **OIL ECONOMY—**
Mobiloil Arctic stays on the job—lasts longer. Actual users of this great winter oil report from 25% to 50% greater oil mileage.

Mobiloil Arctic

SOCONY-VACUUM

GARGOYLE
Mobiloil

CAN THE GIFFORDS AGREE

"IT MUST BE ECONOMICAL"

DODGE WINS WITH 18 TO 24 MILES PER GALLON OF GAS, DRIVERS SAY.

"SAFETY COUNTS FIRST WITH ME"

DODGE HAS SAFETY-STEEL BODY AND GENUINE HYDRAULIC BRAKES.

*Big, New, Money-Saving Dodge Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760**

"BEAUTY WINNER OF 1936"

ON A MOTOR CAR? . . . .

"LET'S GET A SMART CAR"

HAILED BY NOTED AUTO EDITORS AS "BEAUTY WINNER" OF 1936.

"I WANT PEP AND POWER"

FAMOUS "RED RAM" ENGINE... BIG... POWERFUL... AND AMAZINGLY RESPONSIVE!

Who says no ONE CAR *can please the whole family?*

TAKE A LOOK AT THE BIG, POWERFUL, MONEY-SAVING DODGE ... "BEAUTY WINNER" OF 1936 ... NOW COSTS ONLY $640*

NEVER was there a car that combined such beauty with so many money-saving features and such an extraordinary degree of safety as the big, new Dodge "Beauty Winner."

Whether you insist that a car be good-looking, economical, powerful, easy to handle, roomy, comfortable—the big Money-Saving Dodge gives you every one of these things that you should demand of a motor car—everything to which you are entitled.

Amazing New Ride!

Hailed by noted auto editors and famous fashion authorities all over the country as the most beautiful car in all Dodge history, the new 1936 Dodge gives you the "Airglide Ride"—that amazing new ride sensation made possible only by Dodge's redistribution of weight evenly to all four wheels, by cradling passengers between the axles, and by Dodge's "chair-height" seats—easy to get into, easy to get out of, comfortable to ride in.

"18 To 24 Miles Per Gallon"

Dodge also gives you *genuine* hydraulic brakes and safety-steel bodies . . . patented Floating Power Engine Mountings . . . the effortless handling ease of Balanced Driving Control . . . more spacious, more luxurious interiors . . . and, above all, the amazing economy of the big, powerful Dodge engine, which owners from coast to coast already report gives them 18 to 24 miles per gallon of gas and saves up to 20% on oil. See this big, new, Money-Saving Dodge without delay. Drive it. Compare it point for point with any competitive car priced within $500 of Dodge. You will agree that here is the one car that will please every member of the family. And remember, the new Dodge "Beauty Winner"—at new low prices—*now* costs *just* a *few* dollars more than the lowest-priced cars.

*Coupe $640, Rumble Seat Coupe $695, 2-door Sedan $695, Touring Sedan (2-door with built-in trunk) $720, Sedan $735, Touring Sedan (4-door with built-in trunk) $760. *List prices at factory, Detroit, subject to change without notice. Special equipment extra.*

DODGE
Division of Chrysler Corporation

Big Money-Saving DODGE *at new low price* $640*

DELIVERS NOW FOR JUST A FEW DOLLARS MORE THAN THE LOWEST-PRICED CARS

Ask for the New
OFFICIAL CHRYSLER MOTORS COMMERCIAL CREDIT COMPANY
6% TIME PAYMENT PLAN

You can figure it out for yourself.
1. Start with your unpaid balance.
2. Then add insurance cost . . . at conference rates!
3. Then multiply by 6%—for a 12 months' plan. One-half of one per cent per month for periods more or less than 12 months.

†In some states a small legal documentary fee is charged. NO OTHER CHARGES.

WARNING!
COLD SNAP COMING
MY BATTERY IS DEAD—SEND A SERVICE CAR

Can Your Battery Stand the Strain?

NOTHING shows up a weak battery quicker than cold weather. It takes extra power to turn over modern motors when the engine is slow to start. Modern power-eating accessories tear the heart out of ordinary batteries.

That's why Goodrich engineers used every available inch of space inside the Goodrich Electro-Pak to pack in *more* power (actually 20% more!), with 45 big, over-size plates. And they made certain that this extra power can't escape. By putting on the *exclusive* Goodrich Power-Saving Top Cover. Dirt, moisture, acid spray and other power robbers are LOCKED OUT.

A record breaker!

Think of it! A stock Goodrich Electro-Pak started an 8-cylinder motor 2606 separate times without a recharge. And Western Union held the stop watch—clocked and certified the results. Why not have this freedom from battery worries now? Buy the Goodrich Electro-Pak from any Goodrich Tire Dealer. Remember, it costs no more than other leading batteries.

I'M THE ONLY BATTERY IN AMERICA WITH THE POWER-SAVING TOP COVER
Goodrich
MORE POWER AT NO EXTRA COST

Goodrich Electro-Pak
THE SUPER-POWER BATTERY
ANOTHER B. F. GOODRICH PRODUCT

You Never Can Tell

Continued from page 26

on the cement floor, and two men approached, one middle-aged, the other young, good-looking, well-dressed.

"Report at eight-thirty, then," said the middle-aged man.

"Right!" said the young one, cheerfully, and sauntered out.

The middle-aged man turned to Anderson. "We're not taking anyone on," he said mildly.

"I heard maybe you wanted a bookkeeper . . ."

"Job's just been filled," said the other.

Anderson smiled slowly, and went out into the sun again. The well-dressed fellow had gone to a car parked by the road and raised the hood. It was a roadster, a very expensive make. Anderson approached him.

"You get that bookkeeper's job?" he asked.

The other looked up with a quick smile.

"Yes," he answered. "My lucky day."

FOR a moment Anderson stared at him, at his broad shoulders, his sunburned face, stared at his fine clothes and his expensive car. Then he called him an intolerable name, and hit him.

He didn't hit him hard enough. Taken by surprise, the other staggered back, but he recovered himself at once, and struck back. Anderson's head jerked up, and a spangled blackness whirled before him.

There was water in his eyes; he raised his hand to brush it away.

"Feeling better?" someone asked.

"No!" he answered.

He could not quite wake up, or quite remember, only there remained in his heart a smoldering anger. A cold cloth was laid across his forehead; he pushed it off and opened his eyes. And he remembered that face; he remembered the whole thing now.

"It's you, is it?" he said. "The guy that got the job. . . ."

He raised himself on one elbow and looked about him. He was lying on the grass somewhere, in the shade of the tree; that roadster was drawn up to the side of the lane. And that fellow was standing looking down at him, that fellow in his fine clothes, with his broad shoulders and his healthy, sunburned face. An immense wonder came over Anderson.

"Why is it like this?" he said. "Why should things be fixed so that a guy like you gets everything, and I can't have one damn' thing? What's the *idea?*"

"It's not my idea," said the other briefly. "I didn't invent the social order."

The sound of his voice, his high-hat way of speaking, revived that hatred in Anderson.

"You kinda help things, though," he said, with a faint smile. "You—driving up in your sporty car, to get a fifteen-dollar-a-week job. . . . It wouldn't keep you in shoes. . . . I was in a shoe factory once. Those shoes you got on must've set you back twelve-fifty."

"Wrong!" said the other. "I paid fifteen for them. And I've got three or four pairs. Any objection?" His glance rested for a moment on Anderson's shoes. "My name's Kilburn," he said. "What's yours?"

"None of your damn' business!" said Anderson. He wanted to stand up, but when he tried, a sickening dizziness surged over him. "I guess I can't do anything about you," he said. "I'd like to. I'd like to give you all that's coming to you, and then some. But they'd get me for it, and it's not worth that."

"What's the idea of blaming me for all your troubles?"

They looked steadily at each other.

"You got the job I might've got," said Anderson. "Or some other fellow that needed it might've got it."

"How do you know I don't need it?"

"Shut up!" cried Anderson. "You, telling me you 'need' that job! I hope some day you'll know what it means to need a job and a meal."

"I—" Kilburn began, and stopped, with an odd look on his face. Anderson turned his head to see what he was looking at, and saw a girl coming toward them across the grass. He couldn't take his eyes off her. A tall, slim girl she was, dressed in dark green, with fine, pale-gold hair and gray eyes and skin of an incredible delicacy. He had never seen anyone so beautiful; somehow she didn't seem real.

"What's happened?" she asked.

"An accident," said Kilburn.

She went to Anderson and looked down at him with a frown of anxiety.

"I got knocked down by a car," he said. "I'm okay."

"You don't look okay," the girl said seriously. "You're terribly white. You ought to see a doctor."

"No! I'm all right!" said Anderson; and added, "thank you."

It was funny, the way he felt about this girl. As if she were someone special, who had to be spoken to differently, treated differently from anyone else. She wore some faint, delicate perfume, and everything about her seemed like that; her slender hands, her misty hair. She was worried about him, and he didn't want her to be worried. He was sorry for her, somehow. . . .

"You must come up to the house, then," she said, "and rest."

She was trying to be nice, and he could not refuse her. When he got on his feet, she took hold of his arm. He was perfectly well able to get into the car himself, but she wanted to help him.

"Drive carefully, won't you, Jack?" she said, "so that—I don't know your name—"

"Anderson."

"So that Mr. Anderson won't be jolted."

He sat between her and Kilburn, in that swell car, and she tried to talk to him. Tried to be so polite; called him "Mr. Anderson" all the time. He would have wanted to laugh if he hadn't been so sorry for her.

"There's a bruise on your jaw, Mr. Anderson!"

"I sort of thought so," said Anderson, with the shadow of a smile.

She was looking at his shoes. He caught her eye, and a lovely color rose in her cheeks; she gave him an uncertain little smile, as if she were apologizing.

CLOSE to the lane was an iron gateway to a driveway, a long drive, lined with trees, and at the end of it a big stone house like a castle.

"Jack," said the girl, "did you get those dance records for me?"

"Sorry," said Kilburn, "I forgot."

He stopped the car before the house. There was a stone terrace before it, covered with a striped awning; there were little chromium tables there, shining like silver, chaise longues with gingham cushions, something so gay and charming. . . .

"Will you rest here, Mr. Anderson?" she asked. "Or would you rather lie down inside?"

"Here, thank you," he said. "I don't need to lie down."

"*Please!* An accident like that is more of a shock than you realize. Jack, bring some brandy, will you?"

To please her, he lay back in a chair, and she sat beside him, beautiful and gentle and polite, wanting to be kind.

"Shall I telephone home for you? Is anyone likely to be worrying?"

"We haven't got any telephone. And my wife's not expecting me any special time." And again he added: "Thank you."

From where he sat Anderson could see a wide lawn like velvet, and beyond it a belt of noble old trees. A man was cutting the grass that bordered the drive; the clip of his shears was sharp and somehow pleasant in the summer morning. A housemaid in a print dress came running out to speak to the gardener; as she returned toward the back of the house Anderson saw her pretty face, her neat little figure. He thought suddenly of Margie's wrists. He had noticed this morning how thin they had gotten, and it filled him with a sort of terror.

"She hasn't got anything. . . . No nice dresses. . . . She can't ever get to the pictures any more. . . . God! She hasn't got enough to *eat!*"

Another maid came out, carrying a tray, and Kilburn followed her.

"Couldn't even carry a tray for himself," thought Anderson.

There was a decanter on it, and a siphon of soda, and a plate of sandwiches, two or three kinds. Anderson glanced at the plate.

"No," he said. "I'll just have a drink."

THEY didn't urge him. That plate of sandwiches was just nothing to them. White-meat chicken. . . . He wondered what Margie would eat for her lunch.

"She's waiting to see if I got that job."

Again he would come home with nothing. Again she would pretend not to care, would talk about tomorrow. He would sit, moody and silent, while she got the dinner, and she would rail at him for being gloomy. But if he took her in his arms, she would cling to him, with a passion that utterly betrayed her. She was afraid. Love made her afraid, as it did him. It wasn't hunger she feared, or want, or hardship. She was afraid for her man's pride and self-respect. He knew that. She didn't want him to feel like a bum. She was always trying to fortify him against the day when he must go and ask for their food. Trying to tell him it was all right, these days. . . .

Suddenly he couldn't stand this any longer, this house, this food that was just nothing. He swallowed the brandy at a gulp.

"Well, I guess I'll be getting along," he said.

"Jack will drive you to the station," said the girl, "and please let me send some flowers home to your wife. People who live in the city must miss flowers so."

He couldn't refuse her. She was trying to be nice; she just didn't know anything. The brandy had gone to his head a little; when he rose he stood very stiff, so that he shouldn't sway.

"Getting knocked out like that . . ." he thought. "And on an empty stomach, too. . . ."

"Cigarette?" asked Kilburn.

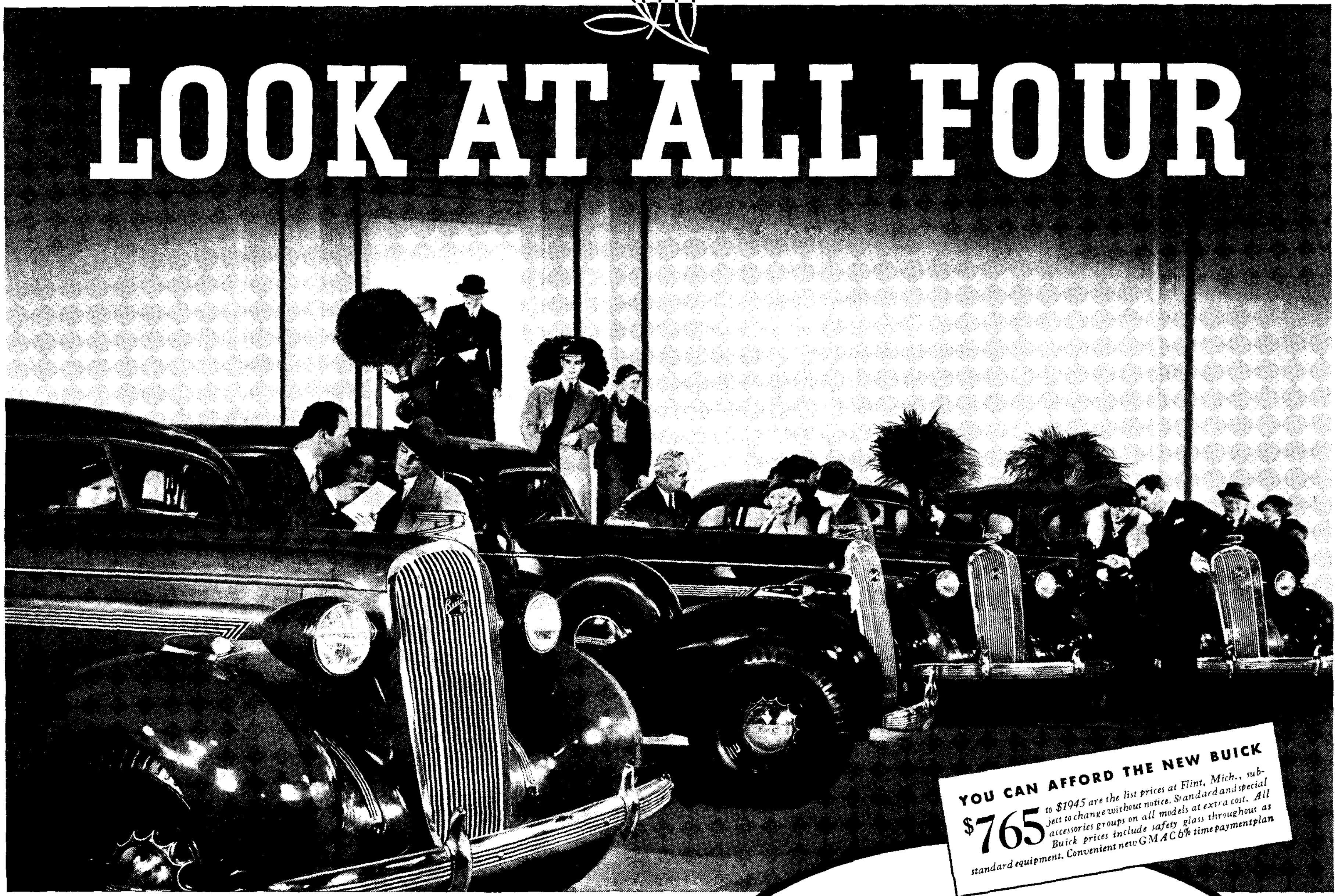
"No," he answered.

The girl came back presently, with a big bunch of flowers, roses, a lot of things he didn't know the names of,

(Continued on page 38)

1936 SUGGESTION

LOOK AT ALL FOUR



YOU CAN AFFORD THE NEW BUICK

$765 to $1945 are the list prices at Flint, Mich., subject to change without notice. Standard and special accessories groups on all models at extra cost. All Buick prices include safety glass throughout as standard equipment. Convenient new GMAC 6% time payment plan

WE make bold to paraphrase, for a moment, the popular phrase of another motor car manufacturer.

But "the four" in this case are all new Buicks, and we promise you this stellar quartet offers everything you have wanted or hoped for in a car.

All four have the brilliant, agile, thrifty power of the silent, oil-cushioned, valve-in-head straight-eight engine.

All four have the integrity of manufacture which is part and parcel of Buick character, wrought in the very metals from which these cars are built.

All four have the eye-striking, year-ahead style which transforms streamlining into dreamlining.

And all four have the incomparable roll call of Buick engineering advantages which include the sealed chassis, torque-tube drive, built-in knee-action, ride stabilizer, and tiptoe hydraulic brakes.

The only differences in these four cars are in size, capacity and equipment, and in the four you will find embraced such a range of choice that anyone can afford to own a Buick—and no one need seek beyond a Buick to find the very utmost in spacious comfort, luxury or breath-taking performance.

No matter what *your* requirements, therefore, take this 1936 suggestion: "LOOK AT ALL FOUR!"

NO OTHER CAR IN THE WORLD HAS ALL THESE FEATURES

Valve-in-Head Straight-Eight Engine, *gives more power per unit of fuel than any other type of engine of equal displacement and compression*

Anolite Pistons, *durable, long-lasting, 50% lighter, increase bearing life 150%*

Sealed Chassis, *keeps dirt and water from all moving parts, protects from wear and erosion*

Luxurious "Turret Top" Body by Fisher, *with No Draft Ventilation—the smartest, safest, strongest body built*

Tiptoe Hydraulic Brakes, *giving safe, straight-line stops under lightest pressures*

Knee-Action Comfort and Safety, *the true gliding ride*

Torque-Tube Drive, *for steadier, more stable roadability*

Automatic Starting, Spark and Heat Control, *for convenience, efficiency, economy*

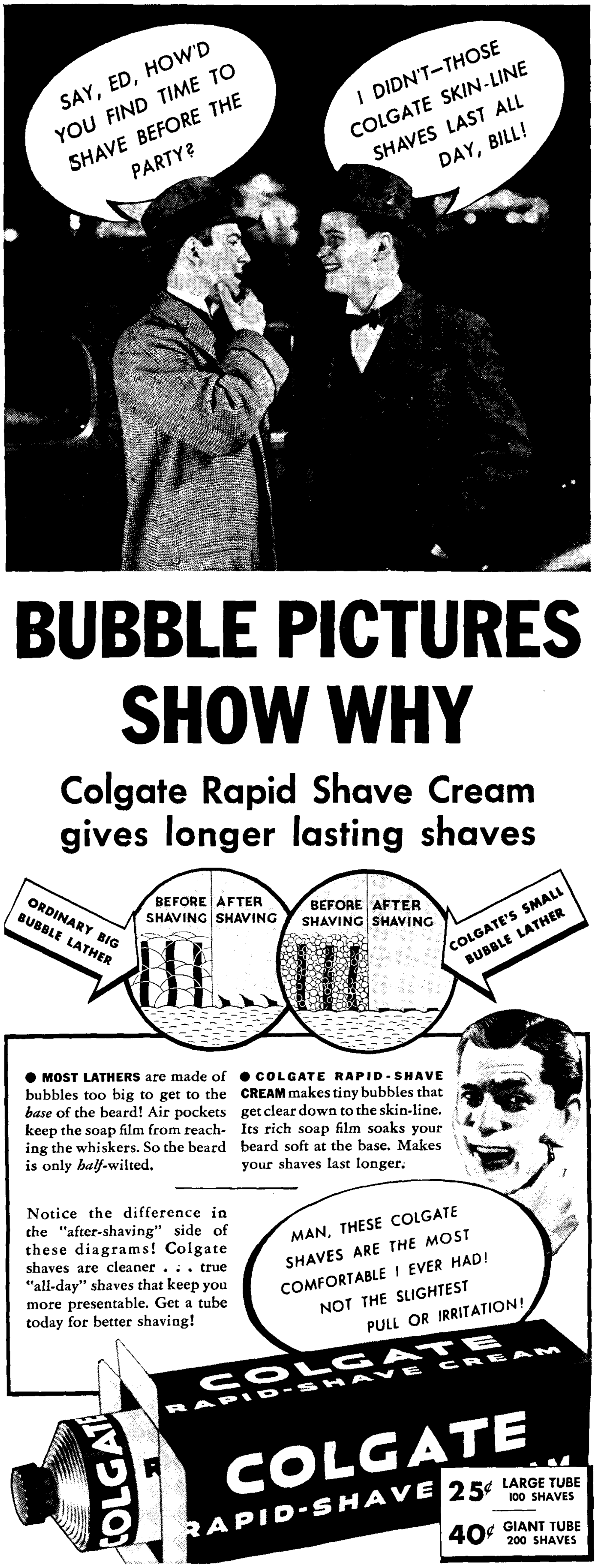
Built-in Luggage Compartments, *with ample capacity for necessary luggage*

Ride Stabilizer, *for elimination of sidesway at speed or on curves*

★ ★ ★ ★

**WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM**

"Buick's the Buy"


SAY, ED, HOW'D YOU FIND TIME TO SHAVE BEFORE THE PARTY?
I DIDN'T—THOSE COLGATE SKIN-LINE SHAVES LAST ALL DAY, BILL!
ORDINARY BIG BUBBLE LATHER
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
BEFORE SHAVING
AFTER SHAVING
COLGATE'S SMALL BUBBLE LATHER
MAN, THESE COLGATE SHAVES ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE I EVER HAD! NOT THE SLIGHTEST PULL OR IRRITATION!
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM
COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE

BUBBLE PICTURES SHOW WHY

Colgate Rapid Shave Cream gives longer lasting shaves

● **MOST LATHERS** are made of bubbles too big to get to the *base* of the beard! Air pockets keep the soap film from reaching the whiskers. So the beard is only *half*-wilted.

● **COLGATE RAPID-SHAVE CREAM** makes tiny bubbles that get clear down to the skin-line. Its rich soap film soaks your beard soft at the base. Makes your shaves last longer.

Notice the difference in the "after-shaving" side of these diagrams! Colgate shaves are cleaner . . . true "all-day" shaves that keep you more presentable. Get a tube today for better shaving!

25¢ LARGE TUBE 100 SHAVES
40¢ GIANT TUBE 200 SHAVES

You Never Can Tell

Continued from page 36

pink, white, a bright, gay blue. It made him want to laugh.

"I'll look fine," he thought, "hitchhiking back to New York, carrying them."

The girl held out her hand to him.

"I hope you'll feel quite all right tomorrow," she said, her voice a little unsteady. "Do take care of yourself! I hope—I *do* hope everything will be all right."

He thought he understood what she was trying to say. She was sorry that he was poor, and she hoped he would soon get over it.

"I'll be all right!" he said, and took her hand for an instant.

"And, Jack!" she said. "Please don't forget the records! The children are coming in after lunch, and we really need to practice."

"I'll see," Kilburn answered, so curtly that Anderson was surprised. So was she; she looked startled and hurt.

"You don't need to take me to the station," said Anderson. "I'm not going on the train. Just let me out when we get to the road."

Kilburn didn't answer until they were out of sight of the house.

"I'll drive you all the way home," he said.

ANDERSON was taken aback by this offer.

"No," he said. "I'll get out here."

"I'll drive you home," Kilburn repeated. "I've nothing else to do. And —I got a basket of fruit and vegetables from the gardener. It's in the back of the car."

"To hell with it!" said Anderson. "I don't want your charity. I want a job. Let me out here. You make me sick!"

"Look here!" said Kilburn. "I need that job—as much as any man on God's earth."

"You damn' liar! You, with your car and your house—"

"Not my house. It belongs to my wife's father."

"All right! You live in it. I wish guys like you could see how it is with some people. People with a lot of kids. Then maybe you'd get some idea of what it means to need a job."

"It's—I've got some idea of that."

"You haven't," said Anderson flatly. "You couldn't have. You've always had everything you want. You don't know one damn' thing about people like us."

"And *you* think you know it all, don't you?" said Kilburn, with an anger so passionate and so sudden that Anderson was amazed. "You think your empty pockets and your broken shoes are the only troubles a man can have. *Don't* you? I'm not hungry, and neither is my wife. We're not likely to be. She can have pretty well anything she wants, just for the asking. Asking her father. So can I. If I need a new tire, or a few gallons of gasoline, all I have to do is ask him for the money."

"Well . . ." said Anderson, reluctantly, "I can see a man wouldn't like doing that. But it's better than not getting anything."

"You think so?" said Kilburn. "I married a rich man's daughter, and I was damn' proud about it. I said we'd live on my paltry salary of five thousand a year, and she agreed. We did it. For nearly two years. We were—happy. Then my company went bust. We hadn't saved anything. I thought I was so indispensable that the world couldn't run without me. I was mistaken. Old Mildridge wouldn't help me to get a job in his business. He says that in times like these jobs must be given to the men who need them. He offered us a home, a car—what *you* call everything. We've been there nearly a year now. And in another six months, it would have been too late."

"What d'you mean?"

"You won't understand. But . . . You saw my wife."

"Mean she'll walk out on you?"

"No," said Kilburn. "She'll stick. But— You heard her ask me to bring home some phonograph records she wants. She's getting up a children's dance—for charity. The records would cost four dollars, perhaps. I haven't got four dollars. I could get it—from her father. Or if I told my wife I didn't have—even that much, she'd get it from him. Only . . . But, it's no use. I can't explain."

Anderson was silent. The brandy ran warm in his veins; his head felt very clear; it seemed to him that he could see things with a strange certainty.

"That girl . . ." he thought. "She was pretty. Beautiful, I guess. She tried to be kind. But she'd never understand things. She couldn't. If she saw her husband hanging around all day . . . If he couldn't get her some little thing she wanted, she'd get thinking he was no good. She's used to men that make money, and she'd think he was a bum. By God! A man would have to turn into a bum, living like him! That's what scares him."

He glanced sidelong at Kilburn, driving with his eyes on the road before him.

"Yes, but how about me? If it's bad for him, how about me? If I don't get a job, I'll have to go on relief. . . . Look at him and his wife, with everything. And what've I got?"

He had Margie. It wouldn't make any difference to her if he had to go on relief. She didn't blame him for being out of work. She was pretty cranky, these days, and they quarreled a lot, but that didn't matter. She wouldn't change, ever. She understood how a man felt.

HE FELT a sudden, terrible longing to get back to her, quickly, before anything could happen. He wanted to shut the door and be alone with her, safe, even for an hour, from the world outside.

Kilburn would go home to that big house, with everything he wanted to eat and servants to wait on him. But he wouldn't have those records for his wife. . . .

"It's queer . . ." thought Anderson. There was something in his mind, some idea so queer, so vast that he could not quite grasp it. There was the brutal injustice of the world, that gave one man so much, and another so little. He knew about that, all right. But there was more to it than that. . . .

"Have a cigarette?" asked Kilburn, as he stopped for a traffic light.

"Okay!" said Anderson.

Their eyes met for an instant, with a curious uncertainty.

"Same kind I smoke—when I can get 'em," thought Anderson.

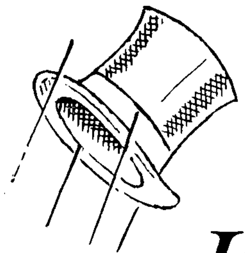
He was glad to get a cigarette.

"Hell!" he thought. "But . . . I mean . . . Well, just two guys . . . Both broke."

He inhaled, and sighed, with a sense of immense relief. Somehow things were better.

"I'll take that fruit and all," he said. "The wife'll like it. About the job . . ." It was hard to say. "I'm glad you got a break," he said.

...and off went Clarence Budington Kelland's hat!



Illustrated with Mr. Kelland is Model A-125, a console with twelve metal tubes and five reception bands.

Asked to listen to the New General Electric Radio and then give his impression of it, Clarence Budington Kelland, famous for his Scattergood stories, wrote as follows:

"Frankly, I've never taken my hat off to any radio.

"I didn't today, when I first heard the new G-E. I didn't have to. The radio itself took care of that. My hat went off, but without any effort on my part.

"There is no combination of letters on the keyboard of my typewriter to describe the brilliance and clarity of the G-E tone. I'm tempted to say that it is marvelous—but Hollywood has first call on that adjective.

"Interfering stations, I found, no longer exist. There was no suggestion of overlapping even from stations close together on the dial.

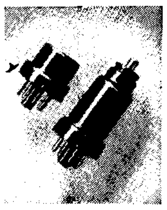
"I like my music straight—unadulterated by background noise—and that's the way this G-E gave it to me.

"You can snap your fingers, disdainfully, at distance, too, as you range all over Europe on the shortwave dial—without passports and tips to steamer stewards.

"I only wish I could improve my golf game as much as these G-E scientists have improved the radio. Then I'd be shooting in the 70's instead of in the 80's."

Clarence Budington Kelland

NEW METAL TUBES
The Inspiration for the New G-E Radio



Invented and perfected in the G-E "House of Magic"... prompting the creation of an advanced radio that is signally new—new from base to top.

All 1936 G-E Radios are completely equipped with metal tubes—Price range from $34.50 to $185.

(*All prices F.O.B., Bridgeport, Conn., and subject to change without notice.*)

You, too, will take off your hat to the New G-E Radio... and here's why:

No other radio can offer you the "House of Magic" background of this New 1936 G-E ... or these five outstanding "House of Magic" developments:

NEW METAL TUBES... strong and clear in signal, supremely quiet, untiring and dependable—the greatest forward step in radio progress since the introduction of the all-electric receiver.

G-E SENTRY BOX... controlling as many as five separate broadcasting bands... permitting only one of a thousand and one radio waves to pass—the wave you're dialed to hear.

G-E PERMALINER... maintaining the original alignment of the set... keeping the radio always at "concert pitch," year in and year out

G-E STABILIZED SPEAKER... reproducing speech and music with amazing fidelity—with every shade of tonal color.

G-E SLIDING-RULE TUNING SCALE... softly illuminated, showing only one tuning band at a time... listing all stations in a straight line—as easy to read as a ruler, whether you're sitting or standing.

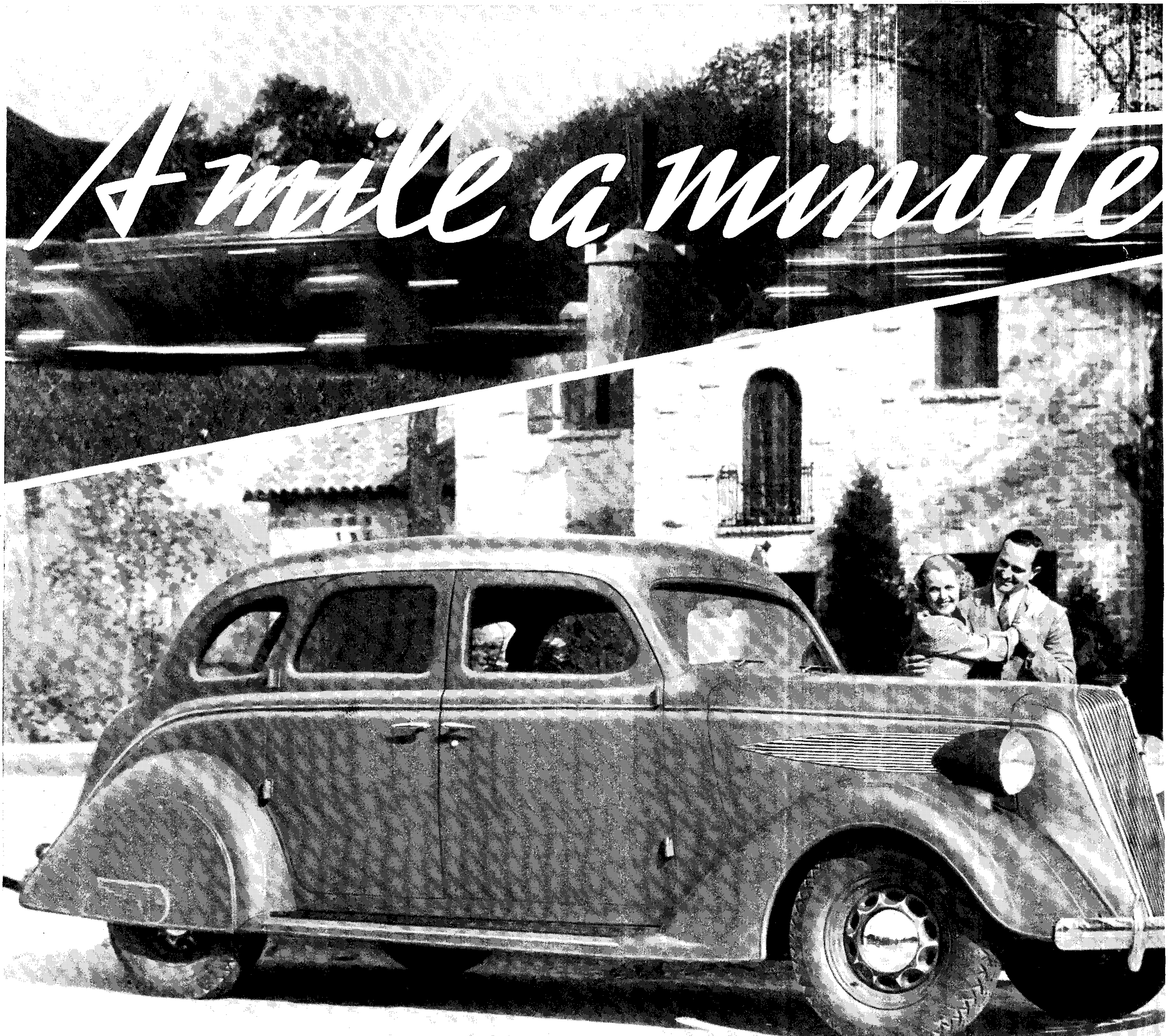
The radio that came out of the "House of Magic" is now on display at your nearest G-E Radio Dealer's—in a variety of consoles and table models. See and hear them ... then try to find their equal if you can.

To enjoy radio reception at its best, use the antenna designed to work superbly with this New G-E Radio—the new G-E V-Doublet All-wave Antenna. $5.95.

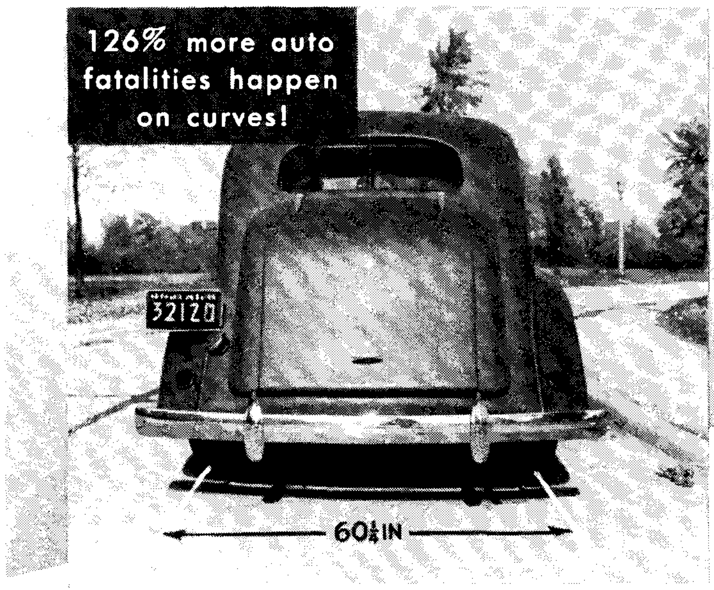
You'll rule the radio world with this smartly styled console—Model A-87. Eight metal tubes ... four reception bands ... walnut cabinet of Neo-Classic design.

GENERAL ELECTRIC

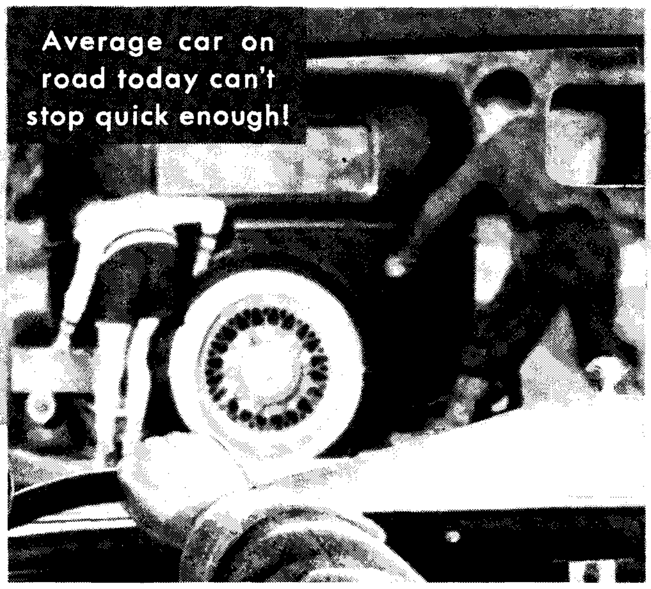
New 1936 Radio


A mile a minute

ACTUAL PHOTOGRAPH OF DE LUXE SIX-PASSENGER SEDAN WITH TRUNK


126% more auto fatalities happen on curves!
32120
60¼ IN

WHY IT'S THE HARDEST CAR IN THE WORLD TO TIP OVER, to side-slip or skid! The Nash "400" is lower . . . wider in relation to height and length than other cars. Remember, 126% more auto fatalities happen on curves than from all other causes combined!


Average car on road today can't stop quick enough!

WHY YOU CAN STOP IT QUICKER THAN ANY CAR EVER BUILT! The new Nash "400" has great big super-hydraulic brakes—larger in relation to car weight than those on any other car at any price! Quicker stops without swerving. Brakes last years longer.

Every day hundreds of cars leave road, turn over and over!

WORLD'S FIRST COMPLETE SEAMLESS ALL-STEEL BODY The Nash "400" has a one-piece, seamless all-steel top, steel floor and steel body, with girder-steel frame. Safer . . . and it will stand up years longer. Six passengers! Wider seats, more headroom than expensive cars!

is America's thrill!

EVERY DAY ON CHICAGO'S OUTER-DRIVE, FOR EXAMPLE, THEY HIT "50" AND "60" IN BUNCHES

That's why someone simply had to build a low-priced SUPER SAFETY CAR!

. . . A CAR THAT COSTS LITTLE MORE TO OWN AND EVEN LESS TO RUN THAN MUCH SMALLER CARS!

The whole nation is hitting "60"!

Newspapers, magazines shout their warnings. But the daily toll keeps getting larger and larger. They can't slow Americans down!

Now we don't like this any better than you do.

And we've done all we can to combat it. We've built a new type of safety car that any man or woman can afford—who can afford ANY new car!

And that's not just selling talk! For instance, this car has larger hydraulic brakes per pound of car weight than any car ever built at any price! That's important when you realize that the average car on the road today can't stop in less than 250 to 300 feet when going sixty miles an hour!

Then we've made it lower; and wider between the rear wheels in relation to height and length than other cars. We've made it the hardest car in the world to tip over . . . to side-slip or skid. That's important when you know that 126% more fatalities occur on curves than from all other causes put together!

Then we've given it as much speed, and more pick-up than you'll find in high-priced cars, because instant pick-up and speed often avoid an accident that brakes can't prevent.

Then we gave it the world's first seamless one-piece all-steel body with girder steel frame, steel top, steel floor, and steel sides! If you think other cars described as "all steel" are the same . . . see the X-Ray System at any of our dealers and you'll be interested to find either wire-netting tops or wood body-frames in most of these other cars!

On top of all this, Nash engineers have developed a new kind of engine, an engine the whole industry is talking about! It's based on an entirely new engineering discovery! It's so simplified in design that we were able to eliminate as many as 509 parts! Thus we not only give you more speed and pick-up in a low-priced car; but because of its new design, this motor uses less gasoline and oil than most of the smallest, cheapest cars!

Now there are two big reasons why Nash is building this bigger car, this super-safety car with all this extra value. First, we want to give former small car owners a safer automobile . . . and one they can afford to own and run! Second—as a newcomer in the low-priced field—we want to win a lot of customers quickly. And we think this is the way to do it! So see this new Nash "400" today. Never will you find a value that even approaches it. See it . . . compared with ALL other cars . . . thru the amazing X-Ray System at any Nash-LaFayette showroom! The Nash Motors Company, Kenosha, Wisconsin.

• • •

ANOTHER GREAT NEW FEATURE: Nash Automatic Cruising Gear available on all models. At high speeds, engine revolutions are one-third slower. Thus there's utter smoothness. No feeling of engine speed or effort. And of course gas and oil savings are even more amazing when engine turns over one-third slower! It's the newest thrill in motoring!

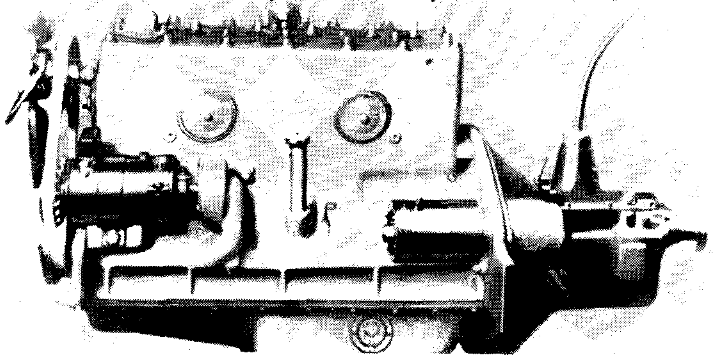
$10,000 IN CASH PRIZES

TO NAME THIS NEW KIND OF MOTOR!

What name would describe this marvelous new kind of motor—based on an entirely new engineering discovery—a motor so simplified that it has 509 fewer parts . . . so powerful that it's loafing at "70". . . so economical that it permits former small-car owners to change to a big, luxurious car and save gas and oil money in the bargain! See it. Name it.

FIRST PRIZE...$2,500 SECOND PRIZE...$1,000
618 other cash prizes from $500.00 to $5.00

Nothing to buy. Get simple rules and Entry Blank at Auto Shows or at any Nash-LaFayette showroom

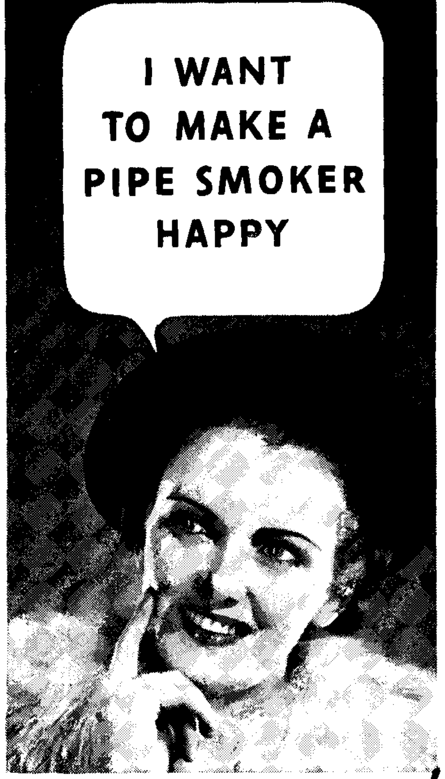
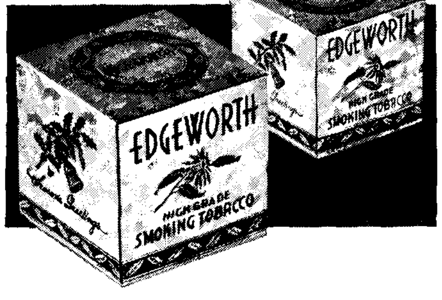


NEW NASH "400"

1936 LaFayette $595 and up, f.o.b. factory. NEW 6% C.I.T. TIME PAYMENT-PLAN. Easy terms. No lower rates in the industry

$665

and up f.o.b. factory. DeLuxe models $10 to $25 higher. Big, luxurious 1936 Ambassador models, 125-inch wheelbase, in two series at prices you formerly paid for smaller cars, $835 and up f.o.b. factory

This Christmas

I WANT TO MAKE A PIPE SMOKER HAPPY

Lady, here we are!

The world-famous quality tobacco—
EDGEWORTH
in vacuum-fresh tins for Christmas

ATTRACTIVE Christmas packages of Edgeworth are the way to any pipe smoker's heart.

This year, Edgeworth gift packages are furnished for the pound humidor, the pound and half-pound vacuum tins of Edgeworth Ready-Rubbed; and the pound container of Edgeworth Plug Slice. You will find them at your tobacco dealer's, ready for your ribbon and greeting cards.

"When giving a pipe, give a good pipe. When giving tobacco, give the best" is old advice and good advice. Give Edgeworth and be sure. Larus & Brother Co., Richmond, Va. Tobacconists since 1877.

SEND US YOUR GREETING CARDS

If your tobacco dealer is out of Edgeworth gift packages, send us your greeting cards and we will take care of the shipping without extra charge. A Merry Christmas to you and yours! Larus & Brother Co.

Hold that Tiger!

Continued from page 14

creatures they so closely resemble in their manner of living, and "getting acquainted" is a long, tedious business. In fact, it's necessary to "bait" them just as you would a wild animal.

This baiting process takes patience. First you find a clearing in the jungle with bare footprints in the earth to tell you it is frequented by *sakai.* And in that clearing you put down a wrapped and mysterious bundle, leave it, and go away. Some *sakai* is bound to find it later, and when he does he'll be as curious as a monkey about it. He'll be afraid of it at first, but eventually his curiosity will get the better of him and he'll open it to find a collection of what to him are priceless things you've put inside—packages of tobacco and salt and perhaps half a dozen gaudy-colored sarongs.

Stalking a Giant

You can bet that next day that *sakai* will come back to that clearing to see if the gods have left any more presents for him. And the gods have. A bundle precisely like the other is waiting there, and a hundred feet or so off you are waiting too. When the *sakai* sees you he'll be inclined to run. But chances are his desire to obtain the bundle will overcome his first fear and he'll grab it, running afterwards.

All this time you make no move at all. But you have shown him that you mean no harm or injury, and next day when he returns you speak to him. He'll be as shy as an antelope for a time, but after a few more days, when his natural fear and antagonism have been broken down through familiarity, he'll converse with you and give you any information he can about animals.

When I say converse I'm afraid I'm giving the wrong impression. Very little conversation is possible with the *sakai* of the jungle. They have a vocabulary limited to about seventy-five words, and they are only able to count to three. Anything over three is: "One-two-three—*many.*"

But it was through the *sakai* that I "baited" on my last trip into Pahang that I got on the track of my giant tiger. I had long heard rumors that there was an enormous tiger in this district of Pahang, and the *sakai* confirmed them.

"*Harimu bezar,*" he nodded eagerly in answer to my questions. Which means "great, big, enormous tiger." "*Harimu* more *bezar* than *gagah!*" he went on. "More tall than trees of *utan!*"

For a shy person he was certainly laying it on a bit thick. A tiger taller than the trees of the forest and bigger than an elephant would be *some* tiger! I have had plenty of experience with the natives of Malaya and they all exaggerate more or less; but even discounting eighty per cent of this *sakai's* vehemence I was convinced that somewhere in the district there was a tiger bigger than the ordinary run-of-the-mill and I determined to find him and, if I could, trap him.

After some persuasion I was able to get the whole near-by *sakai* tribe out into the jungle to look for the tiger's tracks. After a search of two days one of the tribe came running into the temporary camp I had set up, with news of the tiger. He had found its tracks—still bigger than *gagah* tracks, he claimed—"one-two-three—many" miles away on the top of a great plateau. Calling Ali and the other boys, and hastily getting together some supplies and my guns, I ordered the *sakai* to lead us to these tiger tracks that were bigger than an elephant's.

Those "one-two-three—many miles" were as tough as any I have ever covered. Actually there were twelve of them. We were in the hill country of Pahang, close to the mountain chain that runs down the whole length of the Malay Peninsula. The jungle here is almost impenetrable, and the terrain is constantly broken by deep ravines, chalk formations and immense rock cliffs.

To get to the top of the plateau where the tracks were we had to climb one of these cliffs. It was easily seven hundred feet high, and most of it was straight up. But the plateau at the top was fairly open and alive with game, especially deer. With all this tiger feed about, I had no doubt but what there was a tiger here. How big he'd be was another matter.

That question was soon answered. He was plenty big. In fact, the tracks the *sakai* pointed out to me in the jungle mud were the biggest tiger tracks I'd ever looked at. Not as large as a *gagah* spoor, of course, but big enough to convince me this was the granddaddy of all tigers and that I wanted him.

We followed those huge tracks until we came on other tracks—older ones—near a water hole. By the number of tracks on the ground it was a sure thing that the tiger came here pretty frequently for water. It was a fairly clear place in the jungle and an ideal spot for a trap. So I gave my orders to the boys.

Ali looked surprised.

"You want to catch *harimu, tuan?*" he asked.

"You bet I do, Ali," I told him. "A tiger as big as this one will be a sensation back in America."

"What good catch him?" he asked. "You can never take him America, *tuan.* Can never take anywhere. Never get tiger in cage down great cliff."

I'd thought of that myself. That seven-hundred-foot cliff which was the only way down from the plateau was an insurmountable obstacle. But by this time I was so enthusiastic about the size of those enormous tracks that I wasn't going to cross any bridges or go down any cliffs until I came to them.

"Never you mind that," I told Ali. "Let's *get* this tiger first and worry about what to do with him afterwards."

So I gave the boys orders to build a tiger trap. I knew from the size of the spoor that it would have to be bigger than any trap I had ever built before, and made of stronger, thicker logs. The power and force of an animal as big as this one promised to be would require extra strength to hold it. So we used bigger logs than usual, made the trap four by twelve feet, and tied each log in place with double thicknesses and knots of the toughest rattan. It took two days to finish it, but when it was done, set in place, and its sides covered and camouflaged with fresh green brushwood, I was satisfied with the job. I felt it would hold any tiger, no matter how *bezar.*

By Jungle Telegraph

I sent Ali out to shoot a buck deer for bait, and he came back with the hind quarters of a fine *sambar.* So we baited the trap and left it there in the jungle with a prayer and a hope.

But before I left I took extra precautions. I didn't want to leave the trap alone too long. A tiger as big as this one might possibly be able to fight and rip his way out, and I wanted to be on the spot to stop him if I could. So I had the boys build a small platform fifty feet high in a great durian tree that grew near by. And I sent Ahmed up to the platform for the night. From here he could keep safe watch of the trap, and if the tiger were caught he could let me know at the temporary camp we had rigged up, half a mile away, by means of drum signals.

The *sakai* do all of their distant communicating with drums. They make a drum by hollowing out a twelve-inch log and stretching taut monkey skin across it for a head. The hollow sound can easily be heard three quarters of a mile through the jungle on a still night. So I left one of these *sakai* drums with Ahmed in the tree, cleaned up all signs of our presence near the water hole, sprinkled fresh leaves about the ground, and went back to camp.

Before supper I had Ali and Awi make a number of torches, just in case. These are made by wrapping strips of gunny about the ends of green sticks and soaking the gunny in oil. They make a clear, bright flame in the jungle and serve to keep prowling animals away as well as to light a path.

It had barely grown dark when I heard Ahmed's distant drum beating in the night. I listened a moment, heard three beats, a pause, then three more beats repeated over and over. I knew something had gone wrong. This was the signal Ahmed was to use if the tiger did *not* go into the trap. Had the tiger been captured he would have beaten the drum steadily with no pause.

Caged in the Wood

I took up the other *sakai* drum and beat it. I wanted Ahmed to know we had heard him and were coming. Then, calling the boys, I tossed Ali the shotgun loaded with slugs, took my rifle, and with everyone carrying a torch we ran through the jungle. It wasn't exactly a pleasant run. If the tiger was not in the trap he was somewhere near by in the dark—and loose. While I counted on the torches to frighten him off, there is never any telling exactly what a tiger will do. Had we stumbled full on him in the night he would have attacked with the speed of a flash of yellow lightning.

We reached the trap, however, without mishap. I saw at a glance that the door was sprung and that Ahmed was still in the tree. He hadn't dared to come down, of course, with the tiger about.

He scrambled down in the torchlight, more than glad to see us.

"*Harimu* go right under me, *tuan!*" he explained. "He smell meat. He go to trap. He go in it. But then he suspect. He jump out, hit door and it drop."

"Was he big, Ahmed?" I asked.

The boy smiled wanly in the light of the smoky flames.

"To me, *tuan,* he look *almost* as big as *gagah.*"

There was nothing more to be done that night, for I knew the tiger wouldn't come back a second time. Probably the sambar meat had been too fresh. It hadn't had odor enough really to attract the tiger. So I took Ahmed back to camp and left the trap as it was.

Next evening I set it again. Again we repeated the process with the fresh leaves to cover our tracks, and again Ahmed reluctantly climbed to his platform in the durian tree. You've got to have patience in this business of mine, you see. There's no rushing a wild animal. And by this time I was so determined to catch this immense tiger that I planned to stay camped there on the plateau for a week or two if necessary.

As it happened, it wasn't necessary. We went back to camp, had our supper, and did our usual chores of cleaning the

(Continued on page 44)

A gasoline must be youthful, too

It must keep step *with modern motors and today's traffic!*

Every year new motors expect *more action from gasoline. The Texas Company has grown great by constantly matching its gasoline against the new developments of passenger car engineers and the increasingly severe requirements of ambulances, fire-engines and other emergency vehicles. Glance at the record below:*

In 1914 the fame of a new gasoline, refined in Texas, had been carried up along the Atlantic Coast, up the Mississippi River valley. Then this Texaco gasoline spread inland and westward . . . against the terrific competition of well-established brands . . . until it finally became available in all 48 states.

In 1926 The Texas Company produced another gasoline called the New and Better Texaco. This new product set a new high standard. Other gasolines had to step up their formulas to meet it.

In 1932 The Texas Company announced a gasoline that had been developed in laboratory for emergency vehicle use, fire-engines, ambulances, etc. It was called Texaco Fire-Chief and sold to the public at no extra cost. It meets the higher, more rigid U. S. Government specifications for emergency gasoline.

In 1935 the sales of Fire-Chief are greater than they were last year. And last year was the best previous year in the company's history.

A good gasoline will fight for itself.

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Hold that Tiger!

Continued from page 42

guns, washing up and making new torches in case we needed them in the night. It was a dark night, cloudy, with a touch of hot wind in the air. I remember seeing the dim mosquito net over my folding cot swaying in the breeze as I dropped off to sleep.

The next thing I knew I heard a drum. If you've never heard a *sakai* drum beating in the jungle at night, it's a weird and eerie sound. It seemed to me for a moment that all the lonely Malay ghosts of hollow trees were wailing through the dark. This drum was beating steadily and monotonously in my ears, far off, yet coming down loudly on the wind.

I gave a yell that awakened the boys. At the same time Ali snatched up the other *sakai* drum and beat it with all his might. For a few seconds the two drums joined their weird, hollow notes in the night.

When I was sure Ahmed had heard and knew we were coming, I gave the order to start. With torches blazing we covered that half-mile to the trap in record time. As we approached I could hear the furious snarls of a tiger in the torchlit jungle. And as we burst into the clearing by the water hole I heard Ahmed's glad cry.

He wasn't in the tree this time. He was standing on the ground by the log trap, smiling, proud, as if he had captured the tiger single-handed. It was the work of but a moment to tear down the camouflaging brushwood with which we had covered the sides of the trap. And there, through the log bars, in the flickering torchlight, I saw the biggest tiger I've ever laid eyes on.

He was a striped beauty. Long, and lithe, and powerful as Satan. He almost literally filled that huge trap. And the way he was tearing at the wood with his immense fangs and claws made me doubly glad I had built that trap out of extra-thick hardwood logs. He was so big and powerful he would have smashed his way out of an ordinary trap.

All the rest of that night, back in camp, I lay awake trying to devise means of getting that giant tiger back to civilization. The ordinary method is quite easy. I bring up one of my solid, iron-barred cages, put the doors of the cage and trap together, open them, and drive the captured animal through, shutting the door of the cage after him. Then all that is necessary is to run carrying poles through the cage and have ten or a dozen coolies pick it up and carry it where you want it.

Transportation Trouble

But here I had no cage, and even if I had it would have been impossible for an army of coolies to carry it on the rough trails and down that seven-hundred-foot cliff. Obviously some other means had to be devised, and I thought of a possibility just before dawn that morning. By the time the sun shot up, and the jungle began to steam, I had it pretty well worked out in my mind.

But it's one thing to get an idea and another to carry it out. I had plenty of tiger trouble before this one was even well started. Calling the boys, and having them bring all the ropes we had with us, I led them out to where my giant tiger still snarled and fought in his trap.

Did you ever try to get a rope around a tiger through a three-inch space between log bars? It's a job—complicated chiefly because the tiger won't coöperate. Every time you get a noose anywhere near him he promptly bites it in two with his sharp, powerful teeth.

But at last I managed to get a noose under one front leg up near the shoulder and around his neck and draw him close against the side of the trap so he couldn't bite it. Another rope around his hind quarters brought his whole bulk against the logs. With him bound solidly fore and aft it wasn't too difficult to get more ropes about the center of his body, about his legs and paws, around his mouth and head, so that finally he was lashed securely and helplessly to the log side of the trap.

It was then I sprang my idea on the boys.

"All right," I said. "He's tied there solidly. Knock the trap to pieces."

They looked at me as if I had suddenly gone *gila*—crazy.

"But, *tuan*—" Ali began.

"Do what I tell you!" I ordered him. "We can't lower that whole trap down the cliff; it wouldn't hang together. But there's no reason why we can't lower just *one side*—with the tiger tied to it!"

A Strange Elevator Ride

They saw the idea then, and its possibilities. But they were still a bit timid as they knocked that trap apart about the tiger's ears. He was such a big tiger, you see, bigger than anything they'd ever seen in all their jungle lives, that they couldn't quite believe it was possible to get him back to Johore.

With the rest of the trap knocked to bits the tiger lay on his side, securely lashed to the log siding. We tied carrying poles to the logs, and with the help of a dozen *sakai* carried the whole business—tiger and the log side of the trap—to the edge of the cliff.

I half lost my nerve at the sight of that cliff. Seven hundred feet is a long drop. And seven hundred feet is a long way to lower a tied live tiger on ropes, especially when it's one of the biggest tigers that ever lived.

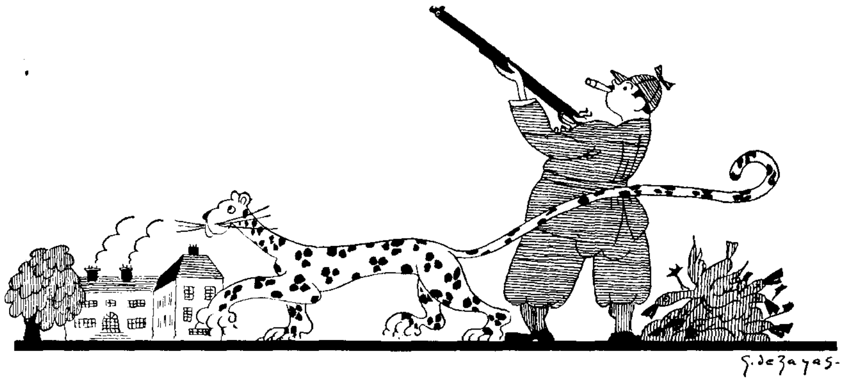
I gave the boys careful directions, then Ali and I, with the aid of ropes, lowered ourselves over the cliff. The danger, I knew, was at the bottom. Once the tiger was slid over the top edge of the cliff he couldn't hurt those who held the ropes. It was only those who were below to receive him who ran any risk, and I felt it was only right that I should take it.

The cliff looked immense from the bottom. My boys and the *sakai* appeared nothing more than tiny moving dolls against the sky at the top. I held my breath as they slid the tiger, bound against the logs, over the ledge. He swung like a slow pendulum, roaring defiance against space and the world, as he came down, the ropes above snubbed about two solid trees.

Slowly he came in what is probably the most unique elevator ride a tiger will ever take. Seven hundred feet of space from his home plateau to the jungle below, roaring angrily all the way, yet held firmly by man-made ropes to a wall of logs!

It was with a deep sigh that I finally reached up and steadied him to a resting place on the solid jungle floor. For I knew that from here on back to my permanent camp in Johore was merely the routine business of carrying him on the shoulders of coolies.

And that is the tiger trouble I had on my last expedition to the Asiatic jungles—the *biggest* tiger trouble I've ever encountered. And the roars my huge striped piece of animal dynamite once sent ringing across the wild jungles of Malaya I now hear each day in my American jungle camp at civilized Amityville, Long Island, U. S. A.



Keep Up with the World

By Freling Foster

A Long Island millionaire is perhaps the only person in the United States today who uses a cheetah, or hunting leopard, when he shoots ducks and pheasants. This large spotted cat, a native of Asia and Africa, retrieves the game of his master—in and out of water—like a well-trained dog.—*By Thomas McGovern, Jersey City, New Jersey.*

In March, 1935, the United States Supreme Court was obliged to review a trivial case—a $10 damage suit—which came directly on appeal from a justice's court in Texas because no other state court had jurisdiction over it, owing to the small sum in question, and because it involved a violation of the federal Constitution.—*By Lytton E. Maxwell, Durham, North Carolina.*

A strange accident happened to a strange craft in the Bay of Biscay in 1878. Cleopatra's Needle, a 200-ton obelisk, was being towed—on a giant iron cradle supported by pontoons—from Egypt to England by the S. S. Olga. During a storm the cables snapped and the craft, despite its great size, was not found for more than two months.

Certain species of may-flies are among the shortest-lived creatures on earth. Although they may spend as long as three years in the larval stage, their adult life lasts only a day or two. In fact some, upon reaching maturity, emerge from their film, mate, lay eggs and die within twelve hours.

The American Indians have never erected a monument of any kind, as far as known, to commemorate an event in their long history.—*By George M. Czayo, Du Quoin, Illinois.*

Of all the numerous kinds of amulets, talismans and other objects that have been used throughout the ages to ward off evil spirits, the most sensible one was employed in the protection of Danish children many years ago. It was garlic—eaten three times a day—solely for this purpose.

Every language and dialect which has been used and the voice of every famous man and woman who has lived during the past 40 years are preserved for posterity on a special set of 150,000 phonograph records.

The last signs of the covered wagon caravans that crossed the continent during the gold rush days of the 1840's can be seen today on the salt beds of Utah. Owing to the peculiar nature of these flats, the tracks of the wagons have been preserved on this desert by a distinct discoloration.

Despite its hundreds of members, the British House of Commons has had difficulty for centuries in getting a quorum of forty. Of the numerous reasons which they had for not attending the sessions, the most logical one was given in 1648. In that year most of them were in jail.—*By Gerald Weatherly, Falfurrias, Texas.*

The signature of virtually every famous person in the world today has been recorded in at least one autograph album. A recently completed collection of signatures, acquired by its owner through 25 years of travel and at a cost of $50,000, contains every one of the 30,000 autographs that he wanted, including those of kings, presidents and dictators, with the one exception of Pope Pius XI's.

Countless meteorites have struck this earth, and have, at times, come down in showers such as the fall of some 100,000 stones near Pultusk, Poland, on January 30, 1868. Yet there is no authentic record of a person having been killed by one.

In the United States today the average age at marriage is 21.7 years for women and 24.8 years for men. Today, women marry four months earlier and men eleven months earlier than they did 25 years ago.—*By H.B.Harvey, Cleveland Heights, Ohio.*

Five dollars will be paid for each interesting or unusual fact accepted for this column. Contributions must be accompanied by satisfactory proof. Address Keep Up with the World, Collier's, 250 Park Avenue, New York City.

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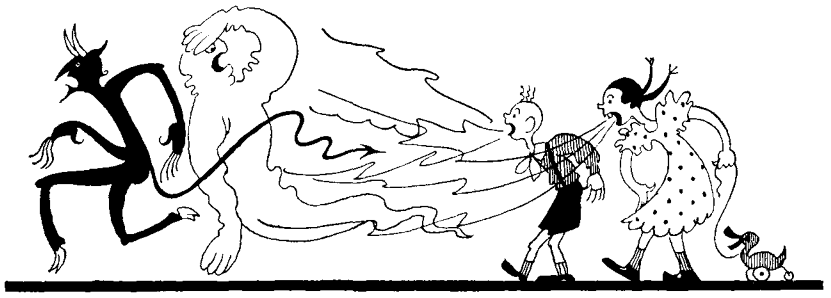


Smoke a lot on exciting days?

Mouth will keep fresh as snow

. . . if you keep to Spuds

15c
FOR 20
(25 FOR 25c IN CANADA)
CORK TIP or PLAIN
SPUD
Menthol Cooled
CIGARETTES
CORK TIP

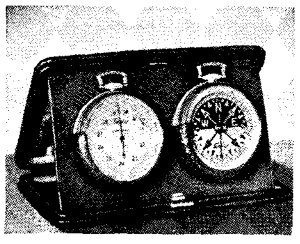
You can thank more than the menthol. Spuds have a secret process that takes the bad manners out of fine tobacco.

THE AXTON-FISHER TOBACCO COMPANY, INCORPORATED, LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

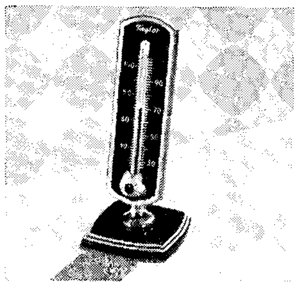
How to be original at Christmas

(and save yourself a lot of money . . . besides)

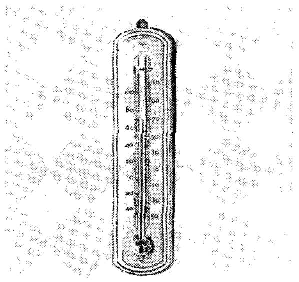
CHECK THROUGH these gift suggestions and get Christmas shopping off your mind. They're unusual, practical and welcome, too, we know. Of the hundreds of instruments Taylor makes, these are the ones that were picked out by a large group of men, women, and children. You'll know you are getting the best that money can buy, too—the Taylor name is your guarantee of full value and perfect accuracy. If your dealer can't supply you, write direct to Taylor Instrument Companies, Rochester, N. Y. Offices also in Toronto, Canada.



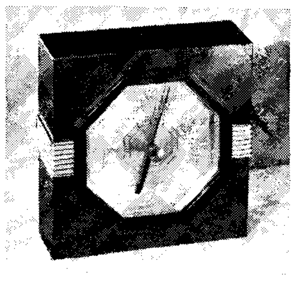
EXPERIENCED TRAVELERS rated this grand gift ★★★★. ADMIRAL BYRD SET, compass and altimeter combined. Tells how high you are and which way you're going. Swell for flying or driving. Smooth leather case, pocket size. $50.*



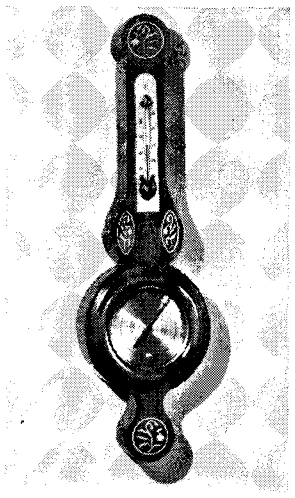
HOME OWNERS and office slaves equally impressed. INDOOR DESK THERMOMETER, Petite model. Attractive black back and base, easy-to-read figures and markings. Permacolor tube, magnifying lens, 4″ overall. $1.00.*



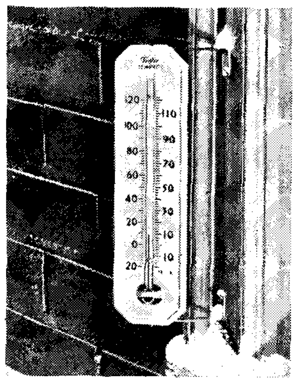
FAVORITE WITH MOTHERS —helps ward off colds. INDOOR WALL THERMOMETER, walnut finish, ivory enamel or silver lacquer back, relief line finished brass figures, Permacolor tube, magnifying lens, 6″ overall, $1. Other Indoor Thermometers, 50¢ to $2.00.*



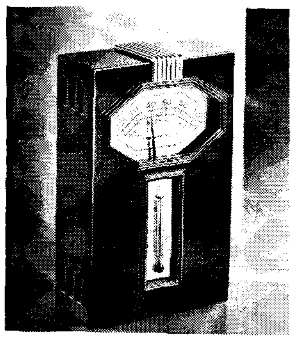
GOLFERS ENTHUSIASTIC — make dates by the weather. FAIRFAX STORMOGUIDE predicts tomorrow's weather today. Modern satin-black case, trimmed with chrome. Aluminum dial, adjustable *altitude control*, $10. *Other Stormo*guides, many styles and sizes, $10 to $60.*



DECORATORS, PICNICKERS, and **TRAVELERS** all waxed eloquent. PENDANT STORMOGUIDE, weather prophet and thermometer in one. Solid mahogany frame, Floral design, grained brass dial with easy reading indoor thermometer to match; 18½ inches high, $30. Other Stormoguides, $10 to $60.*

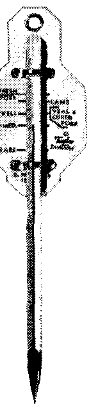


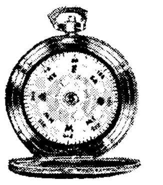
FATHERS AND MOTHERS say: "Grand guide for dressing." OUTDOOR THERMOMETER, Temprite Model. White vitreous enamel, black figures, Permacolor tube, magnifying lens. 8½inches overall. Mounting brackets to hold scale from wall. $1. Other Outdoor Thermometers, 50c to $3.50.*



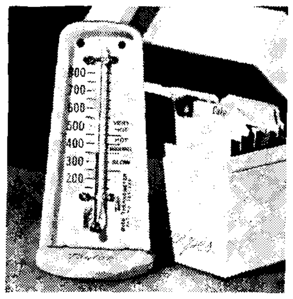
BIG FAVORITE with proud possessors of antiques. HUMIDIGUIDE, measures moisture content of the air. Indicates *condition of air, helps preserve furniture,* rugs, to say nothing of health. $3.50.*

COOKS AND HOUSEWIVES raved over this. ROAST MEAT THERMOMETER *tells* when roast is rare, medium or well done. Prevents shrinkage of meat, loss *of valuable* juices. White enamel with black figures. Easy to read and to use, $1.50.*





BOYS OF ALL AGES pounced on this. Wanted it for themselves, above everything else. LUMENITE COMPASS. Deluxe grained hunter case with ornamental bow, two-tone floating dial with luminous N and S points, $5. Other compasses, in ever so many styles, .75 to 7.50.*



GOOD COOKS insisted this be included in any list. BAKE OVEN THERMOMETER *prevents baking failures.* White vitreous enamel. Figures, markings and baking terms in black. Scale 200° to 700° F. Magnifying lens. *Complete with recipe file and cards,* $2.*

BABIES AND BATHERS gave stamp of approval. BATH THERMOMETERS, for measuring temperature of water. Cream ivory enamel, green trimming. Wooden handle with ring on top. Permacolor tube. Easy to read markings. 1.50. Other accurate Bath Thermometers, 75c to $1.50.*

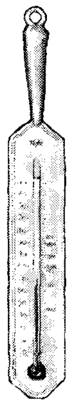
• • •

**Price slightly higher west of the Rockies and in Canada*

Taylor

INSTRUMENTS

IN INDUSTRY, other types for indicating, recording and controlling temperature, pressure, and humidity.



The True Friend

Continued from page 15

fiscal uncertainties. His 'must' program was a collection of half-baked, unnecessary, unwise and probably unconstitutional measures all designed to intensify regulation.

"And administrative incompetency!" Mr. Shouse swallowed repeatedly before going on. "It has been carried to the point of genius. Inexperienced youths entrusted with the expenditures of millions. Young lawyers, who never tried a case, preparing laws overnight and, backed by presidential support, bulldozing them through Congress next morning. Millions spent on leaf raking and eurhythmic dancing and today, six months after obtaining the vast grant of $4,880,000,000, there is still a wrangle as to which set of incompetents shall have the privilege of squandering it."

As a last word, or among his many last words, Mr. Shouse repeated his ringing denial of personal prejudice and partisan bias, and gave this pledge: "If the Administration will abide by the platform on which it was elected and to which it gave unqualified endorsement, it will have the enthusiastic coöperation of the American Liberty League."

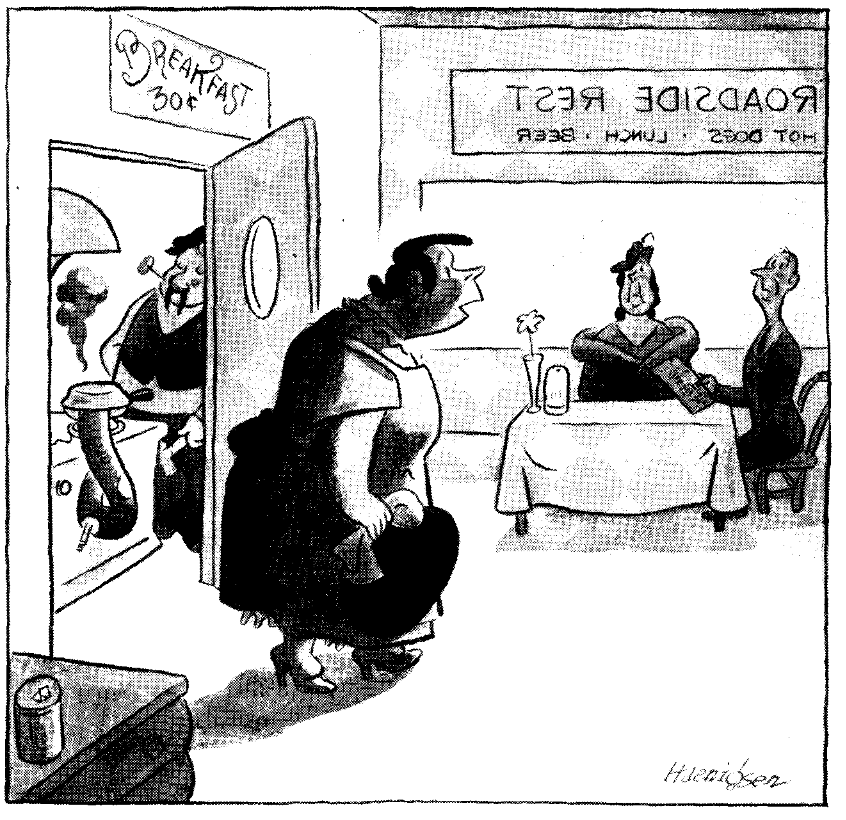
Up to date, Mr. Roosevelt has shown *no disposition* to accept Mr. Shouse and his group as "friendly critics," or to withdraw his comment that the League seemed to be more interested in property rights than human rights. The Democratic high command also attacks the alleged non-partisanship of the League by pointing out that the Du Ponts—Irénée, Lammot and Pierre—Edward F. Hutton, James W. Wadsworth, James M. Beck, Henry B. Joy, Elihu Root and Grayson Murphy are rock-ribbed Republicans, and that such Democrats as Mr. Shouse, "Al" Smith, ex-Governor Ely of Massachusetts, John W. Davis and John J. Raskob have a "personal bias" that amounts to actual inflammation.

Nevertheless, the Administration knows that the Liberty League is not to be dismissed with jeers and sneers. A look over the executive committee and the advisory council discloses very nearly all of the great names of industry and finance. The interests of the Du Ponts reach into every corner of the Union; then there are Sewell Avery; Joseph E. Widener, the Philadelphia traction magnate; Frank Rand of International Shoe; the Rhode Island Wetmores; S. B. Colgate; Edward F. Hutton; Arthur Curtiss James, the railroad master; J. Howard Pew, president of Sun Oil; the Cornelius Blisses; P. H. Joyce, president of the Chicago Great Western, and a hundred others equally powerful and wealthy.

With Unlimited Funds

Mr. Farley, of course, comforts himself with the belief that this "Wall Street" array will stir Left Wingers to even greater enthusiasm in Mr. Roosevelt's support, but he is too shrewd not to know that the attitude of such a group will have a very compelling effect on the thought and decisions of America's business world. Dr. Edwin W. Kemmerer, Princeton's famous economist and financial adviser to a score of foreign governments, is certainly as much of a monetary expert as Mr. Morgenthau and Professor Warren. Dr. Walter Spahr, professor of economics at New York University, Dr. Neil Carothers of Lehigh University and Dr. Albert G. Keller of Yale are others who cannot be dismissed as Little Brothers to the Rich. Moreover, there is also the added projectile force provided by unlimited funds. Between August and January 1st, contributions totaled $104,830.92, of which some $93,000 was spent. All this, let it be noted, was before the organization got under way. Although Mr. Shouse insists on pointing out that several thousand people contributed from one to five dollars, the Du Ponts gave $14,000; Mr. Colgate, $5,000; Mr. Avery, $5,000; Mr. Hutton, $5,000; Rufus L. Patterson, president of the American Machine and Foundry Company, $5,000.

How "Jim" Farley's mouth must water as he reads the list, and figures up what they *can* give.



"Your waffle will be delayed a few minutes, sir. My husband is using the iron to vulcanize a tire" HARRY HAENIGSEN

THIS YEAR...GIVE THE PEN THAT CAN'T LEAK!

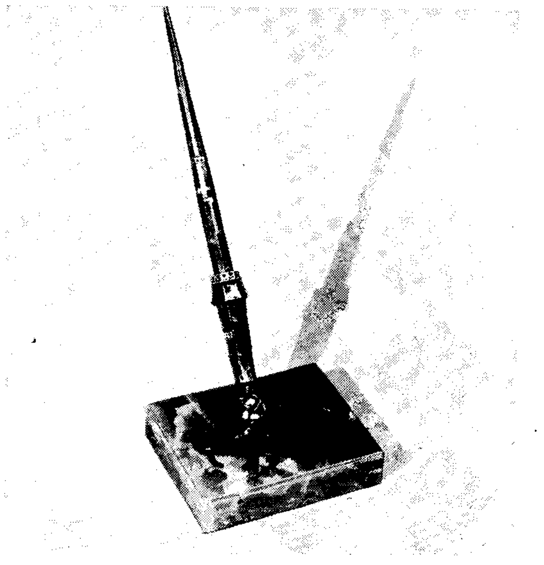
EVERSHARP takes the risk out of fountain pen giving. First . . . the Eversharp pocket pen *will not—cannot*—leak! For, when you screw on the cap, the Safety Ink Shut-Off* *automatically* shuts off the ink flow from the pen barrel. Good-bye forever to ink stains.

Then . . . the Eversharp is the only pen that the user can adjust to fit his or her own natural writing style . . . the only pen that gives Tailored Writing!

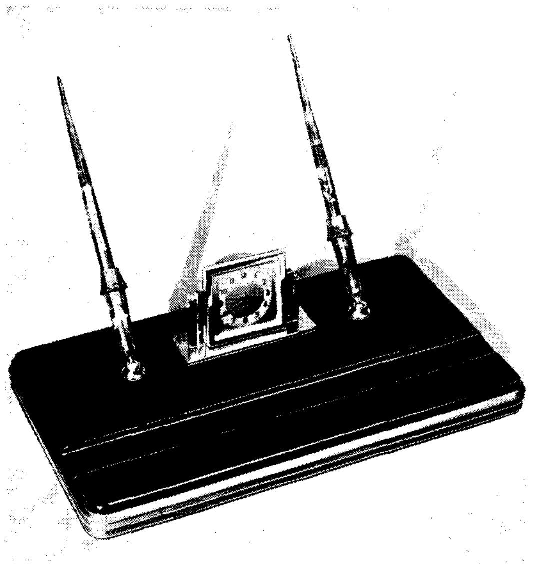
Remember, the Eversharp holds more ink—fills in one stroke—and shows when to refill. Guaranteed to give smoother writing than any other pen made!

Sold at stationers, jewelers, pen shops, department and drug stores. $7.50 and $10 (with guarantee for life). Other models $5. Eversharp Pencils to match $3.50 and $4. Matching sets $7.50, $10 and $12.50. Prices slightly higher in Canada. The Wahl Co., Chicago, New York, San Francisco and Toronto.

*U. S. patent applied for.



A set that can't be "wrong." Base is of beautiful green Argentine onyx. Pen, in green or gold shell pyralin, comes in Eversharp's Doric design—with adjustable point. The person you send it to can adjust it to fit his own individual style of writing! Swivel and pen trimmed with yellow gold. $10 Complete.



The most unusual gift set of the season! Has *two* pens—both Eversharp. *Both in beautiful Doric shape.* Both give Tailored Writing. Jet black glass base is bound with non-tarnishable, satin finished metallic band. A beautiful 8-day clock with chrome finish to match base is set between the pens. $50 Complete.

A personalized gift! Here's an unusually trim set with silver initials on a beautiful black base. Base is mounted on chrome metal plate. The pen is long, graceful, tapering—made of black pyralin. Complete with initials on base—$5.

Other desk sets at many different prices.

EVERSHARP

FOUNTAIN PENS

LEAK-PROOF—AND GIVE YOU TAILORED WRITING

Splitting Florida

Continued from page 9

citrus, celery and spinach barons to that calm serenity to which fat living in a warm climate had accustomed them. Someone suggested that President Roosevelt, being an extremely busy man and (they added unkindly) surrounded by palm-frond minds who wouldn't know a canal from a sluice box, wasn't in possession of all the facts. This appeared to Congressman J. Hardin Peterson of Florida to be filled with high likelihood. So Mr. Peterson, whose face becomes quite ruby at the very mention of the canal, sent Mr. Roosevelt a couple of tons of what South Florida and anti-canal engineers and geologists thought. On August 29, 1935, Mr. Roosevelt wrote back to Representative Peterson.

A Long List of Benefits

Said the President:

"The War Department advises me that it has given detailed consideration to the effect of the sea-level ship canal on the underground water supply of the State of Florida and while the wells immediately adjacent to the canal may suffer some decrease in their water supply, no serious adverse effects are to be anticipated. . . . Please be assured that the matter will receive detailed and careful consideration."

And that, northern or pro-canal Florida assured us, is enough for them. If the President of the United States is not worried about the state's water supply, they aren't. Anyway they didn't need reassurances from the President. Northern Florida is vociferously and militantly in favor of the digging. There are people in Jacksonville who would have felt better had Colonel Somervell and his scientific crew established their headquarters there. And there are a few businessmen who are seized with cramps every time the colonel buys a bag of cement or a new pick elsewhere—in Tampa, for example. But North Florida may be said to be profoundly and practically unanimously happy.

The canal, says North Florida, will mean a saving of $7,500,000 a year to shipping between Atlantic and Gulf ports. It will shorten the voyage between Atlantic and Gulf ports by two and a half to three days. It will be of great service to the country in time of war. It will complete the inland waterway from Boston to Gulf ports. By taking to the canal instead of picking their way through the Florida Keys, passenger-carrying ships would evade the dangers of the hurricane season. For example, the steamship Dixie could have used the canal—had there been a canal. The list of the benefits North Florida attaches to the canal is as long as the road to Addis Ababa. We have mentioned but a few just to show you what you may expect if you expose yourself to the fire of the pro-canal element.

When Experts Differ

And we're compelled to believe that North Florida's summation of the benefits was more impressive in Washington than South Florida's fears because the digging has begun. And it has begun with such abandon that unless you are very alert these days in the vicinity of Ocala you are apt to be hit in the face by a shovel of dirt or run over by government trucks which apparently can't do less than a mile a minute. Neverthe-

Callingham's Girl

Arthur Somers Roche had half completed "Callingham's Girl" at the time of his death last winter. The novel was close to his heart, for some of its leading characters were modeled on friends he held dear. It was to have been, he said, his best work, but all of his novels were his best work. Arthur Roche never did less than that.

He had often discussed the course of his newest plot with Mrs. Roche and recently Collier's asked her to finish the story. A successful novelist in her own right, Mrs. Roche has completed her task brilliantly. You will like "Callingham's Girl."

By Arthur Somers Roche
and Ethel Pettit Roche

This Christmas

X-RAY HAS MADE SURE

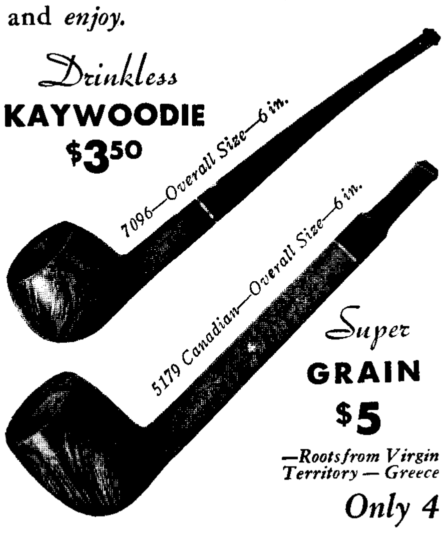
your gift will please him..

Drinkless KAYWOODIE

Perfect Gift, Inside and Out!

There's no Christmas present like Kaywoodie, because a man swears by his pipe. And Kaywoodie, as everyone knows, is no ordinary pipe. It's proved in over 400 smoking tests, the best-smoking of all the world's well-known pipes. The briar it's made of is sound and clear and sweet—free from internal flaws, fissures and stones—X-Ray sees to that; we use it to look right through the wood! Only Kaywoodie does this. So give him a Kaywoodie—the gift he'll *value* and *enjoy.*

Drinkless
KAYWOODIE
$3.50



Super
GRAIN
$5
—Roots from Virgin Territory — Greece

Only 4 out of each 100 Briar Bowls meet the Kaywoodie Standard

Pipes are like fingerprints—no two alike. Because the briar they're made of has a thousand differences. It may be full of holes like cheese; it may smoke hot; it may smoke strong; it may be wet and rank. Only 4 pieces of briar, out of the average 100, will smoke the Kaywoodie way—which is *best!*

Send 10¢ for Actual X-Ray Picture, Catalog, and Specimen of $5 Super-Grain Kaywoodie Briar

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Empire State Building New York City

What do you **get** when you buy MINERAL OIL?

There is a great difference among mineral oils. When you pay for mineral oil, do you get the purest and best—the kind you ought to use?

The mineral oil for internal use should not only be free from all impurities but should also have "high viscosity"—it should give heavy lubrication.

You get these two important qualities when you buy Squibb Mineral Oil—which is specially refined for internal use. It comes from the one locality in the world where is found this highest type of oil for internal use, and that locality is in California. Squibb Mineral Oil (Liquid Petrolatum heavy Californian) is absolutely tasteless, odorless, colorless. It will not increase body weight or body heat.

SQUIBB
MINERAL OIL

The Priceless Ingredient of Every Product is the Honor and Integrity of its Maker

SQUIBB
SQUIBB
LIQUID PETROLATUM
MINERAL OIL
E.R. SQUIBB & SONS, NEW YORK

TUNE IN
"TO ARMS FOR PEACE!"
Presented by E. R. Squibb & Sons
in cooperation with World Peaceways
Thursdays, 9:30 P.M. (E.S.T.)
Columbia Network
Coast to Coast

less there was quite a lot of political ropewalking and adagio dancing before the word was given.

At least three federal commissions contradicted each other before it was decided to go ahead anyway. And they've lost count of the local and private surveys and reports. To begin with, the Army engineers said it would be an interesting canal to dig and dredge but that it probably wouldn't pay. As the government engineers said the Passamaquoddy power project would be something to put one's best efforts into in spite of its dubious economic worth, so did they view the Florida canal plans. As for South Florida's water, they merely said the engineers ought to be able to take care of that.

Summing it up, the first report of the engineers did not inspire the pro-canal element with a desire to hug itself. Furthermore, that section of the New Deal army which seems to fear more than anything else a diminution of the work-relief rolls raised the number of persons the canal digging would ultimately employ directly and indirectly from twenty-five thousand to thirty-five thousand. And they wanted to know whether the Administration was going to deny thirty-five thousand splendid citizens this unparalleled chance to work.

Still Another Commission

Anyway a second commission was told to make what they could of it. This one was assigned from Mr. Ickes' PWA offices and it rode back and forth across Florida until, according to Mr. Ed Symmons of Yankeetown, the dogs stopped barking at them and the seats of their pants wore out. They too reported that it would be no trouble at all digging the canal but that it would be silly for the government to expect to get its money back. Then there was another commission. Just what it reported and to whom is a bit of a mystery. We heard various rumors about it. Some say it got lost in the Everglades, having wandered far off its course. And some say it wrote several letters to Washington and, getting no reply, divided into two sections, one going fishing for tarpon and the other settling down in Florida to raise celery. Frankly, we seem to have lost track of it.

Apparently it was necessary for Mr. Roosevelt to do something. Mr. Hills, the federal patronage dispenser in Florida upon whom Mr. Jim Farley is depending to keep the state in the Roosevelt column next fall, made a survey of his own. Well, it wasn't exactly his own. As we have told you, Mr. Hills is an engineer. His partner in engineering is Colonel Gilbert A. Youngberg, United States Army, retired. The city of Jacksonville, where Messrs. Hills and Youngberg live, retained them at a price of $30,000, or thereabouts, to make another survey. They did so, to the complete satisfaction of Jacksonville, which sees herself becoming inordinately wealthy from all the shipping she expects to pass her doors.

A Variety of Decisions

But the wails of South Florida still were so loud and poignant that Mr. Roosevelt, telling Mr. Hills to be patient, caused still another commission to spend the winter in Florida, poor thing. Mr. Symmons' neighbor, a Mr. Harrigan, told us that if all the commissioners he had seen were still in Florida there wouldn't be room to swing a pick anywhere along the canal route. This latest Special Board of Army and PWA engineers, a carefully selected group, was directed by the President to "work out financially at three per cent and determine the probable revenue over cost of operation and see if it will pay back a bond issue in fifty years." They reported that it wouldn't. They went further. They said that it wouldn't retire a bond issue even at two per cent interest. Even, the board went on, if a toll of eight cents per net registered ton were charged, the bonds carrying two per cent interest couldn't be retired. But, it added, with an eight-cent toll the canal "would earn operating and maintenance expenses and theoretically the cost of construction, without interest, in eighty years."

And then, just so it couldn't be accused of overlooking anything, the board concluded: "The advocates of the proposed improvement anticipate the following collateral and indirect benefits: Relief in the present emergency, stimulation of commerce and shipping, adjustment of freight rates and mail subsidies, reduction in hazard of shipping during the hurricane season, value to shipping and possibly to the Army and Navy during a war and providing of a third route to and from the Panama Canal. These can not be given a monetary value in a financial report."

All of which gave birth to a variety of decisions and lack of decision in Washington. Tampa, fearing great losses to its shipping, declared that it wouldn't use the canal, tolls or no tolls. When you've inquired a bit around Tampa you find reason to doubt that city's sincerity. If the canal is built, Tampa will use it, as much as she may hate it. Tampa would probably have to. Certain Tampa ship operators, having highly lucrative mail-carrying contracts, would suffer on foreign mail conveyed at so much a mile. But they would be forced in time to use the shortest route to the Atlantic and that's exactly what they're afraid of. They'll assure you that a large number of their ships draw too much water to use the thirty-foot canal. The Army engineers call this nonsense and North Florida tells you that 97 per cent of the ships in the Gulf to Ocean trade can pass through the canal without losing either dignity or their keel plates.

Descending Upon Washington

At any rate, and just to make certain that no one might talk of boycotting the canal on account of tolls, Washington announced that it would be a free canal. Whereupon the anti-canal crowd went in strong for government economy, lamenting that any Administration that would throw away $146,000,000 without even feeling sorry it wouldn't get a cent back ought to be taken to a good doctor—a Republican one.

But you get the idea. This sort of thing promised to go on indefinitely until one day word came from Washington that President Roosevelt was working up a sick headache and was being advised by the Ickes element that the surest and quickest cure was to have absolutely nothing more to do with canals—particularly in Florida. And then Mr. Hills, to whom by this time the canal had become a personal matter, took matters into his own hand. Mr. Hills became violently active.

He found both Florida senators anxious to irritate nobody. Left to their own devices, both Senator Fletcher and Senator Trammell hoped they would be called upon for nothing more than to greet everybody with impartial courtesy and hope for the best. But Mr. Hills is no Mahatma Gandhi. As far as we were able to learn, there is scarcely any nonsense about Mr. Hills once he becomes aroused.

Mr. Hills seems to harbor no political office ambitions. It is not on record that he has sought any. Neither is it known that he was offered any. All Mr. Hills wanted was the canal, which, when you've thought it over, seems little enough for any man to want. It is not thought that

(Continued on page 50)

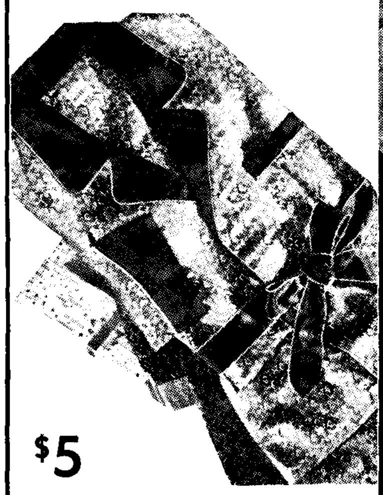
For HIS Christmas

FAULTLESS NOBELT PAJAMAS

. . these new-type pajamas **GIVE A MAN A BETTER NIGHT'S SLEEP!**

New holiday patterns now featured at department and men's wear stores everywhere. $2 to $10

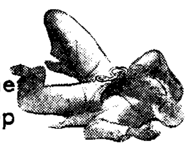
They stay up without pressure



$5 Above. *Lounging Pajamas* . . . very swank, tailored from rich sateens. Wide selection of colorful all-over designs and stripes.

$10 Above. *Luxurious silks* . . . heavy and washable. Exclusive new patterns. They're the most handsome pajamas you've ever seen . . . and they have the stre-t-c-h-able Nobelt waistband for sleeping comfort.

$2.50 Above. *Lusterette* . . . a beautiful soft, new fabric developed specially for Nobelt Pajamas. Exceptionally long-wearing. Smart solid colors. White, blue, tan, gray, gold or black.



NOBELTS get rid of the "ROPE" that ruins sleep

Faultless Nobelt Pajamas don't have drawstrings to bunch and bind. A flat, wide waistband of stre-t-c-h-able rubber holds pajamas up comfortably—without pressure. (Waistband is guaranteed to keep its lively stretch for the life of the garment.)

Copr. 1935, Wilson Brothers

TAILORED EXCLUSIVELY BY **WILSON BROTHERS** CHICAGO

also makers of V-Shape Shirts, Faultless Nobelt Super Shorts, Buffer Hose, Skipper Sportwear, and Neckwear

(Continued from page 49)

with such prosperity as the canal will fetch to Jacksonville Mr. Hills will lose a penny, but we have no proof that he is financially interested in any of the nascent land-sale schemes which may presently attach themselves to the canal. Mr. Hills' interest in the canal appears to be neither more nor less than that of any businessman whose personal friend happened to be President.

A Six-Year Job

Anyway Mr. Hills, upon hearing that the President was in danger of being foundered by the controversy and had indicated that, pushed a bit farther, he might hand the whole thing over to Congress for decision, raced to Washington closely followed by a large delegation of apprehensive and canal-desirous North Floridans. And they all knew, or professed to know, that if it were up to Congress to appropriate $146,000,000 for a transflorida canal there would be no canal. Their representatives in Washington had told them that.

In Washington they descended upon the aged and tiring Senator Fletcher. There are a variety of stories (some not so pleasant) about that meeting. The delegation lost no time in stating their desires. They wanted $146,000,000 and had Mr. Hopkins of the FERA and WPA on their side. They conceded that $146,000,000 was a lot of money to be doled out in one pile but they were tired of all this shilly-shally. As a first installment they would take $26,000,000, but would consider $15,000,000, although they hoped they wouldn't have to. Anyway Senator Fletcher wearily called a cab and asked the driver to deliver him if possible to the White House.

When he returned he told his callers that the President was not at the moment in one of his more expansive moods. Although the President hadn't said so, it was wholly likely that he was far from satisfied that it was wise to pay $146,000,000 for a canal which at least half of Florida didn't want—and which wouldn't pay for itself. Mr. Roosevelt would just as soon see the canal dug but preferred that Congress appropriate the money. If Congress did, the responsibility would be Congress'. If Congress refused, Mr. Hills and North Florida couldn't blame him. He, the President, would be glad to recommend the idea to Capitol Hill.

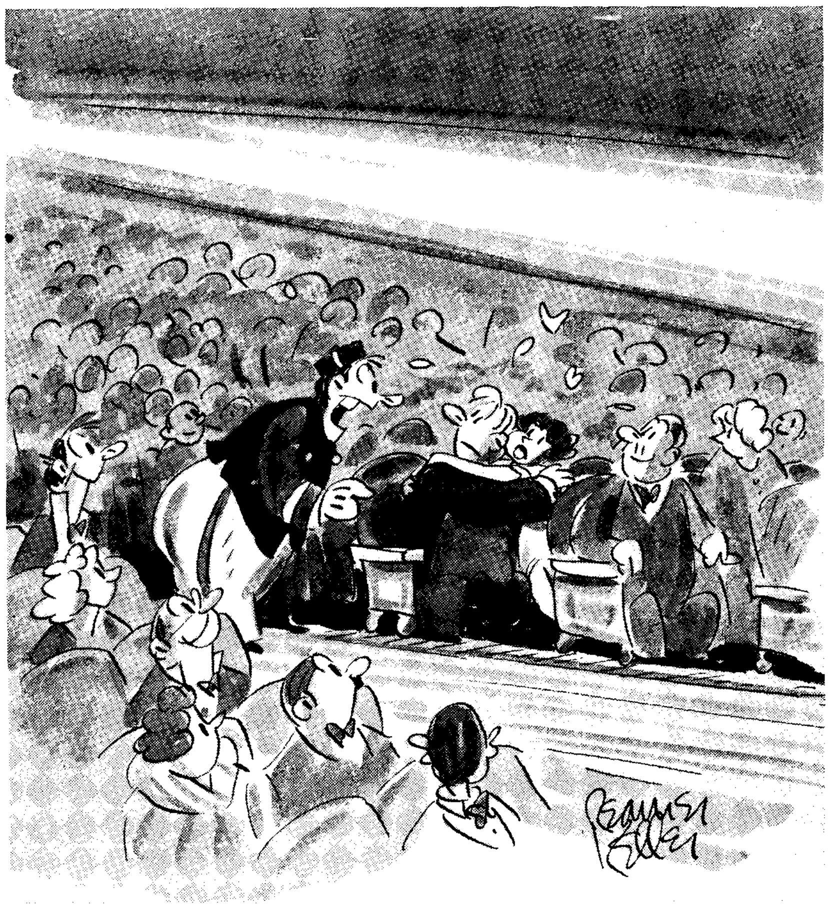
And in the meantime, Mr. Roosevelt was willing to go as far as $5,000,000 out of the Works Progress Administration funds. Five million with perhaps twenty millions to come in the course of a few months. But five millions would have to do for the present. Mr. Hills and his delegation returned to Florida in pretty good humor. Of course they would have liked to have caught President Roosevelt in a somewhat more generous frame of mind; but at least the canal was going to be started. And it is usually very difficult to stop digging canals once you've got the hang of it. Also to leave Florida lying around with a five-million-dollar wound in her vitals would be neither politically advisable nor scenically admirable.

The Unimportant Statistics

And that, except for several hundred thousand details, is about all there is to it. Anyway it's about all we have room for. It occurs to us, though, that we've almost overlooked telling you something about the canal. That's easily supplied. It will take six years to complete it. It will be 206 miles long. The right of way will be a mile wide. It will be spanned by twelve bridges, railway and highway. The canal itself will be 700 feet wide and maybe more. It will be thirty feet deep. It will extend twenty-five miles into the Gulf of Mexico.

In short, it will be considerable canal. Provided, of course, it ever is a canal.

But Ocala, where the activity started and where the digging is now visible in all its fury, is not worrying about that. With the government spending five million dollars in her very front yard, Ocala feels as if Europe had paid those war debts you've heard so much about—and paid them all to Ocala.


Reamer Keller

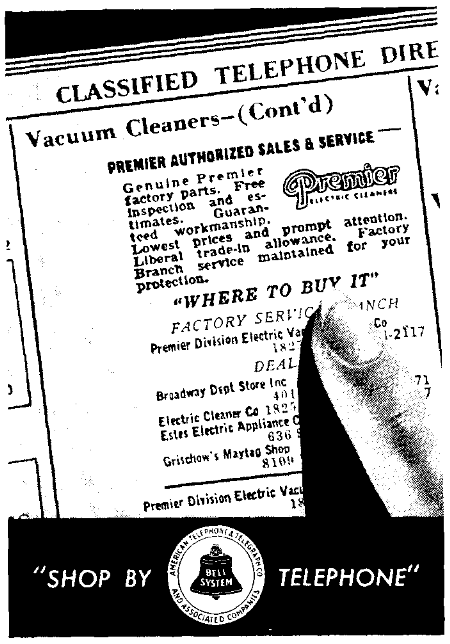
"Just relax and enjoy the show, feller. We won't let anyone kidnap her"

REAMER KELLER

Thanks to my classified telephone book....
CLASSIFIED TELEPHONE DIRECTORY
I finished my shopping hours earlier

THE classified telephone book is the shopper's friend.

Authorized dealers are listed under the brand name — Philco, Kelvinator, Stromberg-Carlson, for example. You save time and get *exactly* what you want.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Genuine Premier factory parts. Free inspection and estimates. Guaranteed workmanship. Lowest prices and prompt attention. Liberal trade-in allowance. Factory Branch service maintained for your protection.
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"SHOP BY TELEPHONE"
BELL SYSTEM
AMERICAN TELEPHONE & TELEGRAPH CO AND ASSOCIATED COMPANIES

"Tea, Sir?"
"Tea? *Me?* No!
TEACHER'S!"

HIGHLAND CREAM
"The Right Spirit"
TEACHER'S HIGHLAND CREAM
Perfection of Blended Scotch Whisky
Blended and bottled by Wm. Teacher & Sons, Ltd. Glasgow Scotland
Product of Scotland 100% Scotch whiskies imported by Schieffelin & Co. New York, N.Y. Sole agents for the U.S.A.
100% SCOTCH WHISKY

A GOOD RULE

to follow, when you are ordering Scotch whisky:—specify Teacher's "Highland Cream" and make it clear you will be satisfied with nothing else. Its rich flavour, delicate bouquet and satin smoothness make it the "Perfection of Scotch Whisky." Bottled in bond in the United Kingdom under government supervision by WM. TEACHER & SONS, LTD., GLASGOW and LONDON. Established 1830.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:
Schieffelin & Co., NEW YORK CITY
IMPORTERS SINCE 1794

TEACHER'S
"HIGHLAND CREAM"
the Perfection of
SCOTCH WHISKY

Star Torture

Continued from page 25

nonchalantly out and across the street to the theater. They were disconcerted the next day when they read lengthy criticisms in the Hollywood Reporter and the Pacific Coast edition of Variety. The accounts in these leading trade dailies were favorable, on the whole, but said that the picture dragged in spots. Jolson was fit to be tied, because he had already planned to cut out the dull footage. He was also mystified until he learned that the critics had chanced to be eating at the same restaurant that night. Seeing Jolson and his confreres, they decided that something was up. So they quietly followed them into the theater.

An even greater menace is the possibility that some young actor or actress, who has a minor part and yearns for stardom, will seize the opportunity and pack the theater. Recorded instances of this might be cited. Quite a lot of movie seats can be bought for, say, $100, and the return on this investment, if the resulting storms of applause impress the producers in attendance, will be very large indeed.

In the Custard-Pie Days

Rival producers are not welcomed at sneak previews, either. Suppose, for a moment, the improbable. Suppose that the picture about to be unwound is based on a really new idea; such as the story which started the avalanche glorifying the "G" men. A thunderously enthusiastic audience at such a preview will start every producer in town making a film which imitates the other as closely as the plagiarism laws will permit. These can seriously damage the earnings of the first, original film. Lastly, there is always a chance that some unsuspected personality of the screen will emerge (without benefit of an artificially packed house) at a sneak preview. It is a safe assumption that RKO did not anticipate the striking success of Katharine Hepburn when they cast her in her first picture, "A Bill of Divorcement." Rival producers would be so much poison at such a happy event. It was to guard against their presence that Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, in August, arranged a secret preview of "Broadway Melody of 1936" in far-off San Diego. Planes were secretly chartered and high-priced executives flew stealthily to the rendezvous. Card after card from the San Diego audience proclaimed that Eleanor Powell, the tap-dancing lady, was the hit of the picture.

The custom of staging sneak previews began about twenty years ago and it was limited, at first, to Mack Sennett's and other comedy shorts. Innumerable problems in psychology had to be solved in those days. One custard pie thrown at a policeman might be funny. A dish of scrambled eggs thrown at a policeman—or two custard pies—might leave the audience cold. The customers would laugh until they wept at the Keystone cops in an ancient flivver, and not crack a smile when they made their chase in a laundry wagon. So the two-reelers were tacked on to the programs in local theaters and tested. Harold Lloyd was apparently the leader in testing full-length pictures. The first really famous sneak preview, however, was of a film called "Mickey" in which Mabel Normand was the star.

The sneak was scheduled, with all necessary stealth, for a theater in Ventura, a two-hour drive from Hollywood. The studio heads motored north for the occasion. An assistant director was charged with getting the cans of film to the Ventura theater on time. He sent them off at 6 o'clock. They had been on their way for more than an hour when he discovered, to his utter consternation, that one of the ten cans had, in some unaccountable manner, been left behind. The can contained a reel which came toward the end of the comedy. The frightened assistant estimated that he had still an outside chance to save his job, so he hired a motorcycle and roared up highway 101 through the night. But his heart sank as he drew up to the Ventura theater. The show had broken. The audience was leaving. The underling was racking his brains for an adequate excuse when his boss came rushing toward him.

"Pal!" he cried. "It's colossal! Colossal! It'll gross a million easy!"

"Yeah?" stammered the assistant director.

"And you, my boy, get a bonus and a raise," the producer went on. "It was genius, sheer genius, your knowing enough to leave out that reel. It was getting slow. You saved the picture!"

All in all, it is about as easy to locate a gambling dive at which free opium is served as to find, in advance, a bona fide sneak preview in Hollywood. The polite young man at a major studio raised a skeptical eyebrow when I broached the subject. He said that no outsiders were ever taken. But he agreed to ask his superior officers whether an exception could be made so that this phase of the Hollywood scene might be recorded for posterity. He did not believe they would consent, but he would telephone me at my hotel. A night or two later the phone rang.

"Is this H. F. Pringle?" a mysterious voice asked. "Will you please call Crestview 0000 and ask for Mr. Jones?"

A faintly nostalgic flavor surrounded it; my New York bootlegger, in the dear, dead days, used a similar safeguard to make sure that he was not talking with the federals instead of with me. I called the number and got Mr. Jones.

"Hiya?" he asked, which is the breezy western contraction of "How are you?" and is used by all picture people. "Hiya? Listen! Be in the lobby of the hotel at 7 o'clock tonight."

A Lady Wails

That was all he would say. He would not reveal where the sneak was to be staged or the name of the picture. I was all but blindfolded when they got me into the automobile which came for me, and Mr. Jones extorted a solemn promise that I would write nothing which would reveal the picture which I would see. We sped across town toward Wilshire Boulevard and then turned in the direction of Los Angeles. We continued through the city, and I was soon lost in a maze of suburbs. After an hour's drive we arrived at a fairly large theater in a city of about 20,000. Mr. Jones said that the preview would be run off at 8:30 o'clock. We went in and sat down in a section of twenty or more seats which had been roped off. Mr. Jones whispered that the man to my left was the head cutter, who had done the final work on the film. The nervous young man just in front of us was the director. The pretty girl, a seat or two to the right, was the star.

"She'll have to have a manicure in the morning," whispered Mr. Jones with a mean grin. "She'll gnaw off most of her fingernails during the next hour. This preview racket is great for the manicure business. We ought to get a rake-off."

The audience applauded when an announcement was flashed on the screen that a preview was about to be shown

(Continued on page 52)

The "Write" way to say "Merry Christmas" is with Esterbrook FOUNTAIN PENS

HERE'S the ideal Christmas gift. With this new idea in fountain pens by the world's greatest pen makers, you select the point that fits the writing task of the person for whom you intend it. The Esterbrook Re-New-Point system of point grading takes the guesswork out of fountain pen selection and proves that it is no longer necessary to pay fancy prices for a pen that will give miles and miles of smooth, effortless writing.

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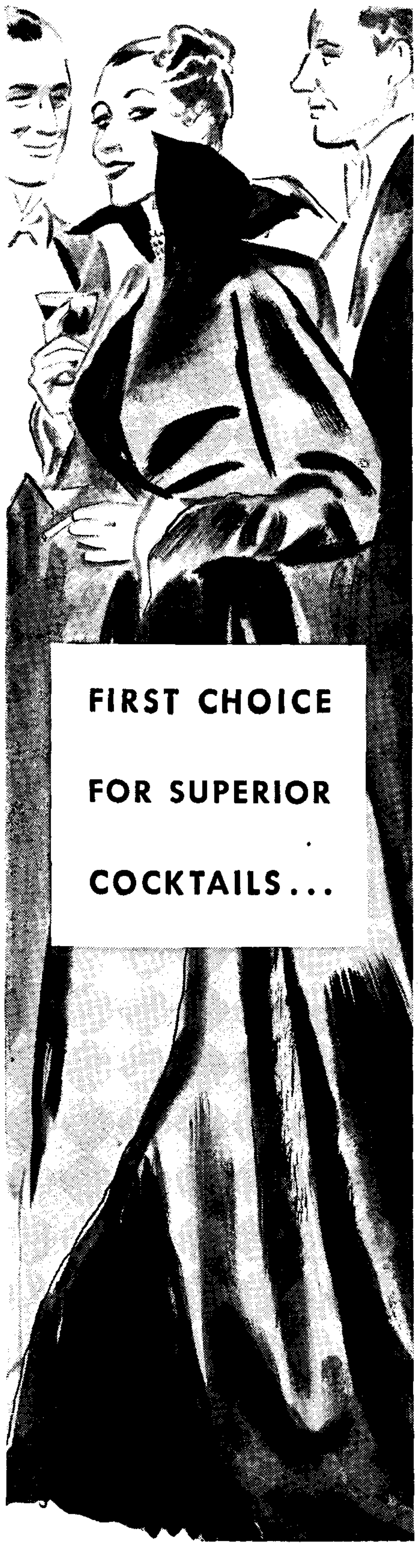
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ITALIAN
(SWEET)
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(DRY)

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CANADA DRY GINGER ALE, INC.
SOLE DISTRIBUTORS

(Continued from page 51)

and that criticisms, jotted down on the postcards, would be appreciated by the studio. From that moment on, I was almost as nervous as the picture people who had arranged the affair. This much can be revealed: the film was another of the underworld sagas in which a gang of counterfeiters met their doom at the hands of the intrepid Department of Justice boys. But it was exciting. The story moved at a fast clip. A good many things went wrong, however, and convulsive shudders shook the cutter and director. I could not see how the star was reacting.

The first time the audience laughed when it should have sat in tense silence was when the heroine (she was a secret aide to the "G" men) entered the counterfeiting den and perched on the desk.

"Retake that!" I heard the director dictate to the stenographer who sat beside him. "She shows too much knee. Have her sit in a chair instead of on the desk. It confuses the audience."

The worst moment of the evening came when the hero (as a "G" man posing as a member of the phony money band) was unmasked by the crooks. Their leader, a nasty-looking fellow, nodded to his henchmen.

"You boys like to go fishing," he said in oily tones. "Take our friend here fishing with you tomorrow—and use him for bait!"

At this the audience laughed as though something extremely funny had been said. We all gathered under the marquee afterwards and I was permitted to listen to the autopsy. The director assured the producer that a week's additional shooting would get the film into shape.

"We'll have to change that fish-bait sequence," he said. "It was too raw for that crowd—the clucks!—and that's why they laughed. They couldn't take it. They got panicky at the mere thought of a guy being trussed up and tossed into the sea. We'll change it to the old line about being taken for a ride. They won't laugh at that; they've heard it often enough."

At this point the pretty star edged up. She wasn't a very important star, but she was slender and attractive and, I thought, an excellent young actress. Her face was tragic, though. She grabbed the director's arm.

"Did you hear what that old dame in the lobby said as we came out?" she demanded. "She said I looked fat in that evening gown. She said I ought to have worn a girdle!"

"Oh, nuts," answered the director, who had more important worries. "She's just jealous. Forget it."

"But I *was* wearing a girdle," she wailed.

Potential Dynamite

Unexpected things are expected at sneak previews. At a showing of one of Greta Garbo's recent pictures titters ran through the house when she appeared in a very emotional scene. No one could figure it out. The sidewalk post-mortem concentrated on this puzzle for almost an hour without success. At last a stenographer who had been present to take dictation had a suggestion.

"I think," she said timidly, "it was the hat. That hat was—well, it was kinda extreme. I never saw a hat quite like it, did you?"

And it *was* the hat. They did the scene over with a modified bonnet. A second sneak preview was held—for an important picture there may be three or four—and the audience did not laugh at all. Comedy rears its ugly head at the most inopportune times. The love scenes are always potential dynamite. A careless gesture by the hero, just as he is spouting tender sentiments, will bring derisive laughter. An instance of this occurred when the lover, pleading his cause, kept brushing back his hair to indicate that he was in a jittery state of mind. But through an accidental camera angle the gesture looked, instead, like the immemorial vulgar one in which a thumb and a nose convey something quite different. No one at the studio had viewed it that way. But the preview audience did.

Costume pictures are dangerous, too. An audience would certainly giggle if Jean Harlow, normally garbed in close, tight-fitting, slinky dresses, were to appear without warning in the flowing petticoats of the French Revolution. Even the men must be careful. Clark Gable's most recent picture, "Mutiny on the Bounty," opened with a shot of men wearing white cotton stockings and knee breeches and marching through a street. Only their legs were visible. This lasted for a few seconds; then the camera swung upward to the shoulders and face of Clark, whose part was that of First Mate on the Bounty. The audience was accustomed to seeing him in modern clothes, not in the dress of an eighteenth-century naval officer. So for just a moment there was laughter.

A Loser Lost

Nor are all the defects which are brought to light at sneak previews visual. Mistakes may have been made by the sound technicians, too. The classic example was in one of those gay comedies done in the Noel Coward manner. The girl and the man had been at a dressy party. On the way home they had stopped at his apartment for a nightcap, but nothing worse. She was a high-spirited wench, the exact type which ministers view with alarm when they are lost for some other sermon topic. At heart, of course, she was as sound as a state fair apple. Arriving at the apartment, the pair started to quarrel over some triviality. The lady made cutting remarks. The gentleman replied in kind. One thing led to another until they were both on their feet, glaring at each other.

"You spoiled little brat!" he thundered. "For two cents I'd take you across my knee!"

"You wouldn't dare! You're not man enough! I'd like to see you!" she taunted.

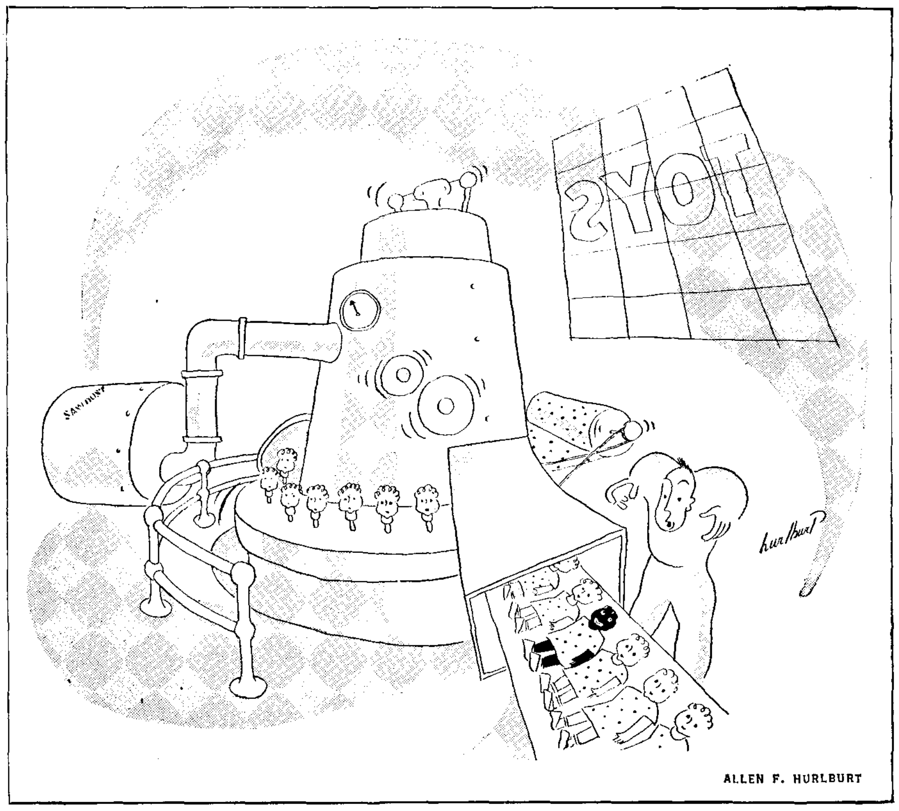
So he was forced, obviously, to snatch off his patent-leather dancing pump, grab her and start to administer a spanking. But the problems of sound are tricky. The experts, in this instance, had forgotten that the girl's evening dress was made of a glittering metallic cloth. Each blow of the slipper gave off a clank like that of a tin pan being walloped. The audience whooped with glee and some of their remarks cannot be repeated in a family magazine. Again, it had passed unnoticed at the studio.

Sneak previews are important even in the happy event that no major errors are uncovered. A finished motion picture is limited to about 7,000 feet. The film at an average sneak preview is 10,000 feet, or over, in length. So if no other duty faces the studio executives when it is over they must cut at least 3,000 feet. They learn what to cut by watching the audience carefully, by making note of points where people begin to whisper or grow restless. The most agonizing moment is the climax. Then the nervousness of the picture people reaches its highest point. If many of the audience walk out before the final clinch they are desolated. A new ending may even be ordered.

Thus the sneak preview will remain a Hollywood institution as long as pictures are made. It is, of course, a substitute for the theatrical custom of trying out plays on the road before they open on Broadway. But, unlike the road try-outs of the legitimate stage, it has the added perils of ambitious stars, rival producers and cruel critics. The sneakiest of all sneak previews, guarded so that these dangers would be eliminated, was put on by Howard Hughes, the young and wealthy independent producer.

Mr. Hughes had made a picture called Cock of the Air which was, he hoped, a comedy built around aviation. A preview was scheduled for Long Beach, California. At the last minute somebody tipped Hughes that a rival had heard of the event. He did not know where the sneak would be held, but he intended to follow the Hughes car. So Howard Hughes transferred the cans of film to an assistant's machine and ordered him to proceed to Long Beach. He said he would get there, himself, as soon as he had shaken off his pursuer. Hughes started by heading in the opposite direction. He motored up one boulevard and through obscure cross streets to another. At last he concluded that he was no longer being followed; he could see no car in his mirror. But Hughes also found that he had managed to lose himself quite completely in the tangle of Los Angeles streets. By the time he reached Long Beach, the film had been run off. Even the post-mortem had adjourned to a near-by beer joint.

So it all had to be done over again, in another theater, on the following night.



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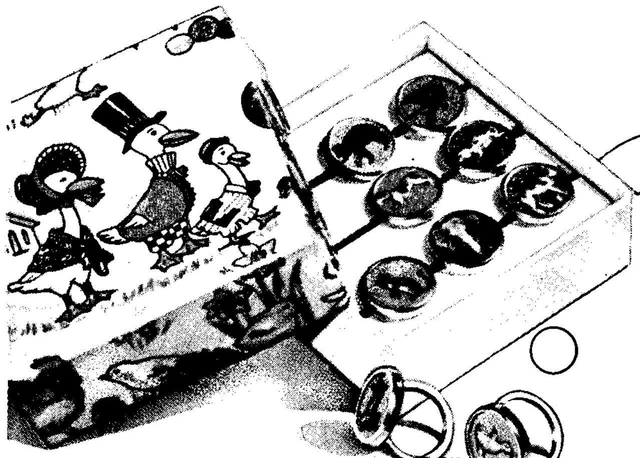
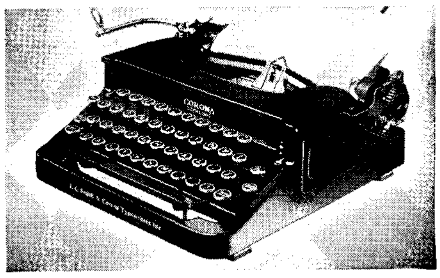


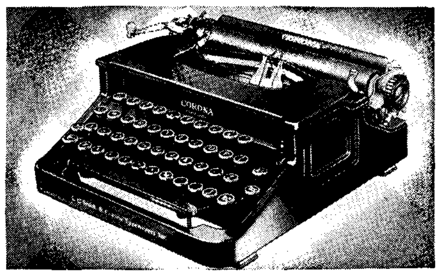
A Gift "to help little fingers guide eager young minds"

The "Animal Keyboard" is the latest (as the original "folding portable" of twenty-five years ago was the first) in a long line of innovations conceived by Corona. Today's Corona models, offering a wide choice in price and equipment, are briefly described below; each measures up fully to the most exacting Corona standards.

CORONA SILENT.* Thanks to scientific silencing, superb workmanship—our finest portable. Long list of desirable features. $67.50



CORONA STERLING.* Our most highly-perfected non-silent model. Offered, like the Silent, in three optional colors. $62.50



CORONA STANDARD.* A new model, rapidly acquiring fame as "the buy of the year." Has many features found in other higher-priced machines. $49.50

* The three Corona models above have the famous Floating Shift and Touch Selector. In fact, only Corona offers these features in models at or below $50.

CORONA JUNIOR. The perfect "in-between" portable for those who want a 4-row Keyboard at lowest cost. $37.50

CORONA THREE. The history-making Corona! First successful portable. 600,000 sold! 3-row Keyboard—but *complete*, and light. $32.50

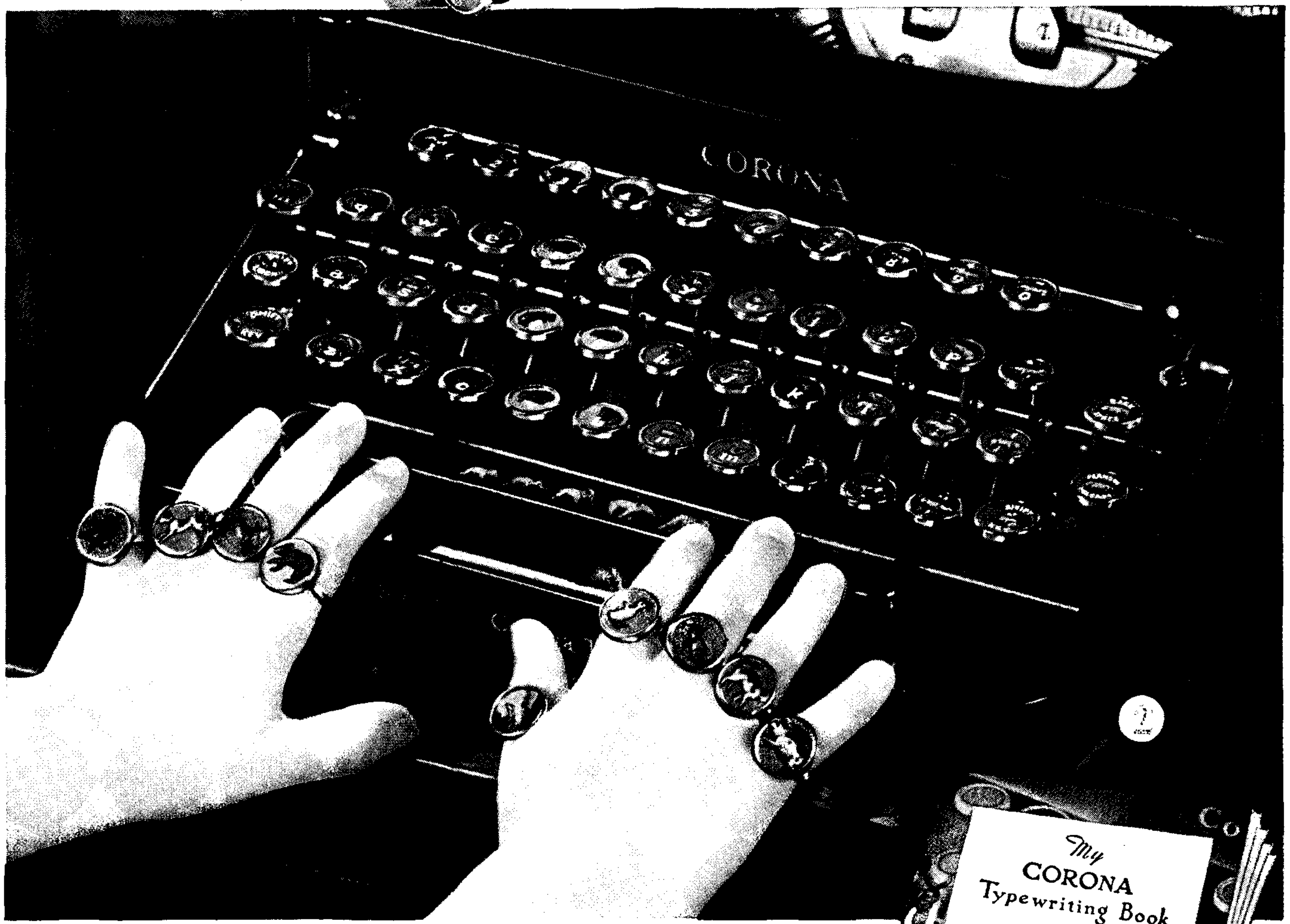
(All prices subject to revision)

Nine colored finger-rings, adjustable in size.

The "Animal Keyboard" (applied to a Corona Silent.)

Play-exercise book, prepared by educators.

Descriptive booklet, free to parents or teachers.



The new "Animal Keyboard," applied to regular Corona models at nominal extra cost (which also includes finger rings and play-exercise book). Makes play of correct *touch-typing and the first steps in education . . . and yet adults can use it just as they use any other Corona.*

This extraordinary development—the Corona "Animal Keyboard"—makes correct touch-typing almost automatic, from the kindergarten up, through any adult age. But much more important—for the first time, we think, it makes the typewriter a practical aid in education.

Already we know it is irresistible to children—bright colors, mechanical movement, animal keys, finger rings. And see how simply it works!

What finger should write "g"? The Bear finger, of course, wearing the violet ring; instantly the left forefinger finds the correct key. And without drudgery—almost without conscious effort—fingers learn to fly!

Children simply love to type—and we know from a three-year research by educators that ability to type opens the door to quicker learning and largely increased love of writing.

A child could have no gift more fascinating—and perhaps none of greater lifelong value! True for adults, too!

• • •

A limited number of "Animal Keyboard" Coronas in three models will be obtainable from Corona dealers before Christmas; larger production shortly. Liberal terms, as on all Corona models.

Parents and teachers of primary children will find much of interest in the descriptive booklet illustrated. Just check coupon for free copy.

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...to help little fingers guide eager young minds

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Please send free booklet describing ☐ Animal Keyboard Corona ☐ other Corona models.

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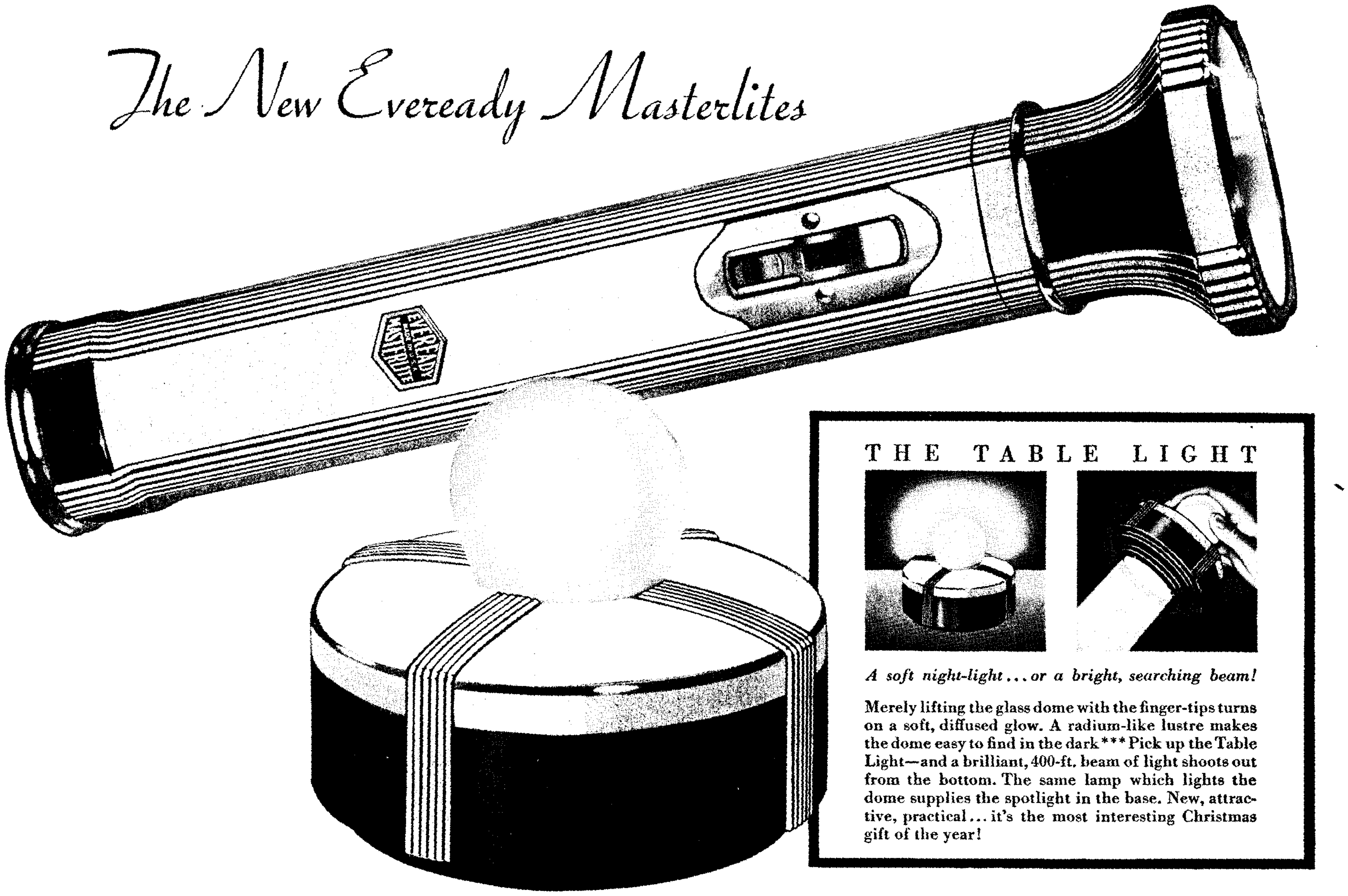

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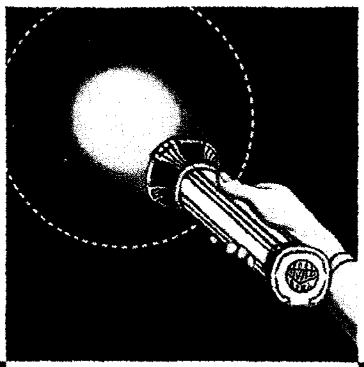
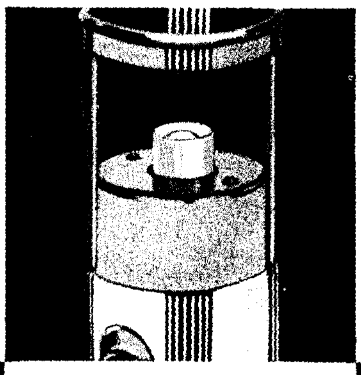
A FLASHLIGHT THAT LOADS LIKE A RIFLE! (*Below*). No detachable parts. Front and rear caps slide out smoothly on chrome runways. Nothing to unscrew... nothing to misplace or lose! When new batteries are needed you just twist the rear cap with the palm of your hand... and it springs out on the runways. You insert the batteries as you do shells in a breech-loading rifle... quickly and easily.



"HAIR-TRIGGER" SWITCH (*Below*)....You just *touch* the new "hair-trigger" switch and the light is on! Release, and it's off. And instead of pushing a slide switch as you formerly had to do to get a steady, "locked-on" light...you just flick your thumb forward and it's done! The switch is so designed that it *can't* turn on accidentally when not in use.



YOUR OWN INITIAL, RIGHT ON THE CASE! (*Below*). You may replace the trade-mark plate with a handsome black and chrome plate bearing your initial. A valuable means of identifying your light; and a good idea, too, for a *personalized* Christmas gift.

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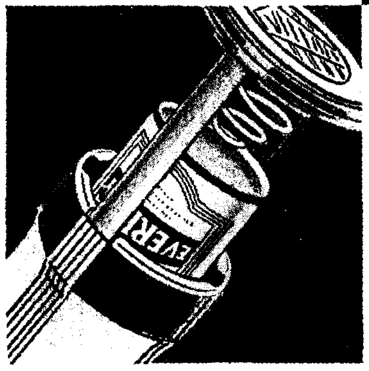

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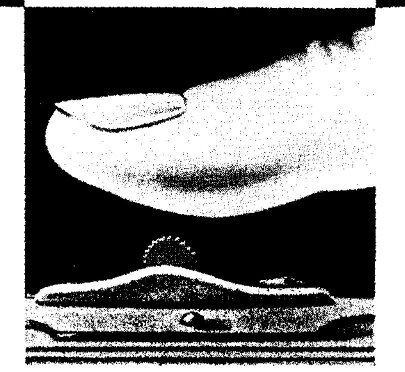

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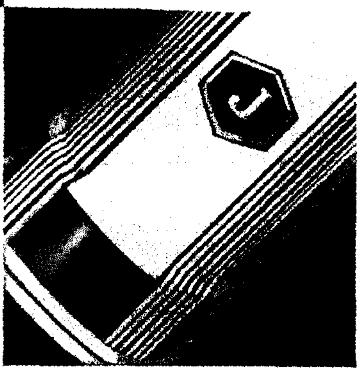

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Trail Smoke

Continued from page 21

eyes explored his face with a soft, slow attention. "You were hurt tonight, in Morgantown. They bruised you and wanted to kill you."

"We got out of it all right."

Her question came as a low whisper. "Will you get out of it next time?"

"Next time? It's better that a man be blind as to the future. Life's trouble enough without borrowing from tomorrow."

She shook her head, enormously sober. "There's a sadness in you I do not understand."

"I want something I can't have."

"What?"

"I think," he said, carefully choosing his words, "it is peace. I'll leave ambition to other men. To men like Sam, who's staking his hide on it."

"You're staking your hide with him, Buck."

"That's friendship—not ambition. When this is all finished I'll be riding on."

"YOU know why Sam's ambitious, don't you?"

"He's a young man and he's a poor man. It isn't money that matters with him. It's standing equal with any other cattleman in the district that matters. Something whips him on to that and he'll never rest until he gets it. I can see the pride in him that won't let him ask a woman to step away from a big house to a little one. So he's going to get a big house first, before he asks. I do not blame him—for you are the woman."

She murmured: "Yes, that's why he's doing it."

He watched her with a driving curiosity and could not penetrate the hazel mystery of her eyes. Sam Torveen loved her, but he could not break down her reserve to find how her heart went. It was a thing strangely and powerfully important to him, though he did not know why. He felt restless and depressed for lack of an answer.

She said: "You know what this means, don't you? This band of sheep in the meadow has made outcasts of you all. There were six of you. Now there's five and it will never end till you're all dead or driven out. Why should you go on with it, Buck?"

He asked her abruptly: "What's your wish?"

"To see it stopped before somebody else dies!"

"No," he said. "Things like this are written in the book. Nobody can say Sam Torveen willfully started a war. It goes deeper. These sheep are like time. They move on and nothing can stop them. It's always been that way and always will be. If it wasn't Sam who started this, it would be somebody else."

Her arms rose and crossed her breasts and she said in a small, quick voice: "I am afraid."

They stood thus faced, deeply engrossed in each other, with something strong and vivid and unsettling running between them. He came around the table and looked down and her eyes came up and were very bright. He locked his big fists behind him solidly, thinking that she was the full image of man's desire. The strength of her presence rocked and tore at him; it was a hammer beating at his strength; it was a wildness and a beauty lifting him higher than he had ever been lifted. He said, blunt and rough: "I think you'd better ride along."

"I do not think you know fear," she murmured, long watching him. "But you're very lonely, Buck."

"Good night," he said.

Something quick and surprised widened her eyes. She looked steadily at him a moment, reading his face; and she turned immediately and went out. He didn't follow. Motionless by the table, he listened to her pony trot around the house and go up the hill trail. A little afterward the echoes of the pony died in the timber.

He thought, angrily: "What did she see in my head then?" And lifted his chin to catch the fresh rumor of a pony running steadily up the meadow. He lowered the lantern's wick and stepped back a pace, waiting out that arrival. But a moment later he heard Torveen's voice call him. "That's all right, Buck." Surratt reached over and turned up the wick again and found Torveen framed in the doorway.

The mood of this man was written plainly on his face, distrusting and aroused and angered; and Surratt understood instantly that Torveen had been across the meadow watching the cabin during Judith Cameron's visit. Faint anger stirred Surratt—and went away; and he felt sorry for Torveen.

Torveen spoke unevenly: "I thought I'd drop over and see if you was sure you wanted to stick it out here."

"It's all right. Don't be so damned spooky, either about these sheep or anything else."

Torveen jerked up his chin. Irritation got the best of him. "By God, Surratt, you're too clever at reading a man's thoughts!"

"Steady up, kid."

Torveen came into the cabin, his nerves and his fears jerking at him. He made a complete circle of the room; he swung on Surratt, the ragged emotion in him pouring out.

"Listen, Buck. That girl's my life. It's been that way since we were kids. There was a time when I stood well with the old-time cattlemen in this country. I was welcome anywhere. But when I got older and saw what a piddlin' spread I run it cut me pretty deep. To hell with the money or the fame. But I've got to have my part of this range—for Judith. I'm too honest to rustle, so it's sheep. Now I'm an outcast and I've played right into the hands of Bill Head, who's been wanting my scalp ever since I took Judith home from the first dance. He's always laid for me and the sheep give him the excuse he wants. Well, it's open season on Sam Torveen—and I've made it that way because I won't be in the position of poor white trash askin' a rich man's daughter to marry me. I'm playin' my stack on this and God knows where the end is. That's all right, Buck. It's all right—just as long as there's daylight for me. She's the daylight. She's always been."

"TOLD her this?" asked Surratt quietly. "You've got an agreement on it?"

"What kind of a fool would I be to lay this war on her conscience? Why do you figure she came tonight? To try to keep me out of trouble. Well, we'll play it like this—all the way through."

"Sure," said Surratt. He was smiling across the interval, a little sadly, a little humorously. "We'll play it all the way through."

Torveen scraped a hand across his cheeks and let out a long breath. He stared at the floor with his shoulders wearily dropped. He shook his head and came around the table. A grin streaked wryly across this man's roan, fighting face. He put his hand on Surratt's shoulder.

"Sometimes I'm batty as hell. How long have I known you? Three days. Well, I'd trust you to the end of creation—and that's the way I've felt from the beginning. You're shoulders above the pack, which includes me, and I'm proud of my luck in runnin' into you. Forget it."

"Forget it," agreed Surratt quietly.

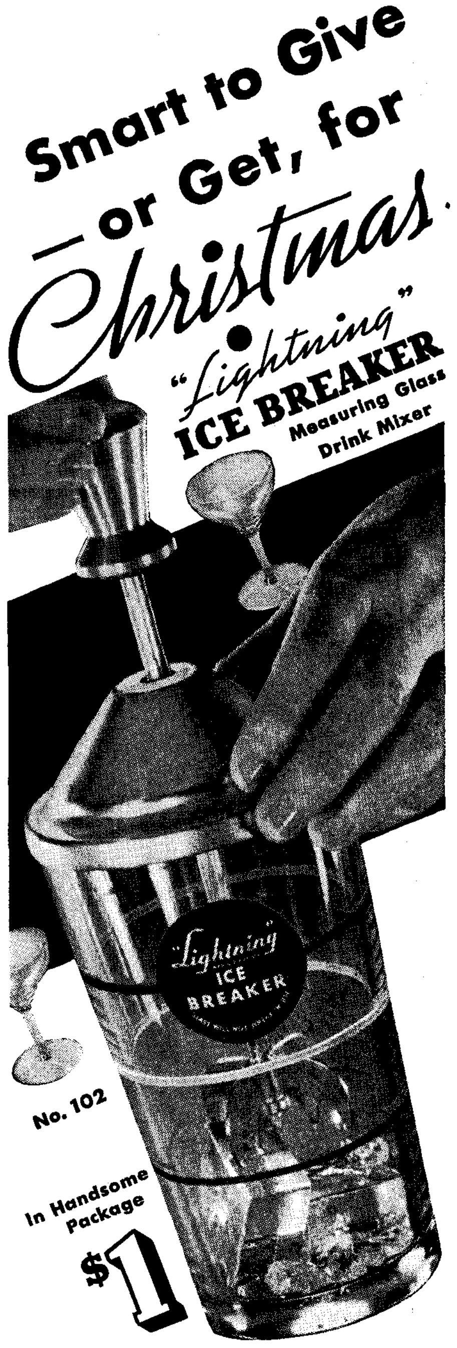
Torveen turned immediately out of the cabin, and a little later galloped across the meadow. Surratt picked up his blankets and blew out the light. He walked from the cabin to lead his horse around to the margin of the nearby timber, to put it on a picket there. He drew his rifle from the saddle boot, strolled twenty yards from the horse and spread his blankets just inside the trees and rolled up for the night, the rifle above his head. The stars were all dimly agleam in the black sky, scattered like crushed diamond dust; the wind poured down these deep hills, strong with the smell of pine and rich upland grasses. All his bones were tired and his desire was for a dreamless sleep; yet he lay there and knew that his life had trapped him again in the strong jaws of friendship. He could not stand in the way of this fiery, lovable Torveen who trusted him; he could not take away, even if it were possible, the man's hope. Silence was his part, as it had been before. He remembered then the strong, supple shape of Judith Cameron against the cabin wall, and the curve of her lips—and loneliness bore him outward on an ebb tide.

SURRATT came down to the ranch house for breakfast; and afterward went over to a corner of the meadow where the crew had dug a grave for Chunk Osbrook beside the graves of other Torveen people buried there. Day's thick and drowsy warmth already filled these hills, but the long shadow of the pines covered this little cemetery with a cool, still pleasantness. They brought Osbrook from the house and laid him in the grave and were dismally silent a while. Considering these odd companions, Surratt understood something about them then. Tough as they were, they had an ingrained respect for death. They were embarrassed from knowing they owed Chunk Osbrook a more decent ceremony than they could render. It was the sense of a lacking propriety that held them thus paused here, waiting for Torveen to say what should be said.

Torveen's gravity thickened on him. He looked around the group, and out upon the yellow meadow, and turned a little toward a small headstone beside him, engraved: "Thomas J. Torveen, 1820-1881." He considered the stone a moment.

"My father," he mused, "once told me the prime duty of a man was to live in such a manner that dyin' would come easy to him. Those old-timers lived strong, but they all seemed to get fun out of their days. They had a faith nobody could shake. I saw it in old Tom many times, a stout belief that his ticket read all the way through. He laid himself down without doubt and he died with a smile, like he wanted to show me it wasn't much of a chore. It's something that seems to be gone out of the world. I haven't got it and I know few people who do have it. I don't know what death is—I don't even know what life is. Maybe we'll find out and maybe we won't. Chunk wasn't a bad boy. His riding is done and whatever else may come to him at least he's got a rest,

(*Continued on page 56*)



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(Continued from page 55)

which is more than we can say for ourselves."

They waited a little longer, until they were sure he had finished. Ed and the kid put their shovels into the fresh dirt and began to fill up the grave. They worked at first reluctantly; then faster, eager to be done with it. The others presently stepped in and spelled them off on the labor. When they were through they all walked back to the yard. Nick Perrigo sat down on the edge of the porch, the aftermath of his drunk leaving him shaken and white and physically ill. The thinness of the man was more pronounced; his eyes burned. Ferd Bowie stood sullenly in his tracks. Ed remained in the background, leaning on a shovel. Sam Torveen scanned them with a practical glance.

"You want to remember," he warned them, "that this is the beginning of something, not the end. There's five of us left, but it won't stay like that. We're running sheep, which makes us about as low in the scale of things, according to the view of a cattle rancher, as it's possible to get. I'm not cryin' about it—I'm just tellin' you the way the country looks at us. We don't get any more mercy and we don't get any more warnings. Was I a big cattle owner I'd probably feel the same way. If any of you fellows want to drift over the pass tonight it's all right with me."

"I've been considering the sheep meadow," reflected Surratt. "I don't like it."

"Why?" asked Torveen.

"Too exposed—too easy to raid. Up on the ridge yesterday I noticed another clearing along the edge of the river. That yours?"

"Yes, but it's five miles away."

"Still, it gives us one less side to watch. We better move the sheep up there tonight."

Torveen thought about it. Nick Perrigo lifted his head and spoke sourly: "I don't take to the suggestion."

But Torveen finally nodded. "All right, we'll do that tonight."

Perrigo reared up, crossed the yard to his horse and rode off. Bowie went into the bunkroom, Ed walked around the house. Torveen was remotely grinning. "You got this crew eatin' out of your hand. They're not happy about it, but they're mindin' you after a fashion." He came forward to squat in the sunlit yard and to draw stray patterns across the dust with his forefinger. "Friend of mine rode by last night who was in Morgantown when you put on your party. The way he told it I wish I'd seen it. Seems like you kind of printed yourself on this country's memory." He looked up, bright and severe. "You damn' fool, don't cut your string so thin next time! It came near breakin' on you."

"It didn't."

"Supposin' it had?"

Surratt murmured: "Sometimes a man can't afford to think of what might happen."

"And you smiled at that bunch," marveled Torveen. "You called Bill Head yellow and he took it. I want to correct you on that little point, for it's important you get the man straight. There's no yellow in him. What you see is a cold brute patience that never gives up and never gets tired. Any other man, even a yellow one, would've been stampeded into a play last night. But Bill will let the whole damn' country consider him yellow and keep drivin' at his purpose. You can set him back on his heels, but you can't stop him and you can't swing him off his trail."

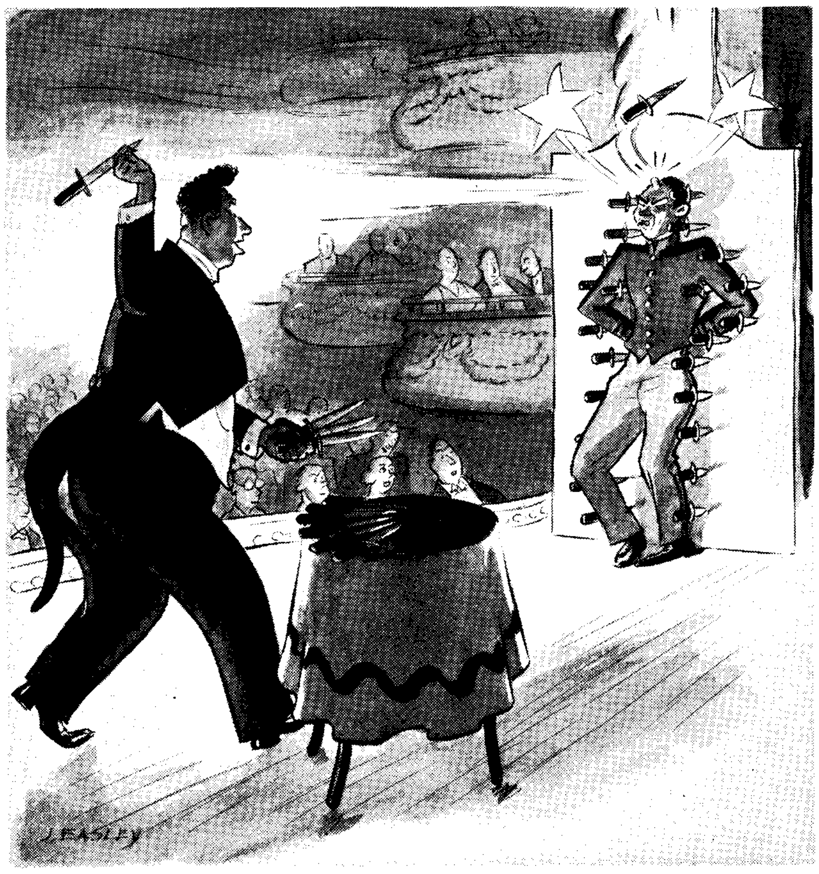
SURRATT listened with an absorbed attention. He put this picture of Bill Head back in his mind, to consider and to remember.

"It ain't the sheep, with him, so much," went on Torveen. "It's me he wants—and my land. The Heads haven't got any open range like this. My meadows shut them into the hills. Bill's been lookin' my way for years. So, there's the story."

Surratt said: "I'll mosey back to the sheep."

Torveen had something else on his mind. He got up, choosing his words with a great deal of care. "Like I said, you've printed yourself on this country's memory. People think you know a good deal about Les Head's shooting."

Surratt had turned away; but he



"Oh, I'm sorry" JOSEPH EASLEY

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swung about now and studied Torveen thoughtfully. "Maybe I do," he suggested.

There was a definite worry on Torveen's homely cheeks. "Anybody might have done that killin'. Les Head had few friends."

Surratt went over to his horse, mounted, and cantered away.

Down the trail he saw the disappearing rump of another horse cutting crosswise through the brush; he lighted his pipe and caught it tightly between his teeth, riding on with a quick lift of his nerves. Coming out of the trees into the sheep meadow he found Annette Carvel waiting there for him.

She said frankly: "I thought you'd be back along this way."

HE TIPPED his hat, and was at once afraid of this moment. She wore a buckskin split skirt, heavily beaded, and a silk shirt fastened at the collar with a dark string tie. Bareheaded under the strong sun, her black hair glistened; and there was a shining, eager recklessness all about her. He looked at her attentively and saw that his glance was expected and awaited. Her lips, very red, broke into a quick smiling and then she was a woman fully, lush with life.

She fell beside him, pleased and softly laughing; and rode across the meadow to the little cabin. He waited a moment in the saddle, but she said: "Are you camping up here now?" and got down and went toward the cabin. He dismounted and stood by his horse. His silence turned her head and her backthrown glance was made to please him, yet in a moment she shrugged her shoulders and came back, to watch him with a growing soberness. Her eyes then were very wistful; as though his silence struck her a blow she didn't deserve. She was, he suddenly thought, a child loving warmth and afraid of darkness.

She spoke in a way that was humble, that was disappointed: "Men are funny. They keep thinking women are either bad or good. And when a woman comes first to a man, the man always thinks the woman is bad. Why is that? Don't you ever get tired of the same old things said in the same old way?"

He said, gently: "Why ask me a question like that?"

"I thought," she murmured, "you were different. But then I always think that. I guess there are no different men."

He said: "Let me see your hand."

She looked carefully at him, her head held a little to one side. She put her right hand forward and her cheeks filled with color and her breath quickened. He took the hand, looked at it and turned it over, and let it go.

"Why?" she breathed.

He reached up to his shirt pocket. But some impulse stopped the gesture. He said: "Do you wear doeskin riding gloves?"

Her mouth opened. She drew in a quick, gasped breath. Alarm sprang through her eyes and a pure whiteness covered her face, turning her lips scarlet against such pallor. Her expression then was haunted and miserable.

"Give it to me!" she whispered.

"Does it belong to you?"

"Give it to me—please! It came from my store."

He said, in a regretting, apologetic way: "I'm sorry I mentioned it. I have no desire to pry into anybody's life."

She had seen his hand touch his shirt pocket. She threw herself against him vehemently and her fingers ripped at the pocket and reached into it. He stepped backward and pushed her hands down. He had to brace himself against the violence of her body for a moment—until her burst of strength went away and left her trembling there in front of him. She cried at him.

"I knew you had it—and I'm not the only one that knows you have it! You won't give it to me?"

He said gently: "No."

She whirled back to her horse and got into the saddle. "You can be killed for that," she exclaimed and went across the meadow at a full gallop, disappearing behind the trees.

Surratt remained in his tracks, somberly displeased at his own conduct. He had no desire, he told himself strictly, to tinker with people's secrets or crack the whip of fear over anybody's head. Yet this was what possession of that doeskin glove in his shirt pocket was coming to mean. In the beginning a pure impulse had caused him to take that glove from the floor of that cabin in which Leslie Head lay dead—a sudden and instinctive desire to protect the unknown woman who owned it. But his mind, always seeking answers, kept reaching into the mystery surrounding the glove and, though he had thought this his secret, Annette Carvel's warning seemed to indicate it was no secret to the hills. So the glove became a major problem, a liability burning a hole in his pocket. He had a duty here to its unnamed owner; and that duty forbade him giving the glove to anyone else.

A threshing of brush behind the cabin wheeled him around. He saw Nick Perrigo ride forward, anger making the little man's eccentric face very old. Perrigo remained in the saddle.

"Surratt," he said, "you leave that girl alone!"

Surratt eyed the man carefully. "What's that, Nick?"

"Never mind," snapped Perrigo. "Don't encourage her to come to you again! She's a kid any man can fool. She'll believe you if you lie to her and she'll come to you if you smile—"

"Perrigo," ordered Surratt, "say no more on this subject."

"By God, I will! What've you got she wants?"

Surratt studied the little man. "My friend," he said quietly, "if you ride through muddy places late at night and don't want men to know where you have been, it's always a good idea to brush off your pony's legs before morning comes. Have I said enough?"

"You know too much!" said Perrigo in a lunging tone. "Your eyes see too much!"

"Better let well enough alone."

NICK PERRIGO fell silent, struggling with the wicked flux of his temper. He seemed to conquer it, for he said in a milder way, "I have made many mistakes, Surratt, and my life has been no good for anybody." Then the mildness, like a flurry of air, passed and left him dismally antagonistic. "You've got my thanks for pulling me out of Morgantown. That's all you've got. I do not trust you and I do not like you."

"I doubt if you like anybody," observed Surratt.

"All men are dogs," grated Perrigo. "Leave that girl alone." He quit on that warning and wheeled and charged back into the trees.

Surratt stood quietly in the sunlight a little while, narrowly considering the mad strangeness of this Nick Perrigo. Going back into his memory he found no precedent; the man's distorted, untrusting behavior was new to him. The day had turned steadily hotter, the wind was gone and far above him the Gray Bull peaks threw their angular iron shapes against a flawless azure sky. The sheep lay scattered along the meadow, browsing. On impulse Surratt stepped into the saddle and swung north into the higher trees. There was no need of guarding this flock by daylight; it was by night that men brought trouble to men. He cruised steadily along the shad-

(Continued on page 58)

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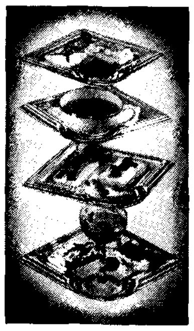

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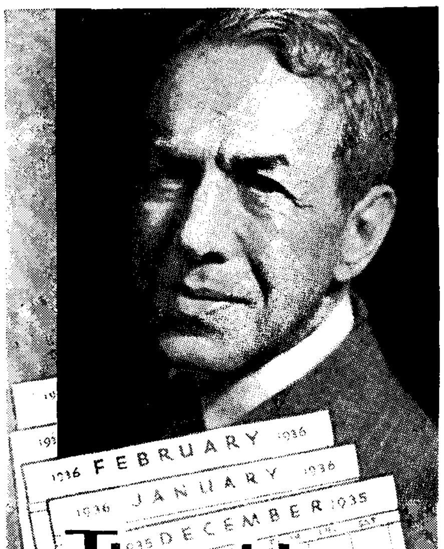

The old way was to take your chances on winter

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Recent investigations furnish a clue which may help to control these conditions. It's been found that winter ills move in a cycle, starting in early fall, growing in number and severity each month—finally reaching their peak in January and February.

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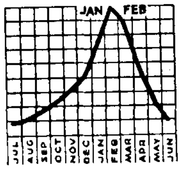
The increase of common ills during the winter months is graphically portrayed by this chart prepared from figures of U.S. Public Health Dept.



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(*Continued from page 57*)

owed aisles of these heavy, red-barked pines and was touched by a pure ease. Now and then a shaft of sunlight cut diagonally through some break in the tree tops and laid a yellow, sharp-edged pattern in the twilight and burned brilliantly on the humus flooring and turned the surrounding air a smoky blue. Dreaming stillness held the hills; the smell of this forest was spiced and resinous and wild. Somewhere to his left he began to pick up a long, low murmuring.

IT WAS middle morning when the rising trail brought him out upon another meadow making a tawny splash in the emerald solidness of the hills. Traveling across it, he brought up before the unfenced rim of a canyon. Almost vertically below him, a matter of six hundred feet, lay the sunless surface of a river.

Across the way ran a spur of the foothills considerably higher than the ground upon which Surratt stood. The river swung out of the high hills through a narrow channel that threshed up its water and made white rollers glisten even in the dull light, and passed below him smoothly for a quarter mile and swung again and went charging through a sheer break in the yonder ridge. Looking far down there Surratt saw three or four buildings of a little settlement beside the edge of the river where it turned, lost in the depths of this dark hole.

He wheeled to consider the meadow. Then, the riding impulse strong in him, he tipped into a yard-wide ledge cut against the face of the canyon and began an angling descent to the river. At occasional muddy spots in the trail he saw the round, neat-cut print of deer side by side with the heavy plantigrade tracks of bear. Twenty minutes afterward he stood at the margin of the river where it shallowed across a gravel bar. He forded here, his horse splashing up to its shoulders; on the far side he struck a wagon road and followed it to the settlement.

It was a saloon and a store and one gray, ancient house of shakes and hand-hewn timber sleeping on the toes of the ridge rearing high to the sky. The dusty road ran on along the edge of the river, through the narrow chasm, toward the suggestion of a gentler valley beyond. Surratt came to the saloon and drew in there; three men sat on the porch, dark and obscure men, enigmatically interested in him. When he saw them he knew their kind; and looking beyond them to the saloon doorway he found the gross and loose-tissued body of Blackjack Smith filling it.

SURRATT got down and climbed the porch, remotely smiling. Blackjack's liquid glance was wary and waiting; the pendulous mouth shifted by degrees, neither friendly nor otherwise. Surratt was quietly laughing then.

He said: "Hello, Blackjack."

Blackjack turned his head to the three men on the porch. "This is Surratt," he grumbled, as though he added the information to previous talk. All three looked at him alertly. Smith said, "Come in, Buck," and retreated to the deeper shadows of the saloon. He walked to the rear of the bar. "Still drinkin' corn whisky?"

"Sure. Your place, Blackjack?"

"Yeah," said Blackjack. "Mine." He seized a bottle and two glasses and kept going down the bar to the back end. There was a rear room there; he went into it and set the bottle on a table. When Surratt came in, Blackjack called all the way through the saloon to the porch. "Take Surratt's horse behind the shed." He closed the door. "It's all right," he said to Surratt; and sat down by the table and fell ponderously silent.

Surratt grinned. "Glad to see me, Blackjack?"

"No," said Blackjack frankly, "I can't say that."

"This joint got a name?"

"This is Carson Ford."

"What's on down the river?"

"Cameron Valley," said Blackjack. "The Head outfit's above me, back yonder is the hills."

"You always did like to get in the middle of a lot of beef," observed Surratt. "But this looks like an inconvenient spot for your business."

"Better than it looks."

"Still like other people's beef?"

"Why not?" grunted the big man. Then he burst out: "You sure have messed up the works for me. *I'm* getting along fine and now here you are. I don't know why you come, but you sure make things different."

"I'm not after you, Blackjack. We had our little battle once, but that was a long time ago, across the desert."

"No matter," said Blackjack. "You make it tough on a man. You know me. I always play the strong side of politics against the weak side. Maybe I rustle a little beef, but I got a way of finding friends to take care of me in case of grief."

"That's Bill Head."

"Sure. But you come ridin' through and damned if you don't hook up with this Torveen and Bill Head's bound to have your hide nailed to the side of his shanty, and I'm playin' with Bill in this business."

"FAIR enough," suggested Surratt imperturbably. He lifted his glass and drank the pale corn liquor. Blackjack reared back in his chair and pushed his arms in front of him. He said, devoutly: "No, sir, kid. I don't want any more of your kind of battle. I won't fight you. Not anywhere, any time. I want you to know that. What'd you come to this country for?"

"A rest," murmured Surratt. "A rest I won't get. It's the same old thing. Man that carries the gun dies by the gun."

Blackjack's tone was smooth and marveling. "Well, you carry me back just two years to another night. My God, you walk into Morgantown and brace Head's outfit and carry Perrigo out. And you get away with it! You always do. But I doubt your luck this time, kid. You're buckin' too much. Sam Torveen can't stand against these cattlemen. They're bound to wipe him out. It's all arranged. I wish you'd get clear of it."

"TORVEEN," said Surratt quietly, "is a friend of mine."

"Sure," said Blackjack in a deep, regretting way. "That's always your style. It's a funny thing. I'm no saint and you sure chased me to hell and gone over a lot of acres. But I'm gettin' older and there's things I admire against my will. You got what I admire, kid—and I never thought the day would come when I'd tell you that." He lifted his hands helplessly. "What'm I goin' to do?"

"Play out your hand, of course."

"I'll never lift an arm against you, kid. Well, it's tough. You'll make this country lift its hat to you before the music's done. But in the end they'll get you. I know Bill Head."

Boots scraped across the saloon floor and a voice said definitely: "Blackjack."

It was a voice Surratt knew. He looked up at Blackjack, who had risen. Blackjack nodded. He said quietly: "That's why I had your horse put out of sight. I knew he was comin' and didn't think you wanted to meet him. There's the back door."

The big man opened the door into the saloon and slid through and closed it. He said, warily: "What's on your mind, Sam?"

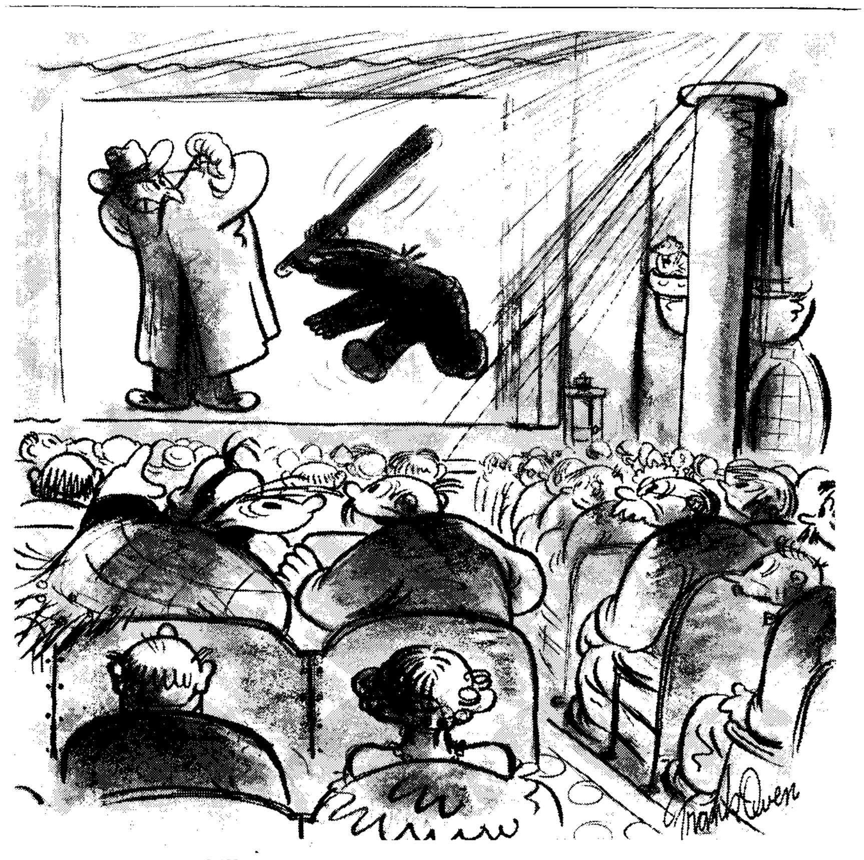
It was Sam Torveen.

As quietly as possible Surratt left the saloon by the back door, found his horse and left the settlement—recrossing the river and climbing up to the meadow.

(*To be continued next week*)

Philbert By FRANK OWEN

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.



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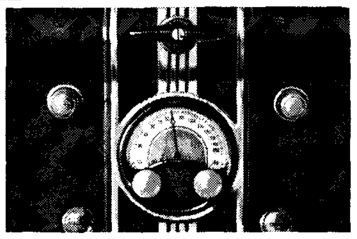

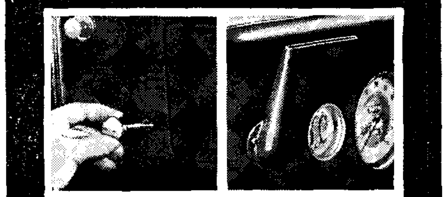

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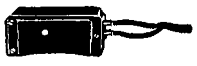

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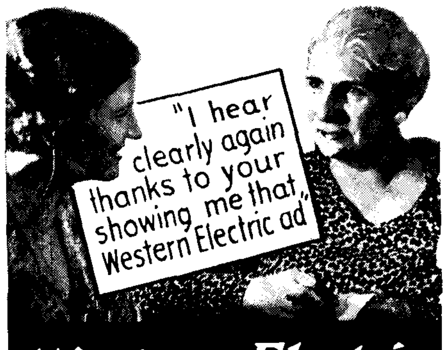
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Navy Bound

Continued from page 13

"ahead." Seated beneath the elm, the old man's eyes were strangely alight. "And I just wanted to hand on to you what the admiral handed on to us that day. Straight ahead! It's a handing-on of things in the Navy, sonny, down through the years!"

Down through the years.

The captain once more saw the youthful, erect figure standing in front of him.

"Morelli," said the captain, "I'm going to tell you something."

And he told of the boy and the old man beneath the elm. And when he finished, the eyes of officer and enlisted man held each other's for a moment.

"You're doing the only thing you should do," said the captain. "Your folks ought to be proud of you. If it ever happens that you can reënlist and come back to the ship, the ship will be mighty glad to see you. Good luck, and goodby."

A MONTH later, at midafternoon, Fisherman Joe Morelli came along Fisherman's wharf. Work was over for a few hours. Eighty tons of sardines . . . not the little fingerling kind but the big six-inch ones—had been delivered from the boat's hold to the cannery for which the Cerranos fished. The great purse seine—a net twelve hundred feet long and a hundred and twenty feet deep—had been washed in sea water; the boat had been cleaned; the net had been piled on the boat aft, ready for that night's fishing.

They wouldn't go out again until near midnight, when the moon had set, for it was only in the dark of the moon that they fished for sardines, being able then to see a school by the phosphorescence that the fish made in the water—a milky-white glow which the fishermen called the "fire."

Once this fire had been detected as the boat cruised in the black night, they'd get ahead of the moving school, pass one end of the net to their skiff, which until now had been towed astern, and then encircle the school with the net. Then with the boat's power winch they'd draw the purse line that was at the bottom of the net, thereby bringing the compacted school up to the side of the boat, where they'd brail the fish out with a huge dip net into the boat's awaiting hold.

Sixteen hours a day they worked in all weather during the long August-to-February fishing season; sometimes they worked thirty-six, forty-eight hours at a stretch.

And now Fisherman Joe Morelli came along the wharf, walking with the stiff, heavy stride of a man who wore rubber boots. With him were his older brothers, Steve and Orazio, and a couple of the Donato cousins; the rest of the Cerranos and Donatos had dropped behind to talk with other fishermen.

As they reached the head of the busy wharf, an approaching car suddenly halted and waited for them to come up. Its driver called out:

"Hey, Joe!"

Joe looked. It was Frank Schott, the owner of the Smoke Shop.

"I was coming down to look for you," said Frank. "I got a swell idea—a chance for you to make some money."

"Yeah?" said Joe.

"Sure. You remember, I've been running the fights every month at the Auditorium, and an idea came to me this morning that'll pack 'em in. It's you, fighting in the main event!"

Joe stared at him, then swiftly shook his head. "No fighting for me."

Promoter Schott waved a vigorous hand. "Now listen! Lemme tell you all about it before you start saying no. The fights here have been doing okay, but what we've needed was a natural, like some top-notch local boy against an outsider. And now here you are, the Navy featherweight champion, and we'll get an outsider who's good but not too good, see; I got one in mind—and we'll pack 'em into the Auditorium until they're hanging from the rafters!"

Promoter Schott beamed like an August sun. "I've been talking to everybody that came into the Smoke Shop today, and they're crazy for it. All your friends have heard about you, but they've never seen you fight. Here's the chance. And it'll be your family's chance—Steve and Orazio here, and all the rest." Frank Schott grinned at the listening Cerranos and Donatos. "I'll bet you birds would like to see Joe in action!"

The Cerranos and Donatos gave emphatic answer.

"You bet! Say, Joe can lick anybody!"

"Hey, now," said Joe Morelli.

Promoter Schott went on: "We can seat a thousand in the Auditorium, and with a crowd like that I'll be able to put up a purse of two hundred and fifty dollars for the winner. It'll be found money, Joe, just found money! You can go on in the next bill, a week from Saturday."

Once more Joe started to speak, and then stabbingly a remembrance came to him. A week from Saturday! Another payment on the big fishing boat was due a week from Saturday . . . and from fishing alone there wouldn't be enough money to make the payment.

Joe caught his breath. For the space of several seconds his brain raced. Then he demanded:

"Who's this fighter you picked out?"

"That's the talk!" said Frank Schott. "He's Danny Malone, a San Francisco boy who's been fighting up in the Northwest for the past year. He's a tough, slow guy, just your meat. He won't be able to lay a glove on you, but he'll always keep coming. It'll be a natural with the crowd, and after you've given 'em a run for their money, you can pop him over. It's a setup."

Joe shook an emphatic head.

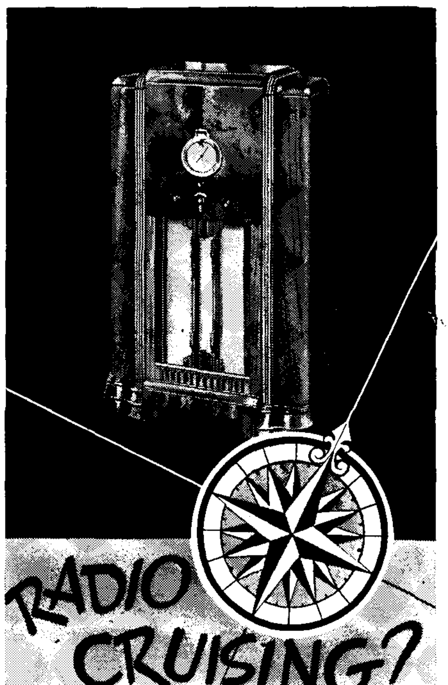
"No fight's a setup! The other guy always has a chance of slipping over a knockout. I've been in enough fights to know. And after a month in these things," and Joe indicated the rubber boots he was wearing, "I ain't got all the speed in the world. But," and Joe Morelli's eyes flashed, "I'll go in."

AT TEN o'clock on Saturday night of the following week, Fighter Joe Morelli, wearing a dark blue bathrobe with two big golden letters on it—the bathrobe that the ship had given him after he'd won the Navy championship; the bathrobe that bore the ship's initials on it—ducked between ropes into the ring of the Auditorium, and the packed Auditorium gave roaring welcome. Joe . . . their home-town Joe!

He flashed a smile, grasped taped hands together and raised them above his head in greeting, then sat down on the stool in his corner and his seconds began putting on his gloves. As he seated himself he gave one glance into the opposite corner. Opponent Danny Malone sat there; a rugged figure, with slate-colored eyes and heavy cheekbones and a flat nose . . . and Joe Morelli made instant summing up: a fighter who could be hit, plenty; and who could take it, and who'd keep coming back for more.

Then the referee had called them to the center of the ring, had given them their instructions. They'd returned to their corners. The bell sounded.

Joe Morelli came out fast. Only one way to get this guy—get him quick!



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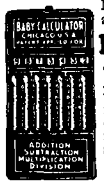

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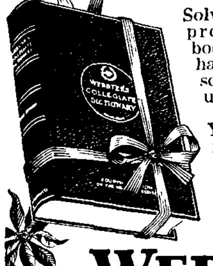

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The Best Abridged Dictionary

Quick, while speed and wind and timing were still Joe Morelli's. He knew, as no one else knew, how greatly fishing had taken the edge off him, and how it would work against him if the fight was long.

He feinted once . . . twice . . . flashed out a left jab, and instantly followed it with a right cross. Into that right cross he put everything he had. It landed flush on Danny Malone's jaw.

Malone's knees buckled.

Had him! And Joe Morelli was tearing in, raining lefts and rights, and Malone was trying to hang on, and the Auditorium was on its feet in a frenzy.

"Get him! You got him!"

But somehow Joe hadn't gotten him; somehow Malone managed to hang on—desperately went into a clinch, and Joe couldn't yank his arms free. The referee tried to pry them apart, pulled and tugged, pulled and tugged and finally succeeded. Joe raged in, Malone backing and backing away, covering up. Joe couldn't find a vulnerable spot, wore out his hands on Malone's gloves and forearms. And then Malone had quit covering up, and was coming in; coming in so furiously that Joe had to give way.

Tough guy was right! This wasn't any setup!

Joe side-stepped him . . . side-stepped him again, then, lightning-like, hooked with his left. It landed high. Malone's head snapped back. Joe was on top of him and again Malone had managed to clinch. The referee parted them and then Malone was boring in.

They were fighting furiously when the bell sounded.

Joe went to his corner and sat down. He breathed deep, deep. "You got him! You got him!" cried his seconds—brother Steve and two helpers—and they pawed at him and worked over him.

And Joe Morelli knew that he hadn't gotten him; knew that he was in for a terrific fight, and swiftly the wish was upon him that Johnnie Garrells was there—Johnnie, his trainer, his second; the man who had been in his corner in all his fights, who could see more in one minute, and tell Joe between rounds. . . .

The ten-second whistle sounded. The bell.

FOR five rounds Joe Morelli gave Danny Malone everything he had, and Malone was still there and heaviness had begun to come into Joe's arms, and cinders into his lungs, and the spring had gone out of his legs. In the sixth round he missed three times in a row with his right, saw a blow coming, rolled his head to one side and didn't get out of the way quick enough.

It caught him full in the left eye—and the eye closed.

From then on the fight was all Malone's. Half blind, Joe rallied, rallied; fought . . . fought . . . and Malone kept whaling in. In the eighth, Joe was hanging on; in the ninth he was twice down—and his fighting heart lifted him up and sent him back in. In the tenth, out on his feet, he was standing toe to toe and slugging when the bell ended the final round.

No question who'd won! Swiftly, automatically, the referee raised Malone's hand. And the Auditorium, which was there to see a Morelli victory—which had bet on a Morelli victory—reacted as all auditoriums react when their favorite has unexpectedly been licked; when, in their eyes, their man has let them and their pocketbooks down.

Some sat in sour silence; the rest told Joe Morelli just what they thought of him and, shrilling above the roar, stabbing through it, sounded feminine voices, savagely accusing:

"Call yourself a champeen, do you? You big bum! Navy champ! Hah, hah, hah!"

The voices continued until Joe was in his dressing-room.

All the next day Joe Morelli sat about the house and didn't say a word. When later afternoon came he got into his fishing clothes with the rest of the boat's crew; in a rising wind and a running sea they put out in search of fish. Luck wasn't with them in their search; they cruised for hours. It was nearly four o'clock in the morning before the fire of a sardine school was sighted. As swiftly as they could in wind and sea, they set the net about the school; began hauling. They got the school almost up to the boat's side, and then suddenly there began a great commotion within the net.

A huge black bulk rose to the surface, dived, rose again, dived once more. And from the boat went up the cry:

"Sharks! Sharks in the net!"

They had caught not only sardines, but one or more basking sharks. And what these huge creatures weighing from five to seven tons could do to a net! . . . Frantically the crew strove to release one end of the net, to let the sharks go—to let everything go rather than have the net ripped to pieces. Before they could begin, the sharks had slashed the net to tatters and were gone. The sardines were gone—and the net lay ragged and empty in the water.

IT WAS after daybreak when they got the net aboard and headed back for the harbor and the long net-mending job. Joe Morelli stood by himself at the boat's rail, staring out over the gray-green, rolling waste of water, and bitter bleakness was on him. Fight lost, fish lost, net nearly ruined, labor and labor and work ahead—for what, heading where? His puffed lips became a hard line; he glared out of his one good eye at the empty horizon and the bleakness grew.

And then his eye was taking in something on a horizon no longer empty. A ship. Joe Morelli caught his breath. A fighting ship! He peered. Battleship! And another, and another, coming in column up over the wet rim of the world!

Joe's heart stopped beating—began wildly to hammer.

The fleet! The fleet was coming by!

They came. Came up over the green horizon in a long line, those great, gray steel walls that were the armed defensive strength of America, slowly rolling and pitching a little, swaying in the majesty of their might, coming magnificently on. Three of them, five of them, ten of them. Three hundred thousand tons of living power!

And Joe Morelli was seeking, searching along that column. Where was she? Where was *the* ship? Where was his ship?

There she was! The third in line—and every familiar detail of her leaped into life before his eyes. And then he was calling; was shouting to his brother Steve at the wheel of the fishing boat, was pointing at the fleet, was saying:

"Hey, Steve! Look! *Look!* Steer toward 'em! Get as close as you can to the third ship!"

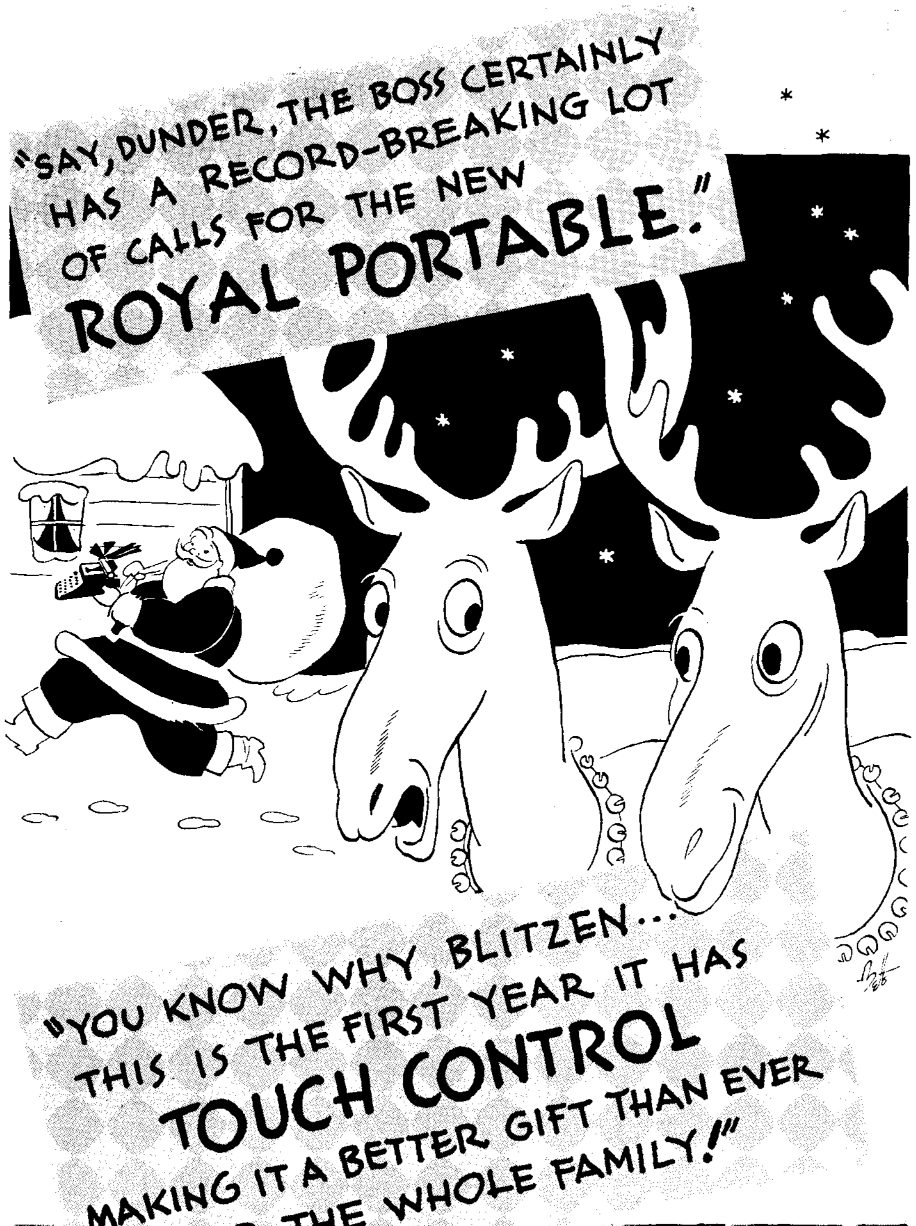
And Steve was staring, and then was noting the look on Joe's face, and then was pulling the wheel hard over, was heading in toward the column.

The leader—the flagship—was passing; the second in line was going by; the third. They weren't two hundred yards from her as she came up, bulking huge, huge, six hundred and more feet in length. And Joe Morelli, now up on the pilot house of the fishing boat, began to signal with his arms; semaphored her by number—her number—Forty-eight:

"Hello, Forty-eight! Hello, Forty-eight! This is Joe Morelli! Joe Morelli! Good luck, Forty-eight! Good luck, Forty-eight!" Furiously his arms moved.

And on the bridge of the battleship plowing along, Signal Quartermaster Dunn, who had been casually noting that somebody was signaling from the pilot

(Continued on page 62)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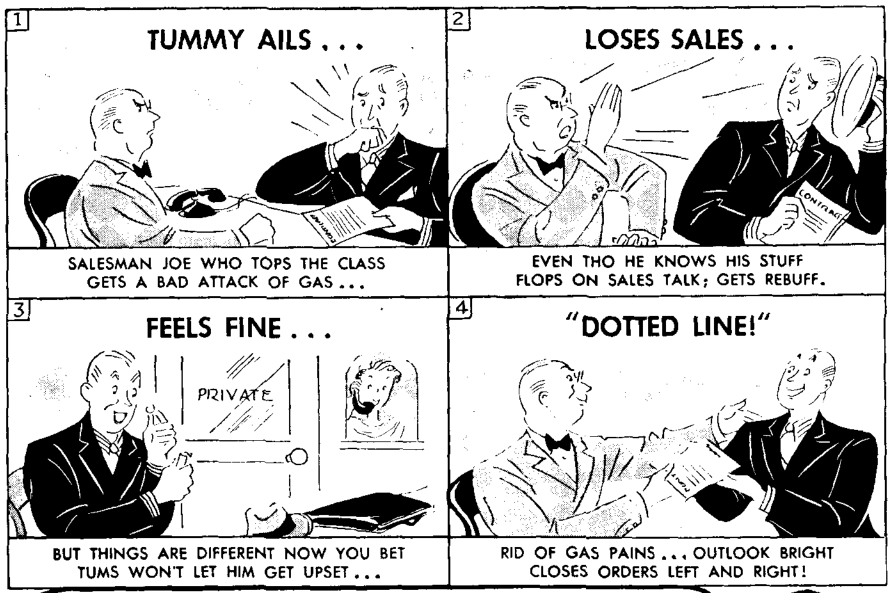
1
TUMMY AILS . . .
SALESMAN JOE WHO TOPS THE CLASS GETS A BAD ATTACK OF GAS . . .
2
LOSES SALES . . .
CONTRACT
EVEN THO HE KNOWS HIS STUFF FLOPS ON SALES TALK; GETS REBUFF.
3
FEELS FINE . . .
PRIVATE
BUT THINGS ARE DIFFERENT NOW YOU BET TUMS WON'T LET HIM GET UPSET . . .
4
"DOTTED LINE!"
RID OF GAS PAINS . . . OUTLOOK BRIGHT CLOSES ORDERS LEFT AND RIGHT!

ACID INDIGESTION WON'T BOTHER ME!

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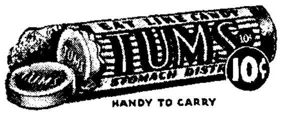

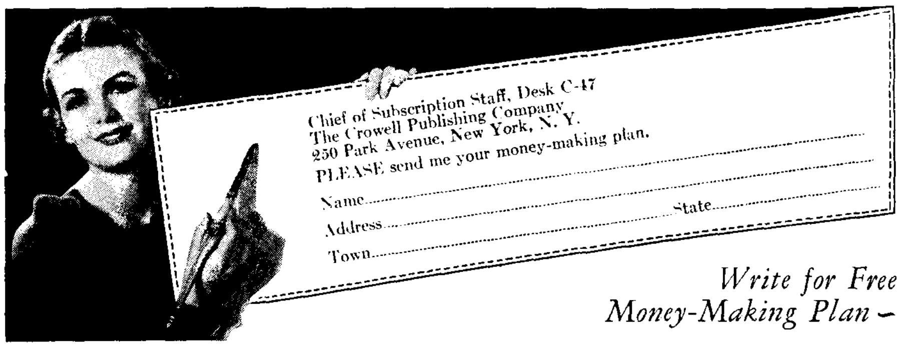

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(Continued from page 61)

house of the fishing boat that had been standing in on their bow, suddenly leaped as though touched by an electric spark. Words flashed before him and took meaning.

" . . . hello, Forty-eight! This is Joe Morelli! Joe Morelli!"

"Holy mackerel!" cried Quartermaster Dunn. "Joe!"

And, "Good luck, Forty-eight. Good luck, Forty-eight!" the signaling raced on.

Swiftly Quartermaster Dunn began to signal back. "Hello, Joe! Hello, Joe!"

At this moment a lean, wiry figure stepped from the battleship's emergency cabin that he always occupied when the ship was at sea—the captain, taking his first glance at the morning. His roving eye picked up a fishing boat off the bow . . . saw someone signaling from it. He shot a glance at his signalman.

"Quartermaster! That fishing boat. What does that fellow want?"

Quartermaster Dunn regarded the captain.

"It's . . . sir, it's Joe. Joe Morelli. I mean, you remember Champ Morelli who . . . He's wishing us good luck!"

"Morelli?" said the captain.

He stared at the fishing boat, lifted the binoculars that hung from his neck. He leveled them on the boat and the figure of Joe Morelli became life size. The captain smiled. Then his smile vanished.

"What the . . ."

He was studying Joe Morelli's face. Morelli had been beaten up! Morelli, the cleverest, the best little fighter he'd ever seen. Something . . . And then the staring captain's throat grew taut, for on that battered face was a look of joy and adoration. Fisherman Joe Morelli stood signaling the great ship rushing by, wishing it good luck!

FOR a moment the captain couldn't speak. And then:

"Quartermaster!" he called. "Send a message to Morelli! Tell him the whole ship says hello!" He paused an instant. "Tell him . . . tell him the captain says to carry on!"

They were past the fishing boat. It was dropping back.

And on that fishing boat, Joe Morelli, one-time Navy seaman and gun pointer and featherweight champion, stood gazing at the mighty, receding battleship with battered, radiant face.

When the fishing boat reached harbor and the torn net had been landed, Joe Morelli said swiftly to his brother Steve:

"I got something to do. I'll be back later."

And sought out Fight-Promoter Frank Schott.

"Listen," said Joe Morelli, and his words came clipping, "get me that guy Malone for a return fight next month!"

At that same hour, out on the battleship at sea, the captain was finishing a talk with the officer in charge of athletics.

"So that's the story of Joe Morelli, and that's why he's on that boat, fishing. But I don't know about this fight he's been in, somewhere, and I want to know. When we reach port, send for Morelli's home-town paper for a week, and have Master-at-Arms Garrells or Quartermaster Dunn—they're his closest friends—write him and learn whatever they can."

Thus it was that several days later the captain sat reading the newspaper account of the Morelli-Malone fight . . . and read in a following paper that Morelli had asked for a return match. And:

"Hmm!" said the captain, eyes narrowing as he gazed across his cabin. "There *is* something!" . . .

Those who saw the second Morelli-Malone fight still talk of it. They'll tell you how Joe Morelli came out of his corner in the first round and poured into Danny Malone with everything he had, and kept on pouring for five rounds; how Danny Malone took it and fought back; and how Joe Morelli shook off all that Malone gave him and bored in for more. They'll tell you many things. But one thing they won't tell you—the most dramatic thing of all—because they knew nothing of it. They saw only the end of it, and then only partly understood.

Early on the evening of the fight three men appeared at the box office of the Auditorium. They were Navy men . . . they were Master-at-Arms Garrells, Quartermaster Dunn and big Bosun's Mate Novak.

"I want the three ringside tickets that you've been keeping for us," said Spokesman Garrells, and gave his name. "Now I'd like you to do me a favor. We won't be sitting in those seats for a while—we're going to be in the back of the Auditorium—but when we come for them, we want to be sure there's nobody else in 'em, because if there is," and Spokesman Garrells and his companions looked long and hard at the ticket seller, "it's going to be just too bad."

"Why, sure!" said the young man in the ticket booth.

"Okay!" said Spokesman Garrells, and with his friends disappeared into the evening.

In the sixth round of the fight, Danny Malone got in the punch he'd been trying for all evening. It landed full on Joe Morelli's chin and Joe went down.

The Auditorium swept to its feet with a yell, and as it swept, three men in Navy uniforms came from nowhere. Came, and were standing at the ringside.

Joe Morelli, face down, got to his elbows and knees at the count of four. At the count of six he shook his head, trying to clear it, and looked around the ring. Looked, and suddenly saw.

Saw three Navy figures standing at the ringside. Saw—and recognized.

And then Joe Morelli was up and for the next minute in the Auditorium there existed nothing but sound—sound so loud, so continuous, so beyond all ordinary roar, that it seemed palpable, seemed as though one could reach out and take handfuls of it. And all that while Joe Morelli smashed Danny Malone around the ring and Malone tried to smash back and the sound went up, up. Then the referee was counting and the sound reached unbelievable top and the referee was raising Joe Morelli's hand.

THEY got him into their rented car later, Johnnie Garrells and companions did, and they said, "Now we'll drive by your house to pick up your things."

"To pick up my things?" said Joe.

"Sure! You're coming back to the ship with us."

Joe stared at them as though they had gone crazy.

"But, wait now! Hey—you don't understand!"

"You bet we understand!" said Johnnie Garrells, and tapped a jacket pocket. "We got a paper here from a San Francisco betting commissioner that says we win fifteen hundred dollars if you won. And if that don't pay off what's still owing on the fishing boat, then what you wrote me in your last letter was all wet."

"But, listen!" said Joe Morelli. "I can't take your money." His heart was pounding nearly through his ribs.

"It ain't *ours,*" was the retort. "It's the *ship's.* We gathered a pool—and I'll say we got some nice odds. People seem to think the Navy's kind of soft in the head. This fifteen hundred bucks is all velvet—and our guys'll get back two dollars for every one they put up. Now where'd you say your house was? We'd kind of like to meet your folks, and I guess you'd like to say goodby to 'em. Because, fella, you're Navy bound!"

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Make men's wear counters your headquarters for Men's Gifts . . .

Blind Man's Eyes

Continued from page 17

little shop at which John Dyce alighted to put his questions, he got his answers.

"That party was in here tonight about a half hour ago, telephoning. His name is Smith; he must live around here. . . . He comes in to phone, and to answer it; some Italian woman calls up and asks for Mr. Smith, and then he's here. . . . This is Wickersham 8-1442."

JOHN DYCE entered his spacious Park Avenue apartment. He changed his heavy and purposefully noisy street shoes for felt-soled gear, went to his unlighted study and padded to his desk. To the pitch darkness he said, "Good evening, Miss Bright."

He read his mail, which had been transferred into Braille points with the aid of a sighted assistant, and signed outgoing letters. "Our usual form, Miss Bright—'Dictated but not read' . . . Hello, where'd you get the corsage?"

"Oh, Mr. Dyce, you know very well." The tone of the invisible Miss Bright was demure. "We took in a talkie tonight."

"What the deuce flowers are they? I can't make out the smell."

"Orchids! No, they don't smell so hot. He's a funny man; but terribly good-looking. He says he's a ringer for Clark Gable. He calls me 'lamb'—can you imagine? Did you ever smell a lamb, Mr. Dyce? And their hoofs and noses—ugh!"

"Yes, Ronin is a stunning chap. If he says they're orchids— In the country of the blind, Miss Bright, the sighted man is a big chuff. . . . Get me Mr. Corkran of the telephone company. And then Moe Mahoney of the New York Day. . . .

"Hello, Corkran; John Dyce. I want a list of the calls between half past twelve and one tonight from Wickersham 8-1442. Call me back? . . . Hello, Moe! You know Gerry Van Dam, the rich auto racer, speed hound, and that? Just married, isn't he—who is his wife? . . . French; I knew that. . . . Married before . . . . A widow. . . ."

At four o'clock the morning office hours were over. Miss Bright went into the black library, took down a novel in Braille, and read it with her fingers while she sucked rock candy.

Dinner was at half past five, in the dawn. John Dyce was early to bed, at eight, and slept with the sun in his face. It shone in on sunken lids.

He had led a regular life since discontinuing, with the hearty approval of the district attorney, his very successful investment service and devoting to crime detection his unique talents.

He worked and played by night and slept by day.

HE WOKE in the early afternoon. He had his shower, shaved, dressed, breakfasted, puffed one of his infrequent cigarettes, listened to the market reports and news flashes.

He entered a brilliantly lit dressing-room, sat in a barber chair, and spoke to Fay.

"Number 3 Blue; cheap and flashy; drinks too much beer."

"Too much, but not enough," murmured Fay, who liked beer himself. "Would you like to be on crutches, Mr. Dyce?"

"No; but I could do with a wooden leg. Let's try it on."

Ronin, refreshed by a good day's sleep, was ready with the car at a quarter to four. . . .

At four o'clock that afternoon, Gerry Van Dam, at home in his fine old house on Gramercy Park, had a telephone call from John Dyce.

"I'll be there in an hour, Mr. Van Dam; at five! I expect to dress in your house; I'll be running around till the last minute and won't have time. Till we meet."

Gerry hung up in the bar and strolled into the living-room. "Dyce will be here at five—whatever good he will do. Rather silly idea of Don Everette's, it seems to me now, Elise." He lit a cigarette. "Yes, Blanche?"

"A Mr. Timon Miller is at the door," said the maid.

"Timon Miller? Who's that?"

"He says it's about the jewelry we lost. He wants to see you."

"So. Show him in."

He heard a clumping step in the foyer. A stocky man, carefully and expensively dressed in very bad taste, appeared in the doorway. Gerry, resenting the visitor's slicked-down hair, the half-dozen flashing rings on the soiled hand that was settling a florid cravat, the exhalation of perfume and the furtive look in the prominent blue eyes, spoke crisply. "Well, what is it?"

Favoring one leg greatly, Mr. Miller clumped to a chair. He sat in it with a leg thrust out; it was evidently artificial. Mr. Miller drew from his breast a dog-eared sheaf of papers.

"You're Mr. Van Dam, Gerry Van Dam, ain't you? Well, Mr. Van Dam, is this stuff yourn? Give a look."

WHILE he strove to rise, Gerry went to him and took the paper. It was an unsigned bill of sale; itemized on it was most of the stolen jewelry.

"Where did you get this?"

"From the po-lice, I'm frank to tell you, Mr. Van Dam. It's yourn? All right: then we can talk business. Do you want to sell it?"

"How sell it? I haven't it to sell."

"Right," said Mr. Miller. "You ain't got it and you can't get it; so why not talk business?"

Mr. Miller's hand dove into his bosom again, and came up with a fat envelope. "There's five thousand dollars in cash money; give a look."

Gerry gave a look. "What's the idea?"

"The idea," said Mr. Miller, "is that I am a diamond broker, and a certain party offered me that stuff. I made inquiries, and found out it was hot; I'm frank to tell you. If something is hot, I don't want any part of it; it don't pay, and don't let anybody tell you different, Mr. Van Dam.

"There's money; do you want it? Sign that bill of sale. The stuff is worth more, but I got to see this certain party too."

"And who," asked Gerry, "is the certain party?"

"I can just get by, Mr. Van Dam, by minding my own business all the time."

"I'll tell you what to do," said Gerry. "Come back in an hour."

"And meet the po-lice," interpreted the diamond broker.

He put the money envelope back into his pocket.

"But, Ger-ry," urged Elise, "why do we not take this money?"

"You got it right, lady," said Mr. Timon Miller. "I'll tell you what I'll do: I'll trust you. Yes, I'll trust both of you. I'll leave the cash and the bill of sale; think it over. I'll ring you in an hour, and you tell me come and get my money or come and get the bill." . . .

They told John Dyce when the blind man arrived at five.

"That is Tappy Miller," said John Dyce. "He is a notorious receiver. No doubt, he has the jewelry now. His coming here to buy you off squares with what I have learned: that the police now have a description of the thief, and expect to arrest him tomorrow. Let's hope

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AT NIGHT

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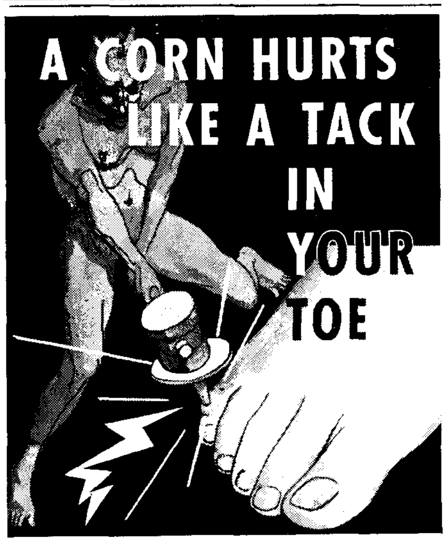

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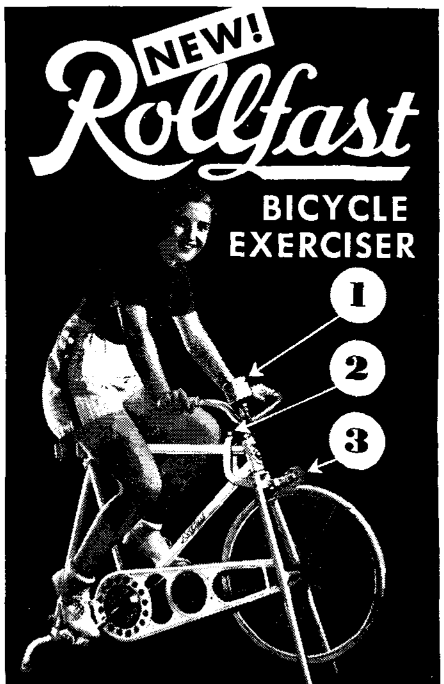

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they do. When Tappy calls up, I shall talk to him; listen in, if you will."

"They know the thief is a man, eh?"

"It was a man—a foreigner—who offered the jewelry."

"And they shall arrest him, Mr. Dyce?"

"That's the anticipation, Mrs. Van Dam."

The company went to its several rooms, to dress. The telephone rang; Elise lifted the receiver and heard John Dyce speaking from his room. "Hello."

"Let me have Mr. Van Dam!" said the harsh voice of the diamond broker. "It's Mr. Timon Miller."

"Hello, Tappy," said John Dyce. "Mr. Van Dam showed me the money you left here. Come and get it. John Dyce talking."

"What's the idea, Dyce?"

"No argument, Miller!" said John Dyce sternly.

"If you say so, Dyce. But let him think it over tonight; he might change his mind. I'll be around in the morning; at eight. . . ."

When Gerry and Elise descended, John Dyce, dressed as they had seen him in the restaurant, was already in the living-room. He was sitting before the radio, which was telling a bedtime story; with him was the soft-stepping and lantern-jawed Fay.

"Two dial phones," murmured Fay in his master's ear. "In Mrs. Van Dam's room and the butler's pantry."

John Dyce was not listening to the excellent program, but to its defects: to electric lights going on and off, to telephone interference. The radio, clicking, had discovered to him a dial telephone on the circuit. He had an ear for the familiar household sounds, too, locating and identifying them.

"Have you a safe here, Mr. Van Dam?" he asked, when Gerry and Elise had commented on his cavalier treatment of Mr. Timon Miller. "There in the wall, eh? Put Mr. Miller's money in there, till he comes for it in the morning."

HE WAS by the radio throughout the evening, as faithful to it as a cat to a rat hole. The instrument sang to him, orated, joked, invoked God's blessing on him and tried to sell him a bill of goods, but he was interested only when it talked to itself, when it chuckled, gasped, crackled and growled. Twice it clicked, talking in code; and once it clicked—one . . . four . . . four . . . two.

Someone in the house was calling the little drugstore.

At midnight Elise declared explicitly for bed. She had had to speak out; hints had been wasted on the guest, for whom indeed the hour was high noon.

They went to their rooms, and the house was still and dark; except, certainly, to John Dyce, sitting vigilant in his chamber.

AT TWO o'clock, Gerry was sleeping the sleep of a healthy young millionaire to whom an eighteen-thousand-dollar loss was just one of those things. He was gently shaken awake. "Uh-h?"

"Quiet, Mr. Van Dam," said John Dyce in the gloom. "Come, I shall show you your thief."

"Right with you," said Gerry, blundering toward a bureau. He pulled out a drawer. "Ready, Mr. Dyce!"

"Don't shoot till you can see, Mr. Van Dam. Let me lead you—"

Holding to the blind man's hand, Gerry shuffled through the darkness. They descended to the living-room floor.

"Where's Ronin?" breathed John Dyce to the darkness.

"In the street." The muted voice was Fay's. "She's at the safe yet. She can't open it."

The doors to the living-room, which was in the rear of the house, were shut.

"She?" whispered Gerry. "One of the servants?"

"It is your wife, Mr. Van Dam."

"Who, Elise? Why should she— Walking in her sleep?"

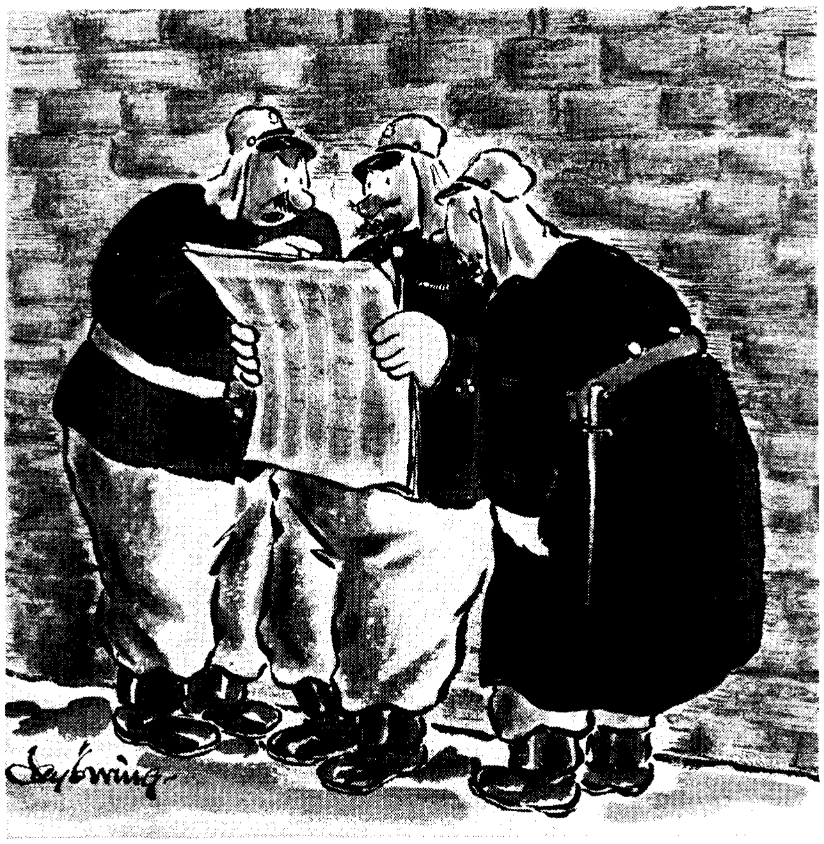
"She will not walk far; she is barefooted. Do not go now! Follow her to the answer. I have heard her and held her hand, and I know her and that she loves you; but there is something here to be brought out into the open."

The line under the living-room door went black. The door was opening stealthily. Someone was descending the stairs to the basement.

"Now, Mr. Van Dam. Follow, quietly."

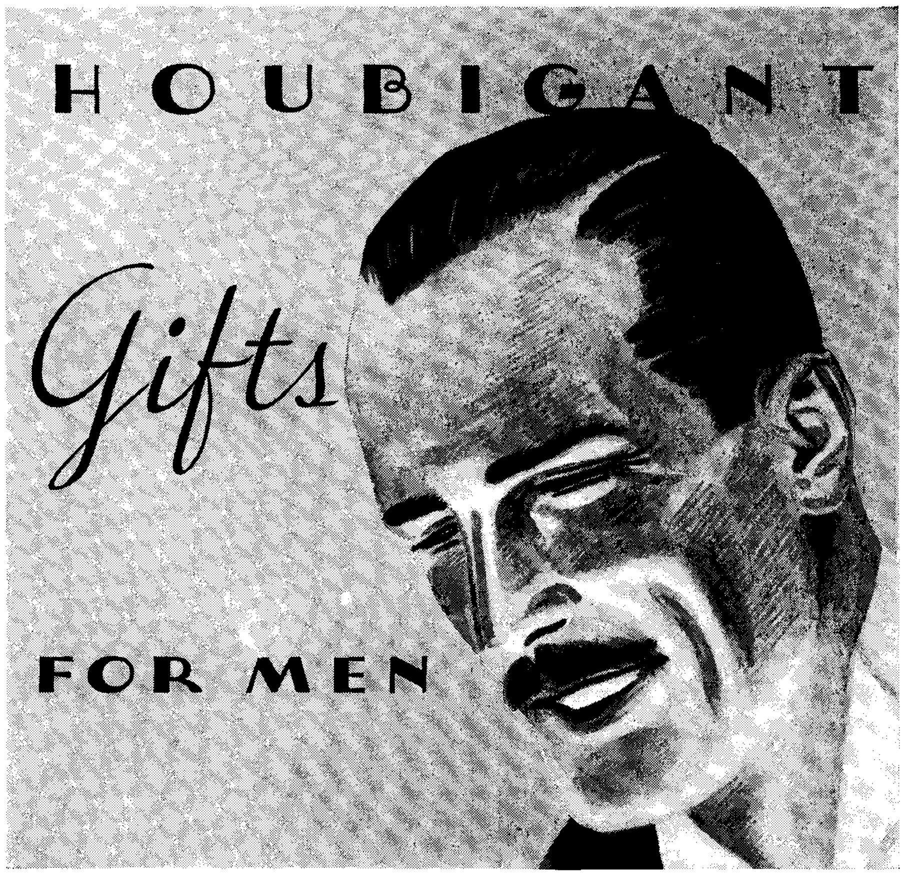
But Gerry was not inclined to quiet. His voice rolled out indignantly.

(Continued on page 66)



"Here, this part where she says, 'Having left my bed and board'—that's what gets me sore"

JAY IRVING



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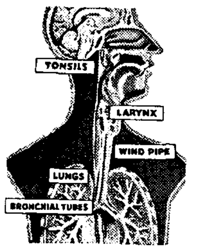

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PERTUSSIN
"MOIST-THROAT" METHOD OF
COUGH RELIEF

(Continued from page 65)

"What is this, Dyce? What about Elise? Elise!"

Gerry strode to the stairs.

John Dyce turned to the street door and snatched it open. "Ronin!" he shouted. "Take him!"

"Yea, boss!" yelled Ronin, darting from across the street.

John Dyce heard Elise's cry of alarm, the voice of a stranger, Gerry's fierce hail, a frantic pounding of feet; a pistol shot.

For several seconds the only sound was of Ronin at the iron door under the stoop. Then Elise's voice soared in a screaming laugh.

"*Il a cassé sa pipe!*" she cried. "He broke his pipe! Ah, *bon!*"

Fay came up from below. "Her husband is shot. Through the head."

"Dead?"

"As Dillinger."

JOHN DYCE went to the stairs and down. He was alarmed; had he let that fine boy go to his death?

He could have told young Van Dam quietly that it was his wife Elise who had made away with the jewelry, who had given it to a stranger, and that this stranger had some secret hold on her. Dyce had been all but sure of the facts while still in the Eight-and-Forty restaurant the night before. . . .

And then he breathed relievedly; a high-pitched, panting voice was speaking, and it was Gerry Van Dam's.

"Well. I gave it to him, Ronin. There he is. He came at me and I gave it to him. There he is on the floor; my wife's first husband. We thought he was dead. Well, he is dead."

"Ger-ry, what shall I do? He comes—from the dead. Did I not tell you all, Ger-ry? That he left me in Paris and went home to Bucharest with a girl of his country; and then came a letter, 'he is dead.' I showed you the letter, Ger-ry. . . ."

"Calm down, sweetheart. We had proofs enough; I guess now they were faked. Ronin, I switched on the light—"

"What shall I do? I cannot have a divorce. And I loved you. I give him my jewels; I say, 'Let me think,' but I cannot think. I can only think, 'He is not dead; he is not dead; I have no Ger-ry! . . .' "

"Angel, he's dead now, and will be from now on, and that's the big thing. He came running at me, Ronin—"

"It is I brought him here tonight, Ger-ry. I told him on the telephone, 'The police will arrest you. You want money; I have money. Come; take it, and go away. . . .' "

"He's dead, all right," said Ronin, shrugging. "Don't ask me what to do! When somebody is dead, it is the ticket to lam; 's'all I know. Ask my boss; there he is back of you."

Gerry turned; he looked into the bulging blue eyes of Mr. Timon Miller.

"What the devil are you doing in here?"

"It is John Dyce, Mr. Van Dam," said the blue-eyed gentleman. "My man Fay is very good at make-up, I believe."

"It is—who? Not being amusing, are you, Miller? I heard Mr. Dyce talking to you on the wire this afternoon—"

"You heard me talking to myself, Mr. Van Dam. I had Central ring this house, and when I knew you were listening—but let us return upstairs. Mrs. Van Dam should not be here; and we must call the police."

THEY were calmer a few minutes later, in the living-room. John Dyce made talk.

"You will, of course, give the facts to the police: that this man was Mrs. Van Dam's first husband, that he deserted her in France, that she had ample proofs of his death, and that he was nevertheless alive. He read of her excellent marriage and came here to blackmail her, knowing that a divorce would be against her conscience. . . . For the newspapers, let him be an unknown housebreaker, shot down in the act. . . . A Roumanian, was he? He wrote in French."

"We spoke in French," said Elise. "And do you know of his writing in French, Mr. Dyce?— If you are truly Mr. Dyce. It is your voice."

John Dyce smiled. "Mrs. Van Dam, you sighted people look always at the eyes; is that not true? The eyes are the man to you, and always the same; but I have no eyes. As for my slight power of altering my voice, remember that people are only voices to me. Let me explain what I have done and you will be convinced.

"That tipsy fellow in the restaurant—the man who lies now downstairs—did not pick your napkin from the floor. He pulled it from your knee, as an excuse to pass you a note. I apologize again for spilling the coffee, but I wanted that note. It had alarmed you greatly; you didn't want it read; you crumpled it and put it in your purse.

"I asked you to light my cigarette, so that you would lift your hands from your purse. I spilt the coffee toward you. You sprang up; your purse fell. I secured it, took the note from it, and emptied the other contents on the floor, so that the note would seem lost by accident. My man Fay read the note to me.

"Mr. Van Dam thought it said, 'Joe Louis,' or 'Joe'-something-'Louis'; Joe Louis was foremost in the public mind last night. What the note really said, as you know, was '*J'ai besoin de Louis!*'—the 'Louis' being capitalized and underlined.

" 'I need Louis'—money, cash. Here was the blunt demand of a blackmailer, and it frightened you; it was not hard to guess how you had lost your jewelry."

"I get it, Elise—it had me fanning for a while. So that's what the note said! Oh, then Mr. Dyce could guess at once. It's lucky Mr. Fay here was on the job."

"HE SAVED time. His reading was so plausible that I did not even have a Braille relief made for my own examination.

"Assuming that the blackmailer got your jewelry, and was still in need of money almost at once, he must have sold it for a trifle. I learned, by the way, that he had called this house from a drugstore on 45th Street just before appearing in the restaurant."

"That's right, Elise! Somebody did call up here and ask for you. Blanche told him where we'd probably be."

"I came here," continued John Dyce, "in the character of a dealer in stolen jewelry, and offered you — plausibly enough, I think—a large sum in cash. The envelope now in the safe is not the one you saw first; you may destroy it.

"I rode off in the cab, to the next corner, where Ronin was waiting with my car. I returned in my proper person. I told you that the 'thief' was in immediate danger of arrest. Talking to myself on the telephone in my room, I gave you to understand that the money would be taken from you the following morning.

"My thought was that you might take the money to buy off that blackmailer for another while. I hoped—and it happened that way—that you would bring him here, after taking the supposed money from the safe secretly."

"Mr. Dyce—!"

"Pshaw," said the blind man, lifting a hand. "I dare say you would have come to some sound arrangement without me. But the police will be here at once, and they would delay me—give them my name. I can still get in an hour at my office, where some pressing matters await me. Fay, tell Ronin. Will you accept my best wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Van Dam—and excuse me?"

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Without Music

Continued from page 19

when he followed her into the vestibule of a cheap apartment house on the upper West Side. The place was dim and quiet. A wan light shone in the hall beyond. He said good night to her there. He wanted to kiss her but he thought better of it.

"Busy tomorrow night?"

She laughed under her breath.

"You are a fast mover."

"A gun from the stall-gate," Collins agreed. "Anyway, we'll do this again—soon."

"Thanks."

Her smile was shadowy. He watched her hurry up the steep stairs before he turned and went out to the waiting taxi. He didn't feel like going back to his rooms atop the Central Park South skyscraper where he had lived since making a name for himself on Broadway. He felt in need of excitement, stimulation to equal the strange, inspirational mood that came over him.

"Know where Lou Banner's place is?" he asked the taxi driver.

"Yeah, want to go there?"

"If it isn't too much trouble," Collins said.

THE orchestra men were tuning up when Collins opened the door of the room they rehearsed in at Lotusland. Leffler was handing out orchestration parts. Metz hung over the piano, reading his score and playing chords with three fingers. Collins swung out of his belted camel's-hair coat. He dumped it on a chair with his hat.

"We're all set," Leffler told him. "Dixie's downstairs. She'll be here in a minute."

Metz twisted around on the bench.

"Notice the flatfeet when you came in, Johnny?"

"I don't want Duffy in here when we're working," Collins said. To Leffler he added: "You keep that sleuth outside."

"It's not only Duffy," Metz said. "There were three or four others with him after you left last night and a couple loafing around this morning. Looks like a scoop to me."

"Probably a pick-up for queer shoving," Leroy, who played the viola, put in. "Oscar was telling me about the phony ten-dollar bills circulating around here."

The door opened and Dixie came in. Today she wore a blue dress with a white collar and cuffs. Collins smiled at her from his conductor's rack. She had never looked younger, more attractive. He nodded to Leffler.

"This is one of Walt Hanley's new tunes," the arranger explained. "His publishing house is behind it for a solid plug. You've got to watch your rhythm carefully. The orchestration's tricky. I want the brass to accent sharply. The strings for a background. Keep your eyes on Johnny all the time. It's a number that needs plenty of directing."

Collins picked up his stick.

"Swing it."

They went over the song twice before Dixie came in on the chorus. Collins was surprised. He thought she had rehearsed it with Metz. She had forgotten parts of the lyric. She was all off on the middle section of the refrain. He had to stop twice to straighten her out.

It was nearly one o'clock when Collins dismissed the band. Metz slipped a cigarette in one corner of his mouth. He nudged Collins.

"How about dropping in at Weller's joint? I'm supposed to get a good thing in the third hop at Bowie."

"You play it and tell me about it afterwards. I'm busy."

Kinky followed Collins' gaze with his own. Dixie was near the door. The pianist nodded wisely.

"I get you. Just another doll. Let it ride. Fast women and beautiful horses. See you later."

She looked up when Collins joined her in the corridor.

"We've got a date to put on the nosebags together," he said.

Her blue eyes met his. She smiled faintly.

"I'm sorry; I have a date."

"With the Duke?"

"With my brother."

They walked down the hall.

"I don't think I've ever met him," Collins said. "I understand he works for Corbin. Must be a nice guy if he's anything like you."

She paused at her dressing-room door.

"Thanks all the same."

"You couldn't break the date?" Collins asked. "I've got a car around in the garage that needs exercise."

For a minute she was silent. The lashes screened the expression in her eyes. She drew a quick little breath.

"This is the most important date I've ever had," she said in a low, vibrant voice. "Everything depends on it!"

She opened the door. Collins dropped a hand to her rounded arm.

"How about later on—after you're through?"

"You might stop at the apartment," she told him slowly. "Around four." Suddenly she smiled. "If I'm not there wait downstairs."

"When you open the door you'll fall over me," Collins said.

He left her and went on to the main entrance. The doors opening onto the dance floor were open. The place yawned vacantly. Tables and chairs were piled along the edges. Porters were at work polishing the floor. As Collins passed, Ed Duffy came out of the manager's office beyond.

"Hello, maestro. What's your hurry?"

THE plain-clothes man shoved a small memorandum book into his pocket. He struck a match for the cold cigar clamped between his teeth. Collins opened the door that led to Broadway.

"Had lunch?"

Duffy shook his head.

"I'll take a sandwich with you. I've got to be at headquarters at two sharp."

"What's the push?" Collins asked, when they found compartment seats at an adjacent grill. "Why don't you move your desk up to the dancery? Every time I turn around there you are."

"I'm on a case," Duffy said, lifting the top slice of toast from his sandwich to inspect the filling. "After tomorrow you won't be tripping over me so often. I'm going to miss that music of yours, too."

"You mean," Collins said, "you've been staked out at Lotusland waiting to make a pinch?"

Duffy pretended admiration.

"Brains! You ought to throw that stick of yours away and join the force. We need guys like you. Natural ferrets."

"What's the lay?"

The detective grinned.

"I should tell an orchestra leader and have him broadcast it? Catch some sense, Johnny." He added sugar to his black coffee. "By the way, how's that canary you were chinning with the other night? You know, the dame I like. How come you're not feeding her?"

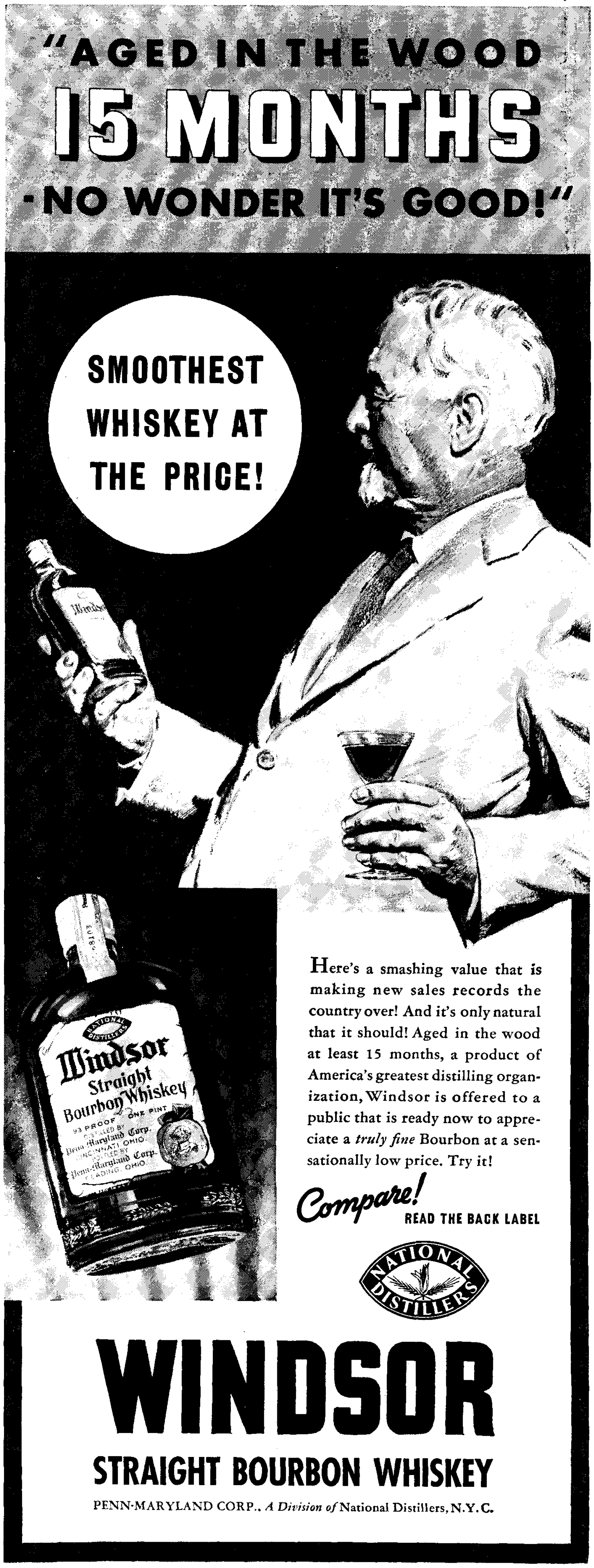
"Somebody else beat me to it."

"Corbin?"

"Her brother."

Duffy stirred his coffee.

(Continued on page 68)



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(Continued from page 67)

"Lad they call Teddy. I think I know him. Hey, don't gab with me. I've got to swallow and hoof out of here. Two o'clock at Centre Street. And can that inspector be tough when you're not on the dot!"

The front door ticked when Collins pressed the bell with the name *June* lettered over it. He went up three flights of steep stairs. She had just come in. She still had her hat on. She seemed more animated, happier than he had ever seen her. The shadow of trouble he had noticed earlier that day had vanished. She led him into the living-room of her small suite.

"Don't look at the dust. I have a colored woman—Julia—who does the cleaning twice a week. She hasn't shown up for the last ten days."

COLLINS sat down on the sofa.

"Must have been a good lunch. You're smiling."

She laughed.

"You said something about a ride."

"The car's downstairs. Before we go I want to ask you something. Are you engaged to the Duke?"

She turned quickly.

"What gave you that idea?"

"I'm asking—are you?"

She avoided his direct glance. Across the court an elderly man was watering the geraniums lining the sill in his apartment.

"No."

"All right. How would you like to be engaged to me?"

She drew back. Her red lips parted. The look she gave him was one of startled surprise.

"To—you?"

"Why not? I'm not a bad egg."

She stood motionless. In the light that streamed through the cheap curtains at the window he saw her look was brooding, enigmatic.

"How can you be in love with me?"

"I am." He went to her. She stood, half turned until his hands moved up to her shoulders. "You're everything I want. You're sweet! Dixie, you don't have to be crazy about me. Just like me a little for a starter. I'll try and put myself across all the way. I've plugged songs, made them hits. I'll do the same thing for myself. All I want is a chance."

He could feel her begin to tremble.

"I do like you, Johnny. Only—"

"What?"

She made no reply. She tried to draw away. He tightened the pressure of his hands, holding her in the same position.

"I—I can't be engaged to anyone—now. I can't explain. You wouldn't understand. It—it's something that's personal. Please—"

"But you do like me," he insisted.

"I've told you I do! Johnny, let me go. Let's—"

HIS mouth over hers left what she would have said unfinished. For an instant her slender hands pushed against his chest. Then, as if the warmth of his kiss held some narcotic quality, she relaxed. Collins drew her to him. In a little frenzy of adoration he kissed the lids of her shut eyes, her smooth cheeks and then her red, quivering mouth again.

Through the rapturous eternity that lived within the fleeting minute the sharp, shrill ring of the telephone intruded. To Collins it was like a dash of cold water. He released her, stepping away, backing to the sofa.

Her voice, when she unhooked the receiver, was unsteady.

"Yes . . . Dixie." She listened. Collins lighted a cigarette. He watched her fingers tighten over the receiver. "I didn't know you were back," she continued. "Now? I can't—I have a date." Again she listened. "You wouldn't know. Duke, I—" Her left hand moved nervously over the pile of magazines on the table where the telephone stood. "All right, if it's so important. Where?"

She said goodby and rang off. Collins got up from the sofa.

"Corbin?"

"He wants to see me right away. I—I'm sorry."

He said nothing while she pulled the window shades halfway down, got her coat from the bed in the adjoining room and hastily dabbed her nose and chin with powder. He opened the hall door.

"Are you terribly angry?"

"It's all right," he said briefly.

Her fingers pressed his impulsively.

"You are nice to understand."

Collins laughed.

"That's the trouble—I don't. Can I give you a lift to where you're going?"

Her perfume drifted to him as they went down the stairs.

"No, it isn't necessary. I'll see you tonight."

The last glimpse he had of her was when she cut across the corner of Broadway, signaling for a southbound bus to stop. He got into his car, turned the ignition key and went back to his apartment. . . .

The usual crowd was going into Lotusland when Collins arrived for his night work. The alternating orchestra that played for the late afternoon customers had two more numbers to go. Collins went into the band-room. The air was blue with cigarette smoke. The usual card game was in progress. Metz gave him a nod and drew him aside.

"Dixie telephoned about ten minutes ago."

"What did she want?"

"She wanted to speak to you. When I told her you hadn't checked in she said she was sorry but she wouldn't be here tonight. Just like that—'tell him I can't make it.' These ribs. They certainly are independent. I knew a pretty picture like her must have a flaw in it."

COLLINS went over to the orchestration cabinet. He looked at the list of numbers Leffler had prepared for that night. He began checking through them. Something gave him an empty, hollow feeling. He tried to reason with himself but his thoughts went around and around in a crazy, bewildered pattern. He couldn't straighten them out.

It must have been close to midnight when the band knocked off for its ten-minute intermission. Collins handed his stick to Metz.

"I'm leaving. You take charge."

"What is this—a nightly affair?" Metz grinned crookedly. "Don't tell me, I'm wise. It's that dame. You've had her on your mind all evening. She's got you walking around on your heels."

Collins narrowed his eyes.

"Never mind the patter."

Metz threw down the baton.

"Look, Johnny. I'm your pal. I've been with you for four years. We've taken the breaks together. I've kept quiet so far because it's none of my business, but I'm going to tell you something now. Everybody around this trap knows it but you. Dixie's the Duke's girl friend."

FOR an instant Collins poised himself. His fingers closed. He looked into Metz's face. The arm he half cocked suddenly dropped to his side. He turned away.

"Take charge of the program," he said evenly and, getting his camel's-hair coat out of his locker, went out.

At a drugstore on the west side of Longacre Square he called Banner on the man's private, unlisted telephone. The address Banner gave was transferred to the taxi driver:

"Seventy-fifth Street and West End," Collins directed.

The house was an old-fashioned private residence. In the city's march of progress it had been remodeled into small apartments. Collins went into a foyer. There were several doors. He rang the bell of one. After a minute or two a slim, dark youth opened it. He wore a double-breasted cinnamon-brown suit. Green shirt, cravat and the handkerchief in his upper pocket matched. Collins recognized him as Brad Kenshaw, a Broadway sharpshooter who existed by his wits.

"Is the Duke in?"

Kenshaw looked surprised.

"Oh, Collins. I didn't know you at first. The Duke? No, he's not here."

Footsteps sounded somewhere close at hand. A door opened. Corbin's voice spoke: "Who is it, Brad?"

Collins stepped over the threshold.

"I want to speak to you, Duke."

Kenshaw shut the door. Corbin, in blue serge, dropped his cigarette and stepped on it.

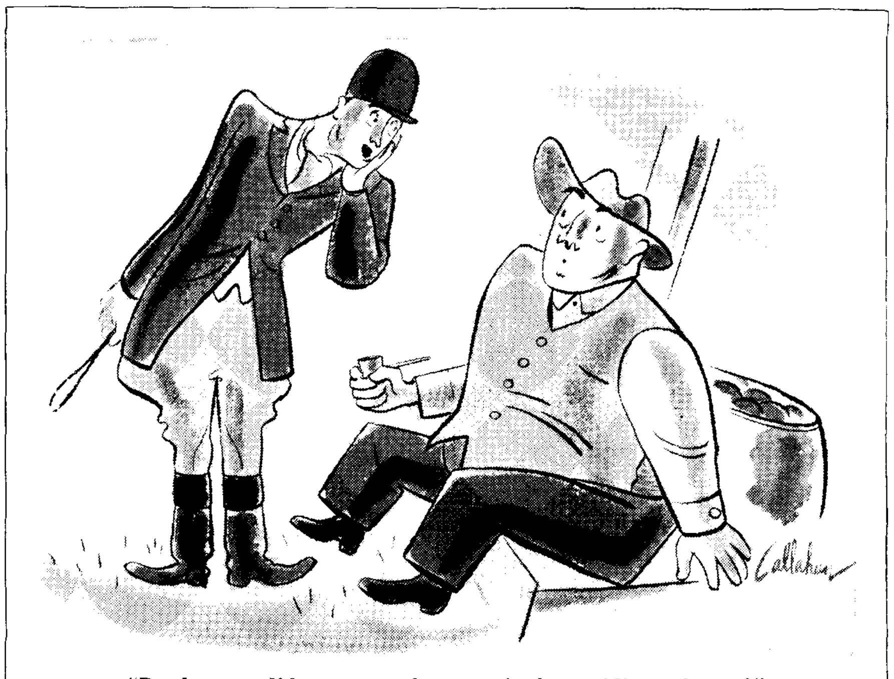
"Johnny Collins. You want to see me?" He came out of the room. "Sorry, I'm on the move. Just going out. What is it, anything important?"

"I want to ask you a couple of questions."

Corbin asked:

"Easy as that? Come on in here. Be with you in a minute," he said to Kenshaw. "How'd you know where I live?" he said to Collins, ushering him into a small room furnished as a study.

(Continued on page 70)



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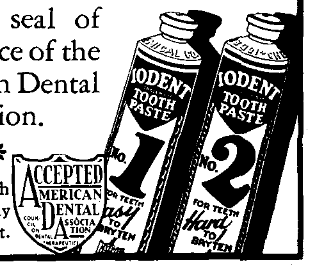
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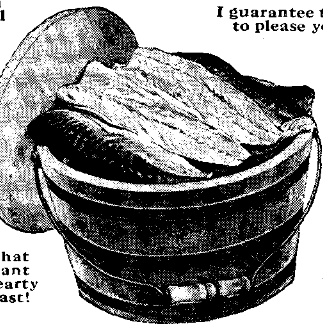

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162 Central Wharf, Gloucester, Mass.

My dear Mr. Davis: Please send me all charges prepaid, a pail containing 18 small, tender mackerel fillets, clear fish, no heads, tails, or waste parts, and practically boneless. If, after trying a few fillets, I am not entirely satisfied, I will return the rest at your expense and will owe you nothing. Otherwise, I'll send you $2.00 within 10 days.*

Name ....

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City .... State ....

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*If you wish to send check for full amount now, I'll include with your mackerel a copy of my 25¢ beautifully illustrated cook book containing 136 delightful recipes. Your money will be instantly refunded if you are not pleased in every way.

STOPPED-UP NOSTRILS due to colds

Use Mentholatum to help open the nostrils and permit freer breathing

MENTHOLATUM
Gives COMFORT Daily

Without Music

Continued from page 68

Collins waited until he closed the door. "Where's Dixie?"

Corbin's expressionless face remained unchanged.

"Why ask me?"

"You called her up late this afternoon at her apartment. She went out to meet you. She didn't show up at the dance hall."

"So you were the company she was entertaining when I spoke to her?" Corbin walked slowly across the room. "As a matter of fact, I don't know where she is. I only saw her for a few minutes."

"What is there between you and Dixie?"

Corbin stopped walking. He swung around:

"Isn't that rather a personal question?"

"I'm asking you and I want an answer," Collins said.

Corbin shrugged:

"If there were anything, I'd probably lie about it so you wouldn't know anyway. There's nothing between us. She's a friend of mine. I took an interest in her because her brother works for me."

Collins unbuttoned his heavy overcoat. "There must be something when all you have to do is pick up the phone and she breaks a date to meet you. I want the truth and I intend to get it. I want you to tell me what hold you have on her. I'm in love with her. I'm going to marry her. But first, I'm going to find out—"

Corbin interrupted impatiently:

"Don't be a jealous sap, Collins. You know better. Come on, forget it. Tomorrow—when I have more time—"

The door opened. Kenshaw stepped into the room.

"Get rid of this guy!" he said swiftly. "Something's gone wrong downtown! Ted took a plane from the Newark airport at nine thirty! Benny says—"

Corbin turned to Collins. For once his smooth, casual pose deserted him.

"You'll have to go, Collins! See me tomorrow. I'll explain everything. There's nothing to worry about—"

"I want you to tell me here and now!"

CORBIN gave Kenshaw a nod. Collins sensed rather than saw the fist that lanced out. He caught the flash of brass knuckles. He stepped aside, throwing up a defending arm. The sleeve of his overcoat broke the full force of the blow. The dull impact numbed him momentarily. He had enough sense to wheel around as Corbin jumped him.

Collins used a knee. He struck with his left. All the uncertainty of the long evening, the doubt and worry seemed to fuse into power. His hand smashed against Corbin's cheek. He staggered under the weight of Kenshaw, toppled over a chair and fell sprawling. A foot kicked him painfully. From the doorway he heard someone say excitedly:

"There's a radio car outside! *Duck!*"

His next impression was of Kenshaw withdrawing. He saw things hazily. Corbin pulling himself up from the carpet. Corbin lurching toward the door. Collins tackled him at the knees. The man plunged forward. The room shook from his heavy fall. Collins squirmed away from the lashing feet. The overcoat hampered him, but he managed somehow to pin himself on Corbin.

In the street a police siren wailed. Closer, a window went up raspingly. A revolver shot sounded like the snap of a whip. Almost immediately the crash of breaking glass mingled with the hubbub of voices.

Corbin heaved, snapping with his teeth like a dog. Collins hung on. Close-locked, they rolled across the floor. The table went over on top of them. It broke Collins' hold. He saw Corbin scramble to his feet again. The man lunged in the direction of the doorway. Colored lights broke in front of Collins' eyes. He snatched up the glass inkwell, took quick aim and hurled it from the desk. Fantastically he was aware of Corbin's grunt of pain, of the other collapsing in a strange, contorted heap, half in the room, half in the hall.

Collins sucked in a breath, steadying himself against the desk. Men had entered the apartment. They were like shadowy, phantom figures. Then his sense of dizziness passed. The slight nausea vanished. He had straightened up, was looking at the rips in his coat when Duffy came over to him.

"The man-about-town, Johnny. What are you doing here messing up my pinch?"

"He's the party who dropped the Duke," someone said.

Collins filled his lungs with a fresh breath.

"What do you mean—your pinch? I stopped in to ask Corbin a couple of questions and almost got killed. What's the answer?"

DUFFY jerked a thumb toward a pair of valises near the door. One of the men with him put them on the desk's flat top. Duffy snapped the lock and lifted the lid of the top valise. Its contents seemed to be nothing but cardboard boxes containing quantities of small envelopes.

"Happy dust," Duffy said briefly. "I've been tabbing this dope ring for weeks. I didn't want the peddlers. I was after the head man and I guess I got him." He nodded toward Corbin. Two men were hauling him to his feet. "Put him in a car and take him downtown. Got him ironed?"

Collins went out with Duffy. The cold night air felt good.

"Hold him a minute. There are a couple of questions—"

The plain-clothes man laughed.

"Don't be a monkey, Johnny. If it's that dame you're bothered about, get over it. She went home an hour ago."

"How do you know?"

Duffy shifted his cigar.

"I ought to. I tipped her to Corbin a long time ago. The brother was clean, but she was all upset. The Duke thought he had her in a spot. You know, be nice or the boy takes the rap for the crowd. He left for his home town tonight via plane. I told you Dixie was okay. She gave me a lot of help." He stopped, watched the police car pull away from the curb with Corbin in it. He struck a match. "Anything else?"

Men were taking Kenshaw and others out of the house.

"I guess that's all," Collins said. "Be seeing you."

THE taxi Collins picked up on the Drive stopped in front of Dixie's apartment house. He went up the steep stairs. There was a light over the transom above the hall door. He knocked unsteadily.

"I dropped around to find out why you didn't show up tonight," he said when she opened the door.

"Come in, I'll tell you."

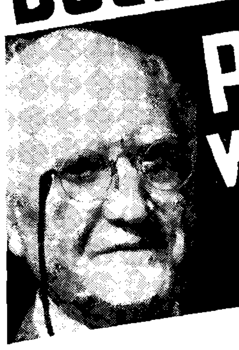
They laughed suddenly, quickly. It was as though the same tension in both had been released simultaneously. Collins took her in his arms. When he kissed her warm lips they were tremulous, responsive.

"Tell me something else first," he said.

She laughed under her breath.

"That, too—inside!"

DO AS DOCTORS DO



PLUTO WATER
QUICKER, SAFER RELIEF
from
CONSTIPATION

Used or Recommended for Years by Over 50,000 Doctors

When a doctor is constipated, what does he take for relief? That ought to prove how safe, how gentle, how effective a laxative is.

Now, for years, more than 50,000 doctors have used or recommended Pluto Water when a laxative is needed. For they know that Pluto is the sure way to eliminate dangerous accumulated poisons. They know it is not a habit-forming medicine. They know its action is gentle and quick.

WHAT DOCTORS SAY

As Dr. T. C. G. of Iowa says: "I prescribe Pluto daily for my patients." Your own doctor, too, will tell you there is nothing better. That's why you also can always depend on this famous laxative.

So, when constipated, *do as doctors do.* Follow the gentle "water way" to relief. Take the tasteless, non-habit-forming dose—1/5 Pluto with 4/5 glass hot water. In one hour or less you'll get sure but gentle relief!

Pluto Water is a highly beneficial, saline laxative mineral water bottled at famous French Lick Springs, Indiana. All drug stores have it. Two sizes—25c and 50c. Two hundred million bottles of Pluto have been used—millions more each year. You'll find it is one of the most economical, most effective laxatives you can buy.

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PLUTO WATER

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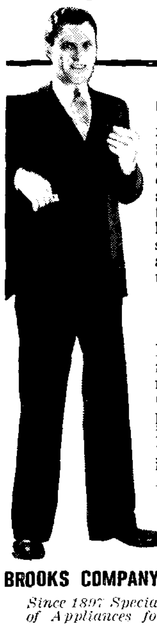
Improved Support *for* Hernia



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Each Appliance is made especially for the individual case from information easily filled in on our Fitting Chart. The Brooks Appliance is low-priced and sent on trial with simple instructions for adjusting in the privacy of your home. It can be returned if the user is not entirely satisfied. Don't neglect rupture. Write today for full information and our liberal trial offer which will be sent in a plain envelope. All correspondence strictly confidential.

BROOKS COMPANY, 327 State St., Marshall, Mich.

Since 1897 Specialists in the Manufacture and Fitting of Appliances for all forms of Reducible Hernia.

Party Dress

Continued from page 11

of ribbon emerged. The revue, she said, had given her a new appreciation of clothes and she liked them to show. A bevy of maidens in a suggestion of vine leaves frolicked across the stage, leading fleecy lambs in abbreviated blue bows. Brice's gaze followed hers understandingly.

"Those sheep are a daring lot," he agreed in discreet accents. A ripple of laughter escaped her. As though it were what he had waited for, he arose.

"Completes the picture," he said, and smilingly bade them good night.

Joseph, looking after him dubiously, remarked that it wasn't the best of taste to force oneself on a customer, not that he wasn't democratic and willing to buy an occasional drink. Freddie said it was smart not to let a customer out of sight, and he hadn't taken the drink. Cora announced that he was a dashed good-looking clerk

MELINDA considered them unnecessarily complacent.

"I quite like him," she announced contrarily. "He arouses the innate lady in me."

He was also responsible for some less commendable deportment. After the party was over and she was again in her room, she sat on the floor tailor fashion, making effective use of a pair of scissors. When she had finished, the ivory crepe had a rip in one seam, two or three plaits were loosened, and a carnation was suspended by a precarious thread. Retouch the heels, indeed!

The following noon, bearing the dress, she again entered Cartell's and asked for Mr. Brice. Lurking suspicions as to his authenticity were dispelled when he hurried from the depths of the store, his hair awry, his maddening smile in place.

"A contented customer!" he announced. "How I love these moments."

Melinda said it must be a case of mistaken identity. Laying the box impressively on a counter, she said its contents had dissolved on her without notice.

Brice lifted the dress from its wrappings and inspected it fascinatedly, the corners of his mouth twitching. Melinda glimpsed similar expressions on the faces of near-by clerks and her chin went up two degrees.

"The quality of workmanship in this suggests that it was constructed with the scissors," she pointed out indignantly.

"Doesn't it?" agreed Brice blandly. He refolded it carefully in the box. "Will you wait while we— "

"Certainly not!" Saying that she wanted it delivered in such condition that she could wear it without carrying a screen in her reticule, she headed for the door with what was intended to be the last word

"By the way," asked Brice quickly. "You didn't say—are we to finish ripping this up, or put it together again?"

"Quite," stated Melinda, deciding not to stamp her foot

Casual inquiries around her advertising agency uncovered nothing of consequence. Cartell's executives were women, with the exception of the scion of the family in charge, and he was neither red-headed nor especially insane. Besides, Cora knew him.

Brice was waiting for Melinda in the drawing-room when she returned that afternoon, a suitbox resting on a chair beside him.

"The party dress," he explained. "I sewed it up myself. Each stitch a prayer."

The superior expression she had donned collapsed before the absurd pride in his manner. "What did you do before you went to Cartell's?" she asked, when she had finished laughing.

He considered briefly. "I was born," he admitted with engaging candor. "Statistics indicate that I was a lovely child—"

"But you inadvertently grew up!" Vaguely disappointed, she reached for the box on the chair just as the butler, hearing voices, came in with a message. Mr. Harrison unexpectedly had gone to Washington for a few days and would write her.

Melinda thanked him. Retaining the same accents, she was doing as much for Brice, in behalf of the dress, when the high light of enthusiasm in his face halted her.

He was staring at her raptly. "An abandoned woman," he declared at last. "I must give you dinner."

"Ha!" jeered Melinda.

They had dinner at a small café with a stone floor and a roof of locust trees.

The next evening, they danced on a little roof where the languorous music drifted like incense toward a gauzy glimmer of stars. They rode on a ferry over the dark, glistening river, watching the supernal radiance which accompanied the flight of the towers. Exploring in Brice's powerful old car, Melinda saw for the first time the New York to which nostalgia had blinded her.

She considered it all diverting and unimportant.

Then, on a humorous impulse, they went rowing in Central Park the night before Joseph's return. Where once she would have regarded it as absurd, she now was disposed to find it pleasantly droll.

But a stately white moon rode the sky, and around its passage stars burned steadily, like lamps. The shimmering reflections, dissolving and fusing in the water, were colored like jewels. The magic of the night lent to every casual outline an ephemeral beauty, and endowed the cadences of a man's voice with the increasing power to disturb. Shortly, in a small, restrained voice, Melinda asked to be taken home.

BRICE was silent as they mounted the old stone steps to her door. Groping for her keys inside the dim foyer, she was acutely conscious of the weight of his eyes, and the intention which lighted them. He caught her to him and kissed her with swift tenderness.

"Try that on," he said unsteadily. "It's a little thing I've been saving for you."

All through the night Melinda assured herself that she wasn't giving it a thought. Joseph was returning, and automatically everything would recede to its proper level. But her eyes were shadowed when, in the ivory dress, she went down to meet him. And his first comment was about her pallor.

"You look a bit on the down side. Been whirling too much?" he inquired indulgently. Melinda, in a guarded tone, said she had spent some of her spare time in the park

"Looking at the fresh air."

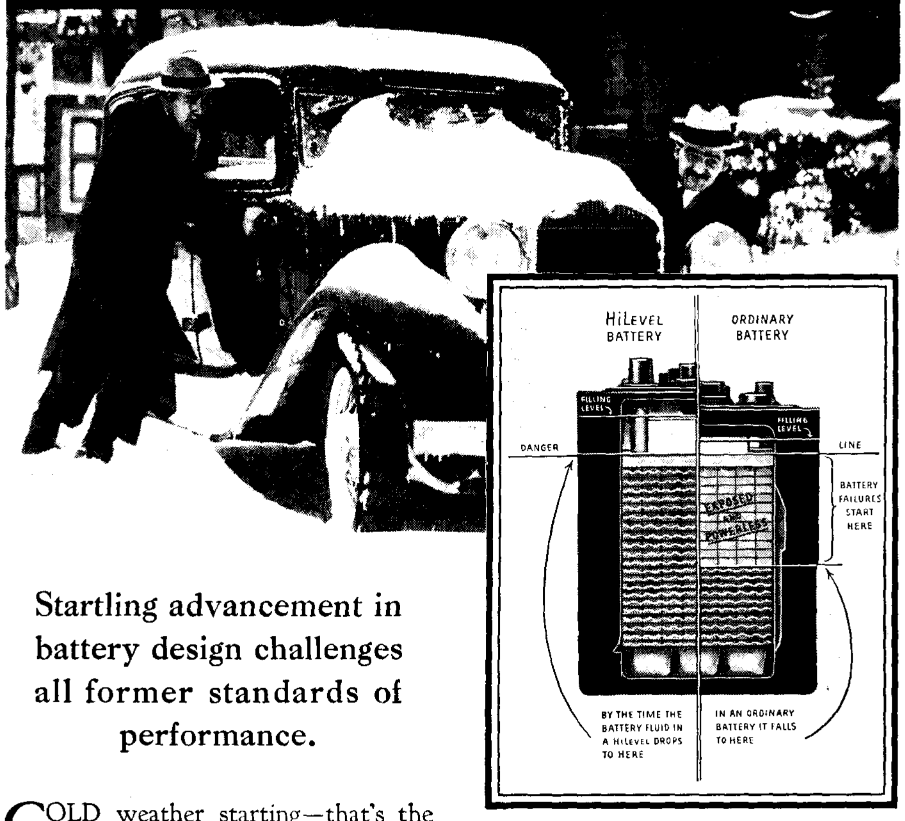
They were bound, it seemed, for a studio party at Cora's, with time for but a hurried dinner. Melinda toyed listlessly with the food before her, while the musicians that Joseph enjoyed crooned innuendoes at her.

"You've a nice face, Joseph," she announced suddenly.

He said she had, too. "But you ought to get one of those funny, turned up hats so more of it would show. For your suit, I mean. Cora has one. . . ."

(Continued on page 72)

Danger of
Battery Failures
reduced 75%
with amazing new Prest-O-Lite HiLevel


HiLevel BATTERY
ORDINARY BATTERY
FILLING LEVEL
FILLING LEVEL
DANGER
LINE
BATTERY FAILURES START HERE
EXPOSED AND POWERLESS
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THIS SHOWS WHY
the new HiLevel gives greater power, reduces chance of failures. This revolutionary battery has four times the usual water reserve.

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Extra plates give greater power, more vigor for the extra jobs a battery must do in your car—lighting your lamps, operating your radio, heater, and many other electrical accessories. And because most battery failures can be traced to lack of water, the exclusive Prest-O-Lite HiLevel principle reduces the danger of failures 75%. The HiLevel needs water only 3 times a year in normal service.

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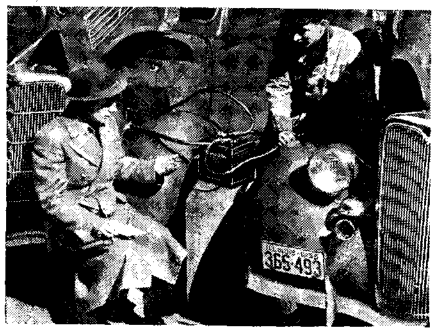

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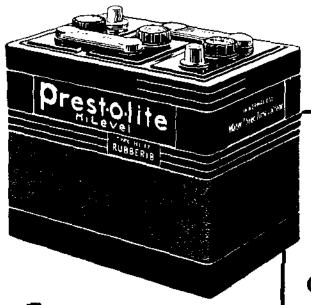

HiLevel
51 Plate Battery
(17 plates per cell)
for most cars
$12.45
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A BATTERY FOR EVERY CAR . . EVERY PURSE

308 COMPANIES ELIMINATED

Through September 30, this year, 308 companies including municipal and other unincorporated plants of the Associated System have been merged, dissolved, rendered inactive, or otherwise disposed of since 1922:

1922	2	1927	34	1932	26
1923	1	1928	19	1933	27
1924	18	1929	43	1934	14
1925	17	1930	19	1935	34
1926	33	1931	21	TOTAL	308

Approximately all of the remaining companies now making up the System are necessary to serve the gas and electric customers in more than 4,000 communities where Associated services are supplied. These communities are small; only 86 have more than 10,000 population. Many had their own little electric companies, in many cases rendering inadequate service at high rates, when they came into the Associated group. Territory served by these companies has been expanded under Associated management.

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Try our pleasant and profitable plan for taking care of new and renewal subscriptions for COLLIER'S and the other popular Crowell magazines.

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That dry tickle in your throat is a warning sign! Quick—take a Smith Brothers Cough Drop. (Two kinds—Black or Menthol—5¢.)

Smith Bros. Cough Drops are the only drops containing VITAMIN A
This is the vitamin that raises the resistance of the mucous membranes of the nose and throat to cold and cough infections.

(Continued from page 71)

Cora received them with her whole face frankly exposed by her tightly drawn and polished hair. Nodding to Melinda, she placed one long, powdery arm on Joseph's shoulder and with a wave of the other, introduced a restless mass of people half obscured by tatters of smoke. Freddie hovered helplessly in the distance. Several dedicated-looking men pressed glasses on the girl and several intense women were superior toward her. Joseph disappeared. Melinda escaped to the canvas-lined walls and embarked on an inspection of her hostess' art.

She passed from picture to picture, irreverently cataloguing them to suit herself. One she shamelessly identified as a lawnmower in the altogether, and another as an adolescent watermelon, confident that Andrew Brice would have agreed with her. She saw the predatory angle of Cora's head in a corner, and was just in time to ease Joseph, temporarily at least, out of a collector's impulse. The thin venom in the other woman's smile troubled her not at all, but Freddie Bennett's conduct, when she found herself faced with him, was a different thing.

HE SAT down beside her on an abysmally low couch and stared moodily at the canvases on the opposite wall.

"Stinking, aren't they?" he commented at last. While Melinda groped for a little tact, more words struggled out of him.

"The Brice chap is one of them, too," he said solemnly. "Another swarming artist. Thought I'd tell you."

"But—" protested the girl, not understanding and not sure that she wanted to. "I don't see—"

"Stage settings, walls, ceilings," Freddie began a hollow summary, "libraries and things. Hollywood contract. Getting dashed conspicuous." Even Tom Cartel was having him do something to the shop, under the impression that it meant distinction. And while loitering about th premises, Brice had sold Melinda a dress because the idea occurred to him.

"Spurt of intelligence, that," admitted Freddie. "But they're all alike. Splatter and chatter, and somebody pays for it. His father's one, too. Caleb Brice."

So the irresponsible salesman of shoes and dresses was the son of Caleb Brice, builder of beauty. . . . How Caleb's son must have relished her ignorance. Her self-appointed superiority.

"How did you learn all this?" she asked, steadying her voice.

"Cora," muttered the man tersely. "She got it out of Cartell. They've been having stitches." An anxious furrow appeared on his face. "Suppose I've done wrong, talking. But I thought you'd understand. They get in my bangs, the lot of them."

Stitches! Just a joke, tailored to fit the anointed artists. Somehow, she contrived a reassuring word and smile for Freddie, and after what seemed hours, escaped into a taxicab with Joseph.

"Let's go home, Joseph," she said in a tired tone.

He turned on her with a rush of impatience. "You've been saying that all evening. Now we're doing it. What's the matter with you tonight?"

"I mean really home," she explained, puzzled at his unwonted sharpness.

"Oh!" The monosyllable was not encouraging. "I'm in no mood to be buried out there," he told her.

"Got to be buried sometime. Give a steadier performance if you rehearse," she argued gloomily.

Joseph requested her to snap out of it, saying she was a dismal little ghoul. Melinda supposed his irritability was due to Cora, who must have disclosed the jest in her own way. In a minute, she would investigate. But when they reached her door, the man had turned affable, and was in the midst of a surprising suggestion. He wanted to go shopping and buy her some new things.

"Great stimulant, you know, and you'll want some homecoming stuff. Can't run around in that white garment forever. We'll go see that what's-his-name chap," he continued, taking her silence for assent. "He did you so well before."

"Didn't he!" The words had a salty savor. So Cora had not told him. Melinda thought rapidly. She had no wish to accept, or at present to buy, but it would be bracing to try on a few becoming attitudes. To settle an account.

"I'd love it," she breathed fervently. "And it would mean a nice commission for him."

Perversely, Mr. Brice manifested a deplorable lack of appreciation when, the following noon, Joseph informed him that they were in search of a trousseau.

"Something expensive?" he inquired.

"Something with a bit of dash," acquiesced Joseph.

Upstairs, Brice seated them with meticulous care, and as before, went away to confer with a saleswoman. This time he returned alone, bearing an armful of garments. Callously tossing them at a chair, he held up a red lace with rhinestones.

"How much is it?" inquired Joseph.

"Four hundred dollars," was the cool response.

Then Melinda comprehended the nature of the undertow she had chosen to risk. She drew a sustaining breath while Joseph carried on, unaware.

"Nonsense!" he exclaimed with annoyance. "What's the reason for a tariff like that?"

"No reason," answered Brice evenly.

"It seemed only fair, dear, to give Mr. Brice a chance, after all his efforts to please," interposed Melinda quickly. The desired effect achieved, she wished to leave while its vigor was undiminished. "But if he hasn't what I want, suppose we—"

"He at least has a lot of what you need!" The words were tossed at her with such bitter aim that the girl glanced uncertainly at Joseph's preoccupied profile. The red dress lay on the floor where it had been dropped, and Andrew Brice's head was thrust into another mahogany case. It was the tactical time for withdrawal, but Joseph decisively overruled the suggestion. Turning in his chair, he bent on Melinda a look unbiased by previous acquaintance.

"You started buying here in the first place," he said. "Mind telling me why?"

CONTROLLING her annoyance, she reminded him that her one purchase at Cartell's was made to please him. The innocent statement provoked a charge which loosed a hot and incredulous anger in her.

"But, of course," he said with an unpleasant smile, "Brice made you a good price—if any. . . ."

"Are you delirious?"

"Five-fifty. In view of the sentiment." Andrew Brice, returning unobserved, was offering another dress for inspection, a devilish glow in his face.

Melinda's wrathful glance tangled with a color she detested, a wormlike coil of ribbon, a tuft of lace.

"Will that cover the cost of its cremation?" she blazed, furiously glad of an outlet. "If there are only a few simple rites?"

"The rites will be extra," said Andrew Brice, gray eyes stabbing at her across the offensive garment.

A vehement question burst from Joseph Harrison, igniting the remaining tinder. "Are you pretending that you paid four or five hundred dollars for that white rag?"

"Perhaps I thought there would be a profit in it," suggested Melinda recklessly.

"Profit!" The stinging impact of the word brought her, blanched and momentarily speechless, to the edge of her chair. Powerless to deflect, she could only stare at the choleric face bent over her, oblivious of its surroundings. "Profit!" he repeated scathingly. "So I was told, but I didn't believe it. You bring me here, I pay some trumped-up price, and one of your comrades gets the rake-off. If I hadn't seen this performance with my own eyes—"

"Whose do you ordinarily use?" inquired Brice with awakening interest.

The arraignment instantly extended to him. "And you play nice salesman for your friend Cartell, while Melinda acts disinterested. . . ."

Melinda endeavored not to hear the rest of it. It was too absurd to be humiliating. Only stupid and ugly. Carefully avoiding Brice's attentive glance, she said that she would explain later.

"Mr. Brice is not what he seems."

Neither, apparently, was she, retorted Joseph, increasingly incensed. He stormed on, revealing a deeper knowledge.

"Naturally you'd sneer at Cora's work so you could talk up this man's. Laughing at me behind my back, and God knows what else. How long," he demanded of Brice, "have you and Melinda been this way about each other—you artists in Bohemia?"

"Has Cora sold you anything yet?" Again Brice's suave accents interrupted the heated continuity. "Freddie usually buys her stuff under cover."

Andrew Brice could stand around and be poised while she surveyed the wreckage in her soul! He wasn't seeing Joseph for the first time without the alchemy of association, and trying to endure it without flinching. She would have preferred greater privacy for the inevitable result, but Joseph was not to be moved.

"Have you ever studied public speaking?" she asked him when she could insert a word.

Something in the frozen pride of her face sobered the man. He glanced uncertainly around him. Gradually his tone abated to a conciliatory temperature. Cora, he admitted, could have misunderstood. He might have been too hasty. Different things were possible.

"I can forgive everything—"

"Sissy!" pronounced Melinda with complete finality. Her hands were now quietly folded in her lap. Her voice was doing nicely. Near by loomed Andrew Brice, like another impending fate. Everything would soon be over, if she kept her wits. She was aware that she had ignored Joseph's later remarks.

"But," he expostulated. "But—"

"That's twice you've said that. The word is rapidly losing its appeal," stated Melinda critically.

Brice's eyes left her rigid face. "The idea we're trying to get over is that you won't wash," he said to the other man kindly.

Joseph Harrison read the girl's verdict in her fixed and frosty little smile, in her steady impersonal gaze, and his inflamed vanity throbbed anew.

"I think you are mad," he declared with conviction. "I do indeed."

WATCHING the elevator door close after him, Melinda was distressed at her lack of conventional mourning. She did not even possess a decent resentment toward Cora. She had only a dread of the moment now before her.

"So you knew when you came in today why I was here?" said Brice.

Evasion was impossible.

"That is why I came," Melinda said simply, and would have moved on, but he blocked the way. The wintry shadow was gone from his face.

"Vixen," he breathed with deepening admiration. "Incendiary little trollop. How you behave!"

"Have you painted any good pictures lately?" she asked faintly.

He came closer, regarding her with amused pride.

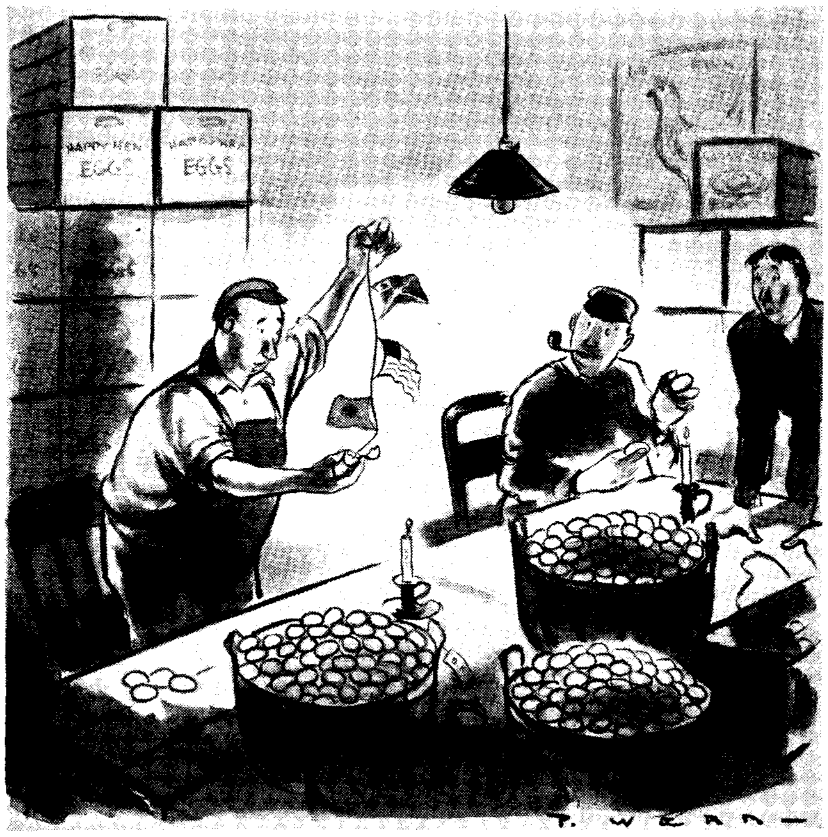
"If I go on my knees again—" he suggested with a reminiscent gleam.

"The soles may need a few stitches," encouraged Melinda in a wobbly voice.

Superbly indifferent to spectators, Andrew Brice, down on one knee, gazed up at her hopefully.

"Everything becomes you," he said, "and it only needs orange blossoms and a spot of platinum to improve you legally. Permanent attention will be given this, but if you have not grasped the essentials by now," he drew a deep breath, "I shall rise and go into action."

"I love action," said Melinda contentedly. "It makes everything so clear."



"Hen number twenty is up to her old tricks again" PAUL WEBB

★★★
HENNESSY
COGNAC BRANDY

To properly appreciate the "clean" taste and wonderful bouquet that distinguish Hennessy from common brandies, one should sip it slowly, after first warming the glass in the hands. To gulp Hennessy is a slight to the exceeding care and patience with which the wine is made and the brandy distilled and matured . . . Distilled and bottled at Cognac, France.

SOLE AGENTS FOR THE UNITED STATES:
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Importers since 1794

★★★
HENNESSY
JAS HENNESSY & Co
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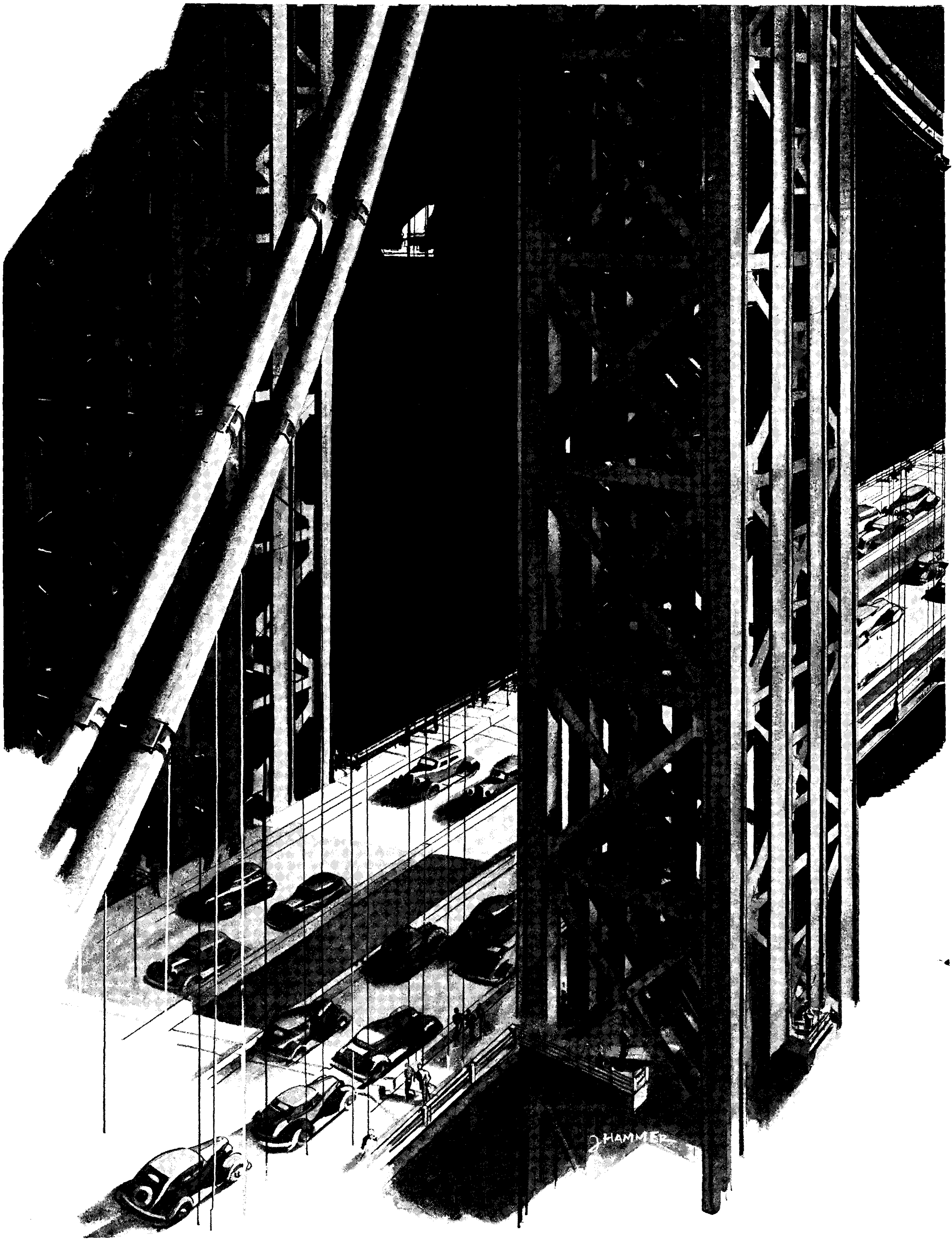
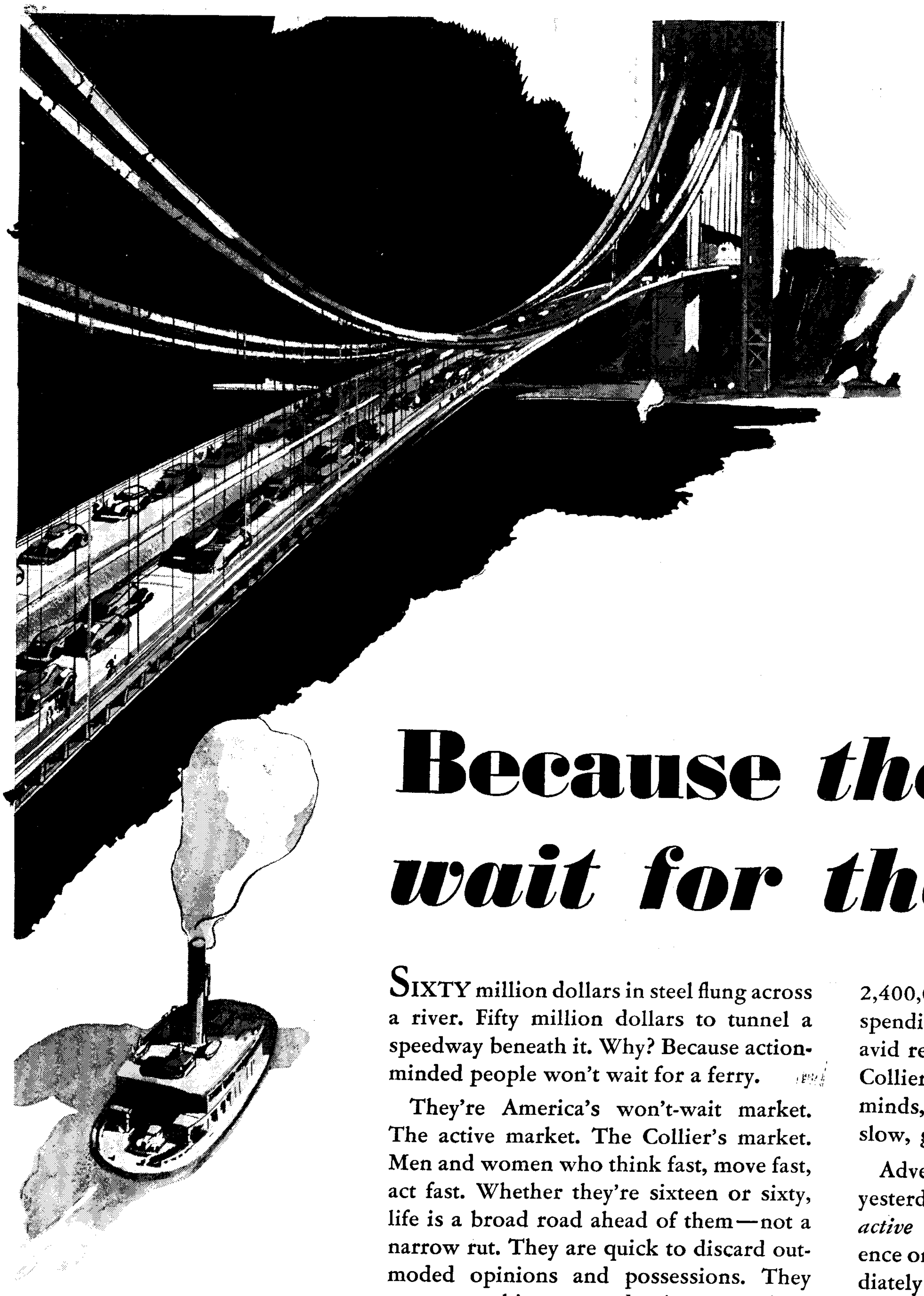

HAMMER



Because *they won't wait for the ferry*

SIXTY million dollars in steel flung across a river. Fifty million dollars to tunnel a speedway beneath it. Why? Because action-minded people won't wait for a ferry.

They're America's won't-wait market. The active market. The Collier's market. Men and women who think fast, move fast, act fast. Whether they're sixteen or sixty, life is a broad road ahead of them—not a narrow rut. They are quick to discard outmoded opinions and possessions. They want everything new *when* it's new. Show them a motorcar that's faster—a golf ball that goes farther—a radio that has longer ears—they want it—get it—right now.

And because Collier's has caught their spirit and their viewpoint, more than 2,400,000 of these quick-acting, quick-spending people (and their families) are avid readers of this great national weekly. Collier's automatically attracts eager, active minds, just as it automatically eliminates slow, grooved minds from its readership.

Advertisers getting out of the groove of yesterday, are finding this won't-wait—this *active* Collier's market—a vitalizing influence on their sales. Here advertising immediately kindles the flame of interest into desire. Collier's readers see, want, get. And Collier's advertisers get immediate same-day response. Which is one way of explaining why Collier's has had the largest advertising linage gain of any weekly in the hard-fighting year, 1935.

Collier's

The Active Market

— *Read every week by more than 2,400,000 Active-Minded Families* — THE CROWELL PUBLISHING COMPANY • 250 Park Avenue, New York • PUBLISHERS: COLLIER'S • WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION • THE AMERICAN MAGAZINE • THE COUNTRY HOME

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You've Got to Pick Hoozis!

Continued from page 23

railroad fares, hotel bills and incidental expenses.

In the way of general public interest all along the way 1935 has been easily the greatest football season the game has ever known. In a few places there has been a drop from other big years, due to weaker teams, but the general average has gone well beyond other years when we consider the total enrollment in Saturday afternoon's nationwide pageant. In addition to the larger football centers, such as Notre Dame, Yale, Pennsylvania, Navy, Stanford, California, Ohio State and others, Tulane, Southern Methodist, Texas Christian, Rice, Louisiana State, North Carolina, Michigan State, Marquette and many more played before capacity crowds—crowds of 20,000 and 30,000 when only a few seasons back the admissions would have been 10,000 or less.

Saturday-Afternoon Madness

Notre Dame alone finished around the 400,000 mark, while Yale, Navy, Army, Ohio State, Stanford and a few others were not so far behind. Sitting in the packed stands with 80,000 spectators at the Ohio State-Notre Dame classic, one wandering football writer who had covered many sections called the turn: "This may seem to be the center of football today. But don't forget that more than fifty bowls, stadiums and stands all over the country at this moment are also filled to the limit. This is just a cross section of each Saturday afternoon from North Carolina to California—and the frenzy here today, as wild as it is, is only a small part of the national rash. I've been on the football road for over ten thousand miles and I ought to know by now."

Football interest no longer belongs exclusively to the student bodies and the old grads. Through 1935 it was nationwide, embracing every walk and station in the life of the country—bankers, lawyers, bellboys, taxi drivers, politicians, clerks, farmers, men, women and children. Part of this new-born public interest was due to millions of bets, most of them from five to ten dollars, on the uncertain outcomes of so many games. Leaving your apartment, you are besieged by elevator boys who want to know what teams you like, and by taxi drivers and the salesmen handing you cigars or a package of cigarettes.

You are surprised to find in New York they want to know about Rice, Southern Methodist, Stanford and Minnesota. In Chicago they ask you about Georgia, North Carolina, L. S. U. and Texas Christian.

In these more than four hundred colleges there are also more than four hundred bands, totaling at least twenty thousand musicians who fill the autumn air with melody. "These band members," Bob Zuppke of Illinois told me, "almost pushed my football players off the field."

Meet the Board

It is a long, long swing back to 1889 when there were just about thirty-three men to pick from—wearing Blue, Crimson or Orange and Black. Today there is a heavy burden carried by Collier's All America Board: Braven Dyer and Dink Templeton for the West Coast; C. E. McBride for the Missouri Valley; George White for the Southwest; O. B. Keeler for the South; H. G. Salsinger for the Mid-west; Quentin Reynolds for the East, and Bill Cunningham for New England and the Northeast.

This board, composed of veteran football writers, keeps in close touch with coaches and officials from the first game played to the final rush. They must consider the matter of football ability, spirit, the class of the opposition, individual and team worth and sportsmanship.

When the season opens the prospective All America list may include five hundred candidates. But as the season moves along this list dwindles rapidly, just as the list of the unbeaten teams fades away.

Week by week the Board submits its recommendations, with a complete report on the play of the dwindling survivors.

Unfortunately, there are stars on smaller colleges that play light schedules, stars removed from the game's major spotlight, who are often overlooked. Many of these on major teams would have the ability to make places on any all-star line-up. But, as Mr. Gray observed:

"Full many a flower is born to blush unseen,
And waste its sweetness on the desert air."

It might surprise the average bystander to know the number of complications that arise in selecting the final list. There are injuries that reduce the list; and there are players who rise above injuries with spectacular performances in key games. There are stars blotted out upon weaker teams, and here and there a star who can even rise above this major handicap. There are fine ball carriers who can't block. There are able blockers who can do little else.

"How can you leave Hoozis off?" is a challenge by telephone, telegram and letter from a hundred different battle fronts. Hoozis may be exceptionally good. But how would he look playing against Stanford, California, Southern Methodist, Minnesota, Princeton or Ohio State?

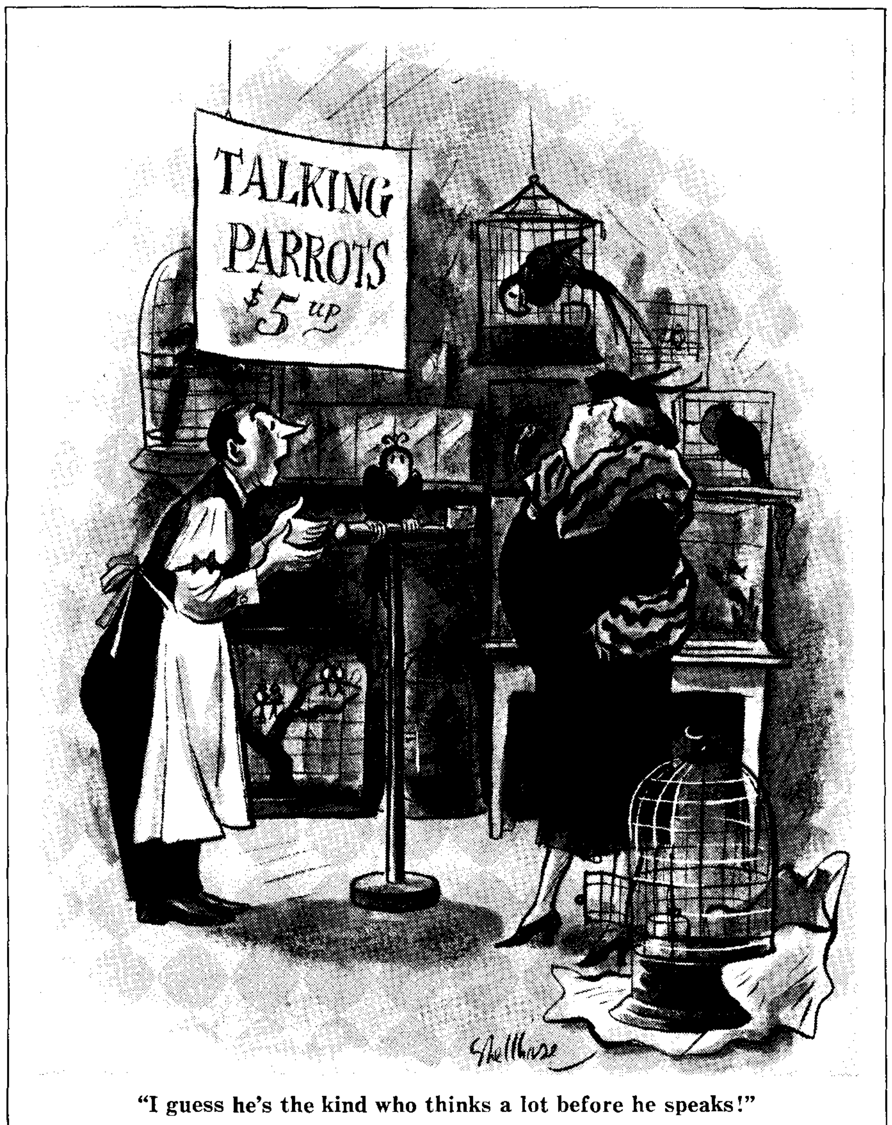
The Experts' Dilemma

A year ago I was flooded with letters and telegrams about a certain back who ran wild in his first four games—all fairly easy. He was "another Thorpe" or "another Gipp." In his first hard test the combination of Thorpe and Gipp failed to make a first down. There were no more letters and no more telegrams. The boding hush that followed made the grave look like a night club. And yet before Collier's 1935 All America is presented to the public we would like to extend thanks and appreciation to the thousands who have telephoned, telegraphed, written or called in person to present opinions and facts concerning the qualifications of all those who have played the game.

Without bias or prejudice, complete consideration has been given to all who might have a chance. Unfortunately, there are only eleven top places. It takes no vivid imagination to understand there is no possible way of crowding two hundred sets of human feet into eleven pairs of shoes. Not even into eleven pairs of Carnera's shoes.

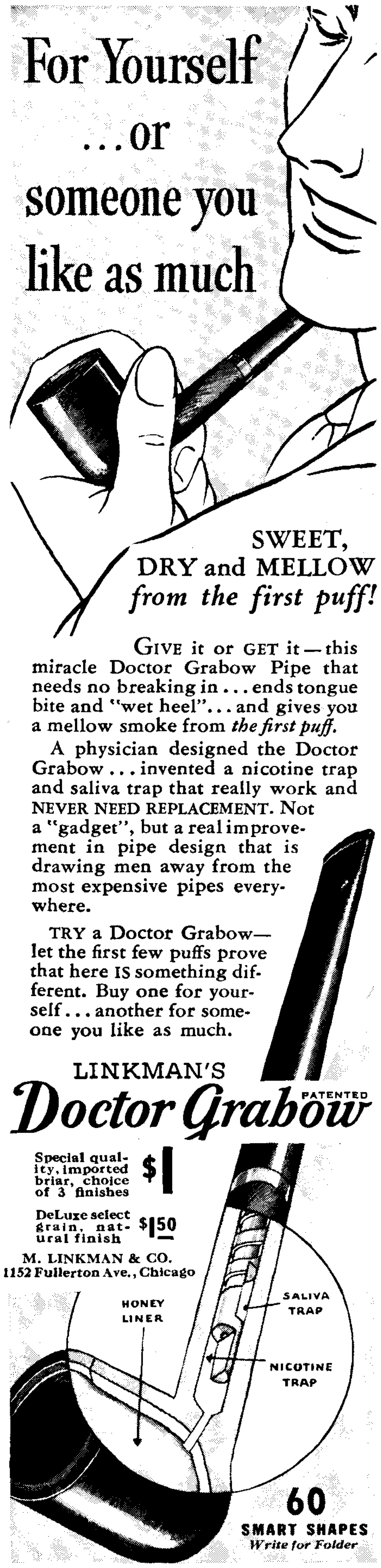
Long-distance from Palo Alto: "All right, what is it?" . . . "Say, there are four men on this Stanford team you can't leave off, if you're on the level."

Four telegrams from Chapel Hill, North Carolina: "If you don't pick two North Carolina stars. . . ."



"I guess he's the kind who thinks a lot before he speaks!"

GEORGE SHELLHASE


For Yourself ...or someone you like as much

SWEET, DRY and MELLOW *from the first puff!*

GIVE it or GET it—this miracle Doctor Grabow Pipe that needs no breaking in . . . ends tongue bite and "wet heel" . . . and gives you a mellow smoke from *the first puff.*

A physician designed the Doctor Grabow . . . invented a nicotine trap and saliva trap that really work and NEVER NEED REPLACEMENT. Not a "gadget", but a real improvement in pipe design that is drawing men away from the most expensive pipes everywhere.

TRY a Doctor Grabow—let the first few puffs prove that here IS something different. Buy one for yourself . . . another for someone you like as much.

LINKMAN'S
Doctor Grabow PATENTED

Special quality, imported briar, choice of 3 finishes $1

DeLuxe select grain, natural finish $1.50

M. LINKMAN & CO.
1152 Fullerton Ave., Chicago

HONEY LINER
SALIVA TRAP
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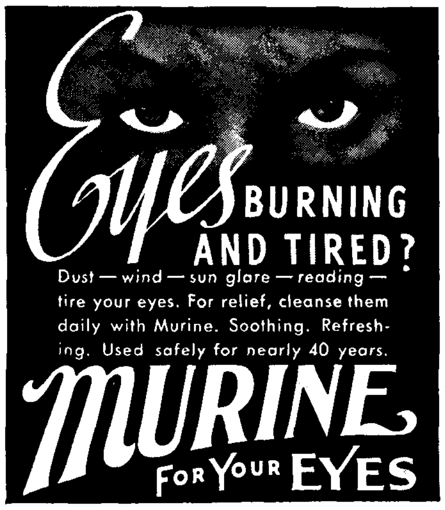
60 SMART SHAPES
Write for Folder


Eyes BURNING AND TIRED?

Dust — wind — sun glare — reading — tire your eyes. For relief, cleanse them daily with Murine. Soothing. Refreshing. Used safely for nearly 40 years.

MURINE FOR YOUR EYES

Patrician—Finest of all pens for men; Moss Agate (shown), Onyx, Jet. . . . $10
Pencil to match, $5

Lady Patricia—Dainty, exquisite; for women and girls; Persian (shown), Onyx, Moss Agate, Jet. . $5
Pencil to match, $3

Ink-Vue—A new pen of exclusive design, with visible ink supply and double ink capacity; Silver Ray (shown), Emerald Ray. . . . $5
Pencil to match, $3

No. 3—Attractive in appearance and price; Steel Quartz (shown), Black Pearl, Green Pearl. . . $3
Pencil to match, $1.25

No. 7—A new color and unique patented design; double-strength barrel; Emerald Ray (shown), Jet. . $7
Pencil to match, $3

Be sure the pen you give is Self-Starting

THE PEN OF THE DAY • THE SELF-STARTING

Waterman's

Of course you want your gifts to give satisfaction. Take no chances with pens which may not write without shaking or coaxing. Give Self-Starting Waterman's—pens of known dependability with over fifty years of writing experience behind them. In addition to the best writing performance, Waterman's give you ALL modern pen features—and ALL the essentials of an "ideal" gift . . . beauty, quality, long life and daily usefulness.

• ***Visible Ink Supply*** and double ink capacity in our new INK-VUE styles. • ***"Tip-Fill,"*** our exclusive clean filling device . . . no ink on barrel or fingers. • ***The Perfect Point*** as proved by the microscope. • ***7 Different Points*** individualized for special uses and every style of handwriting.

READY! Over 30,000 department, stationery, drug and jewelry stores...with a wide variety of styles and colors...for quick selection.

Sets—$3.75, $4.25, $5, $8, $10, $15
Pens—$2.75 to $10 Pencils—$1 to $5

●

L. E. WATERMAN CO., NEW YORK
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Desk Sets—With Waterman's fountain pens; variety of colors and styles; for home and office; as low as $7.50

Collier's

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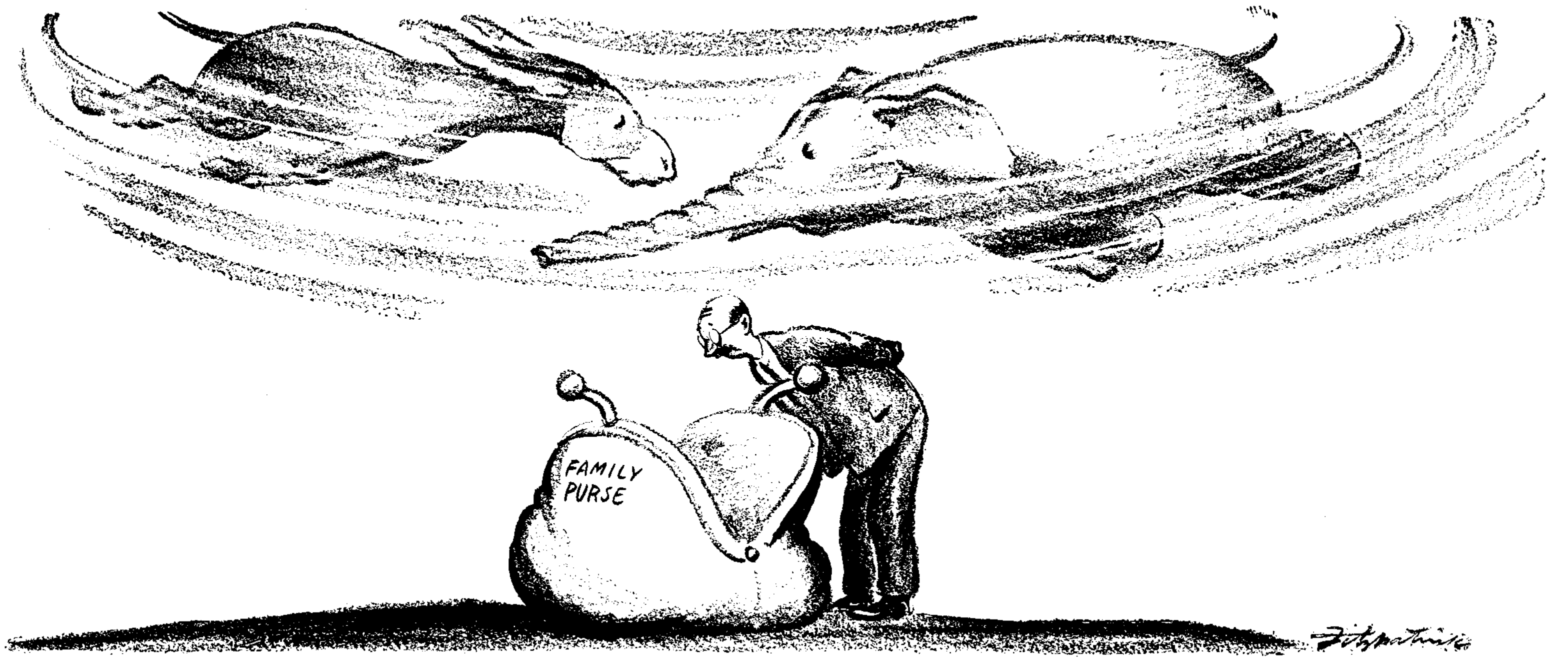


Turn of the Tide

PUBLIC opinion has shifted rapidly and far within the past few months. Last spring few of the experienced leaders of either political party seriously questioned the success of the Administration in next year's election. Today, the odds are more nearly even and the actual voting is still eleven months away.

The factors which have brought about this change in public opinion are important. Americans are not a fickle people. As a nation we take our principles and our loyalties seriously. We do not lightly veer from point to point at the touch of faint breezes. We must be deeply stirred before we can be induced to move at all.

Many, perhaps most, of our political opinions grow out of economic conditions. According to the American notion governments are instituted to secure the safety and the happiness of the people. Safety and happiness rise from economic foundations. So our political ideas do not stray far from what we consider our economic interest.

Basic economic conditions have spectacularly improved during the past year. Not only the United States but Great Britain and many other countries have emerged from the depths of depression.

Much of the "New Deal" was accepted because, as a people, we were frightened and also because we were angry with those in high places who, we thought, had been faithless to the trust reposed in them. Not many voted in favor of the principles of the "New Deal" in 1932. The principles of the "New Deal" were vague and inexplicit at that time. President Roosevelt's campaign was based on the Democratic platform adopted in June, 1932, at Chicago. The Democratic platform contained few hints of any "New Deal."

As long as conditions were bad or uncertain and we felt fearful of the future, the New Deal was widely popular. Some of the early acts of the Administration were generally acclaimed by leaders of both major parties.

A very active public sentiment demanded drastic action. The stern control set up over the issuance and sale of securities was the response of the Administration to the anger of investors and speculators who had lost.

As early as the last congressional election, however, public opinion began to be more conservative. The active discussion of wild panaceas faded with Upton Sinclair. Paper money inflation, hitherto widely discussed, did not seriously figure in the election of any congressmen in 1934.

The more drastic elements in the New Deal program continued to appear in fresh legislation months after public sentiment had shown evidences of becoming more conservative. The Holding Company Act, apart from all other considerations, was badly timed. Samuel Insull's acquittal was an indication of the passing of the storm. The Administration had to use its every resource to compel a reluctant House to accept a measure which many of its ablest members honestly opposed. The Holding Company Act alienated many who hitherto had not been hostile to the Administration.

The NRA had become unpopular long before the Supreme Court declared it unconstitutional. The NRA did little to demonstrate the desirability of federal control.

So far as public opinion has had the chance to express itself, no majorities have been given for any scheme of radical reorganization. Pennsylvania voted decisively against amending the state constitution. New York, in a referendum last month, repealed the historic double liability upon the owners of bank stock imposed by the banking law.

The most acute issues left by the last session of Congress were created by the tax measure, the Holding Company Act and the Wagner Labor Law. These three items will figure largely in the coming campaign. Already they have been potent factors in changing public opinion.

The Wagner Labor Law, regardless of its merits or demerits, marks a profound change in the public labor policy of the country. If this act is upheld by the Supreme Court, a campaign for the unionization of all American industry will immediately follow. This means controversy on a wide front.

Most powerful of all in its consequences was the Tax Act. Although it expressed the "soak-the-rich" policy, it was obviously inadequate as a means of providing sufficient revenue to balance the national budget.

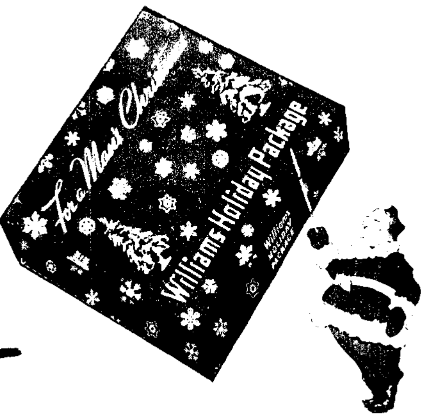
The consequence is that a thoughtlessly drafted tax law has diverted attention to the federal deficits. Plainly governmental expenditures must sometime be matched by governmental income. The questions of how and when were dumped into the laps of the voters. This has not helped.

As matters now stand the tide is running against the New Deal in New England, the Middle Atlantic states and in the Pacific Northwest. Southern states are traditionally Democratic and like their cotton money. The wheat and corn farmers of the Middle West showed by a 6 to 1 vote their approval of the Agricultural Adjustment Program. This New Deal policy is still very persuasive even in states which are generally counted in the Republican columns.

Organized labor in the industrial areas is also generally loyal to the Administration. The recipients of relief and the immediate beneficiaries of the public works programs are, too, counted upon to approve the New Deal.

How far public opinion will swing will depend largely upon what the Administration proposes and upon what Congress does during the early months of 1936. Another session similar in temper to the last will unquestionably add greatly to the difficulty which the Administration will experience in the coming campaign.

HERE'S A GIFT THAT'S


For a Merry Christmas
Williams Holiday Package

Everyman's Favorite

Put it at the top of your list. A generous assortment of masculine luxuries—wrapped in striking holiday box . . . $1.00. A gift that registers with every man. Something Dad and grown-up brother will really *use* . . . something to give to every man on your Christmas list. • Every year hundreds of thousands of Williams Holiday Packages are given away. More popular than ever this year. Get yours before your dealer's "out". Wherever shaving things are sold. The J. B. Williams Company, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. . . LaSalle, Montreal, Canada.

EXECUTIVES NOTE! The Williams Holiday Package is an ideal gift for office associates and other men with whom you have business contacts. A lot of "remembrance" for $1.00.

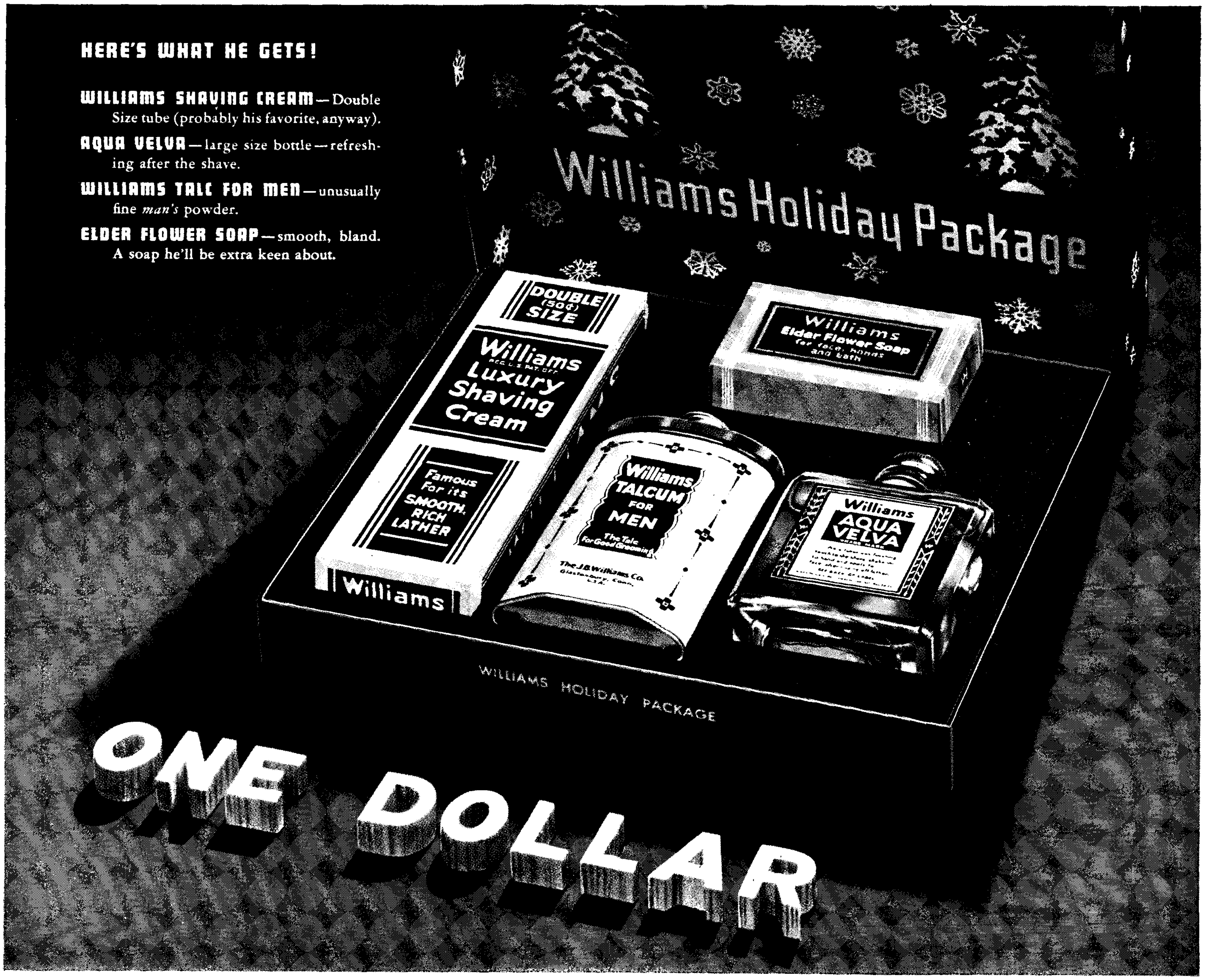
HERE'S WHAT HE GETS!

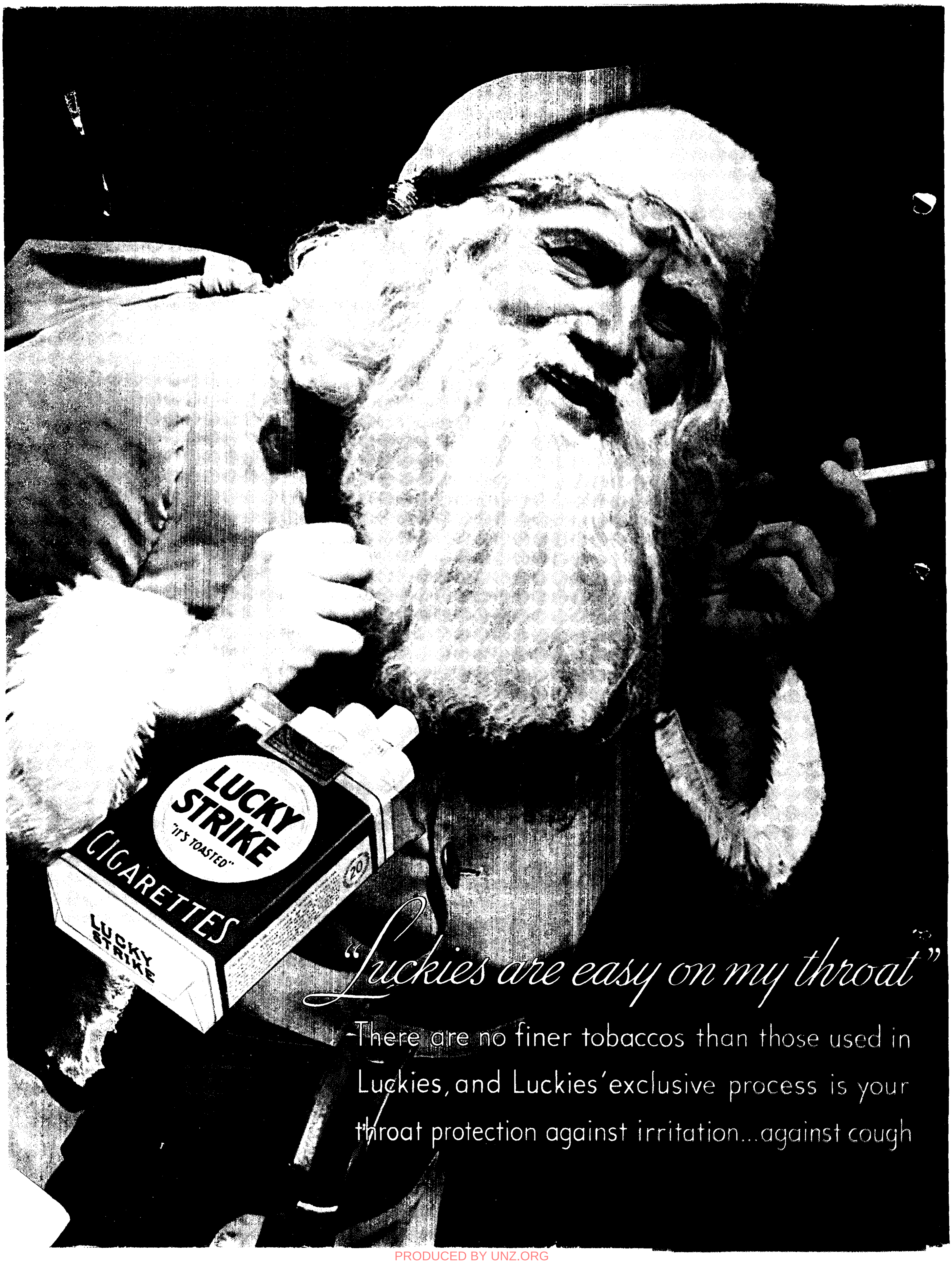
WILLIAMS SHAVING CREAM—Double Size tube (probably his favorite, anyway).

AQUA VELVA—large size bottle—refreshing after the shave.

WILLIAMS TALC FOR MEN—unusually fine *man's* powder.

ELDER FLOWER SOAP—smooth, bland. A soap he'll be extra keen about.


Williams Holiday Package
DOUBLE (50¢) SIZE
Williams Luxury Shaving Cream
Famous For its Smooth, Rich Lather
Williams
Williams Elder Flower Soap for face, hands and bath
Williams Talcum for Men
The Talc for Good Grooming
The J. B. Williams Co. Glastonbury, Conn. U.S.A.
Williams Aqua Velva
WILLIAMS HOLIDAY PACKAGE
ONE DOLLAR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"IT'S TOASTED"
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LUCKY STRIKE
"Luckies are easy on my throat"

-There are no finer tobaccos than those used in Luckies, and Luckies' exclusive process is your throat protection against irritation...against cough